

TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

OVER A MILLION CERTIFIED SALE



20/- down

BRINGS TO YOUR HOME
THE WORLD'S FINEST
WIRELESS
SET

VOLUME.

"... provides ample volume of reception in any location."

Wireless Times.

SIMPLICITY.

"... Winning golden opinions for the quality of its reception and simplicity."

Morning Post.

TESTED!

"On test the set answered well—better than three other commercial sets tested by its side."

Leeds Mercury.

SERVICE.

"... This great wireless firm are now introducing a new method of selling wireless sets with service. Every set is installed free in the house of the purchaser and periodical visits are subsequently made to see that the set is working well."

Sunday Express.

- Free Installation!
- Free Service!
- Powerful Reception!
- Great Range!
- Handsome Appearance!
- Simple to work!
- Nothing else to buy!



FOR 20/- DOWN the General Radio Company will send its own engineers to your home and instal, free of charge, a superb Two-Valve General Radio set complete with Loud Speaker and a pair of Headphones. They will fix it up just as you want it and leave it playing perfectly for you.

The subsequent payments are 20/- a month for twelve months only—or full cash price £12.

There is nothing else to buy. Dull-Emitter Valves, Accumulator, Battery, complete aerial equipment and all cords and plugs are included.

The handsome General Radio sets give perfect and powerful Loud Speaker reception in all parts of the

country. They are unsurpassed for purity of tone. Push in one plug and reception commences. Designed, built and guaranteed by the General Radio Company—the pioneer Radio manufacturers in Great Britain. Why don't you get one now?

The unique General Radio service can only be obtained by purchasing the Sets direct from the Head Office of the Company or from its accredited Representatives and Engineers.

USE THIS COUPON

To the General Radio Co., Ltd.,
Radio House,
235, Regent Street, W.1.

Please send me, post free and without obligation, your illustrated Catalogue of General Radio 1927 Models and full details of your free installation and deferred payment offer.

Name.....

Address.....

[L.S. 9/7/26]

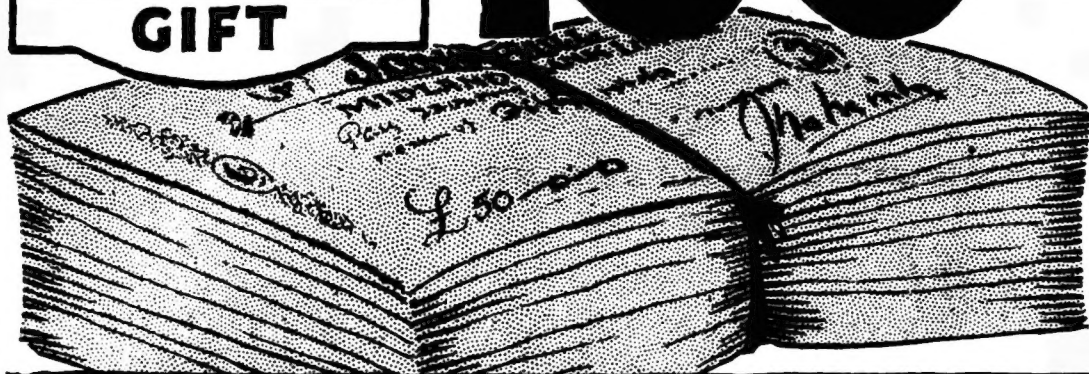
GENERAL RADIO

COMPANY, LIMITED
RADIO HOUSE, 235, REGENT ST., W.1

Showrooms: 105, Regent Street, W.1

136 MORE CHEQUES
FOR REGISTERED READERS
See page 2

JOHN BULL'S GREAT FREE INSURANCE GIFT



OWING TO LACK OF SPACE WE PUBLISH THE NAMES OF A FEW ONLY OF THOSE WHO BENEFIT.



FIRE
UP TO £400

EGERTON, Nr. ASHFORD, KENT.—Mr. T. JONES, Fridd Farm.
MARKET HARBOURGH, LEICESTERSHIRE.—Mrs. H. A. PITCHFALL, "Oxtendon."
CATRINE, AYRSHIRE.—Mr. P. McWHIRTER, Wood Street.
GAHALFA, CARDIFF.—Mrs. MARY R. LEWIS, 18, Ventnor Place.
ROTHES, MORAYSHIRE.—Mrs. M. WALES, 25 Land Street.
JARROW-ON-TYNE, Co. DURHAM.—Mr. T. SMALL, 43, South Street.
ENWICK, Nr. EXETER, DEVON.—Mrs. A. CORAM, 1, Puller Cottages.
SALOP.—Mrs. H. OWEN, 59, Green End, Whitchurch.
NEWBRIDGE, MON.—Mrs. D. STRANGE, Rossare, Tylwydd Place.
WIGTON, CUMBERLAND.—Mr. J. BELL, 12, Meetinghouse Lane.
NORTH PETHERTON, Nr. BRIDGWATER, SOMERSET.—Mr. W. PARSONS, 5, School Lane.
MANNINGTREE, ESSEX.—Mrs. M. FRANKLIN, Colchester Road.
PORTSMOUTH.—Mrs. E. WILLIAMS, 60, Ir. Church Path, Landport.
AIRDRIE, N.B.—Mr. J. COCHRANE, 45, Johnstone Street.
AUGHTON, Nr. SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. M. A. JACOBS, 4, Chapel Yard.
SALOP.—Mr. FRED WALKER, 24, Bentleys Road, Market Drayton.
ABERDEEN.—Mr. C. FLETCHER, 42, Kings Crescent.
GLASGOW.—Mrs. H. MILLER, 6, Sharp Street, Govan.
CARDIFF.—Mrs. G. HURGES, 49, Blanche Street, Roath.
PAVENHAM, BEDFORD.—Mrs. J. SMITH, Jr., Church Lane.



**SICKNESS
BENEFITS**
£5-5-0

SWINTON, Nr. ROTHERHAM.—Mrs. E. G. WARNER, 57, Queen Street.
BLACKBURN, LANCs.—Mr. J. DONNELLY, 11, Greaves Street.
TALWAIN, MON.—Mr. R. J. HODGE, 5, Fairfield, Waterloo.
PRESTON, LANCs.—Mr. H. CROOK, 63, North Road.
HECKINGTON, Nr. SLEAFORD, LINCs.—Mrs. A. SMITH, Great Hale Fen.
PLYMOUTH.—Mrs. G. FODES, 9, Barn Park Road, Peverell.
TYNE DOCK, S. SHIELDS.—Mrs. M. E. LYNN, 32, Dock Street.
CONISBORO.—Mr. S. BELL, 133, Sheffield Road.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. C. MILLAR, 144, Rann Street, Ladywood.
NORWICH.—Mrs. E. PUMMELL, 6, Chapel Street.
HETTON-LE-HOLE, Co. DURHAM.—Mr. Wm. AYRE, 8, The Limes, Council House.
SOUTH SHIELDS.—Mr. J. J. LYNN, 32, Dock Street, Tyne Dock.
HOMERTON, E.9.—Mrs. A. SHAW, 40, Durrington Road.
GRAVESEND, KENT.—Mr. E. SINGER, 24, Prospect Grove, Milton.
CLYDEBANK, By GLASGOW.—Mr. J. CLELLAND, 10, North Bank Street.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. ROWLAND WRIGHT, 1175, Bristol Road S., Northfield.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. R. LOCKHART, 222, Tamworth Road, West End.
NEWTON FLOTMAN, Nr. NORWICH, NORFOLK.—Mr. W. J. REVELL.



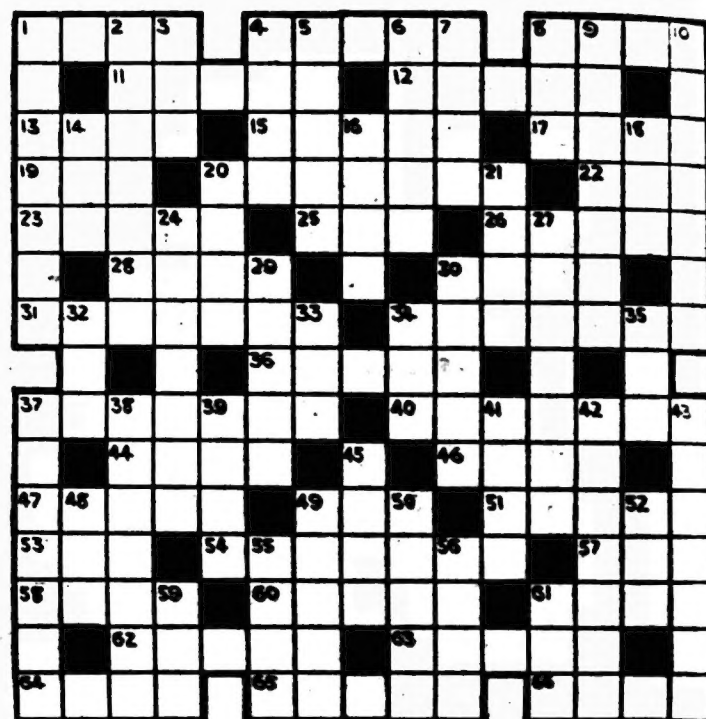
**ACCIDENT
BENEFITS**
£3 PER WEEK

PETERBOROUGH.—Mrs. F. DALE, 72, Walpole Street.
COSELEY, STAFFS.—Mrs. E. WHITTLE, 58, Castle Street.
BRIGHTON.—Mrs. C. KIRBY, 29, Trafalgar Street.
SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. G. HOBMAN, 34, Rockingham Street.
TOW LAW, Co. DURHAM.—Mrs. B. MOODY, 2, Browns Houses, Inker-man.
HORNSEY, N.8.—Mrs. E. FORSYTH, 73, Uplands Road.
WANDSWORTH, S.W.18.—Mr. S. S. BELLARS, 27, Denton Street.
REXHILL-ON-SEA.—Mrs. H. TEWLE, 19, Western Road.
CITY ROAD, N.1.—Mrs. A. TURNER, 54, Westmoreland Place.
RHONDDA, GLAM.—Mrs. M. A. OAKLEY, 185, Trearlaw Road, Trearlaw.
LEZANT, Nr. LAUNCESTON, CORNWALL.—Mrs. M. E. WADLAD, Tredean Cottages.
GLASGOW, S.8.—Mrs. S. CURRAN, 224, Pollokshaws Road.
STEPNEY, E.1.—Mrs. H. B. BARRETT, 14, High Street.
HALIFAX.—Mrs. M. K. ROYCE, 20, Angel Road, off St. James Road.
SUNDERLAND.—Mrs. A. SMITH, 28, Greta Terrace.
WALTHAMSTOW, E.17.—Mrs. H. L. KNIGHT, 21, Gleanthorne Road.
EBBW VALE, MON.—Mrs. M. A. MORGAN, 8, Armoury Terrace.

NEWSAGENTS BONUS.—Bonuses in respect of the benefits paid this week have been forwarded to the Newsagents concerned.

Our Cross-Word Corner

A Nut to Crack!



CLUES DOWN.

1. Artist's board.
2. Reparation.
3. Not professional.
4. Rend.
5. Attendant.
6. Home of Fascism.
7. Magistrate.
8. Morsel.
9. Fatty.
10. Reserve.
14. Part of verb "to be."
16. Vigour.
18. No good.
20. Objective of "thou"
21. Fine particles of stone.
24. Lockjaw.
27. Pertaining to Burma.
29. S. African native village.
30. A small theatre.
32. Atmosphere.
33. Nothing.
34. Conjunction.
35. French coin.
37. Stratagem.
38. Fragrant.
39. Prolific.
41. Magnesian mineral.
42. Largest bird.
43. Landscape characteristic.
45. Oven.
48. A cereal.
49. Carpenter's tool.
50. Mien.
52. Buzz.
55. Precious stone.
56. Mark of a wound.
59. Crooked.
61. Small bird.

CLUES ACROSS.

1. Spiced malt liquor.
4. Uniform.
8. Lowest male voice.
11. Part of a roof.
12. Emaciated.
13. Titled woman.
15. In front.
17. Neat.
19. Stray.
20. Lattice-work.
22. Play on words.
23. Coge.
25. Flat fish.
26. Residence.
28. Look for.
30. Responsibility.
31. Oriental.
34. To direct.
36. Famous battle river.
37. Belonging to the forehead.
40. Pertaining to an obligation.
44. Single combat.
46. Magnitude.
47. Looped rop.
49. Swine.
51. Oblivion.
53. Human organ.
54. Soft-bodied animal.
57. Go quickly.
58. Put away.
60. Sudden fright.
61. Measure of duration.
62. Belonging to a town.
63. Law which excludes females from the throne.
64. Comfortable.
65. Outcast.
66. Plural pronoun.

The solution of our last week's Puzzle will be found on page 32.

CUT HERE.

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name.....Age.....

in full. (CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address.....

Reader's Signature.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

Date.....

Use 1d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if 3d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 2/1/27.

CUT HERE.

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 2/1/27.

JOHN BULL Pen Coupon—Value 2/-

This Coupon will be accepted as 2d. in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Lever Self-Filler Pen with which is presented FREE a 2/6 Ever-Pointed Pencil. Additional Coupons in any number up to five (six in all), ANY DATES, may be cut from "John Bull" and will be accepted in part payment. Thus you may send six Coupons and p.o. for 4/6 (which includes postage and insurance). Pocket Clip, 2d. extra. Cross cheque/p.o. "J. & Co." and make payable to "John Bull." State if fine-medium-broad nib required.

JOHN BULL, Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.



John Bull's Wonderful Pen Offer!

"There isn't a better pen on the market. I am a stationer and know what I am saying."—E. J. 119, Green Street, Bethnal Green.

Money refunded if not entirely satisfied.

The "John Bull" Pen fitted with 14 ct. Solid Gold Nib iridium tip worth 15/-

2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil with refills FREE

YOU SEND SIX COUPONS AND P.O. FOR 4/- (plus 3d. postage and insurance)

YOU SAVE 13/6

TOTAL VALUE 17/6

Name engraved in Gold on Pen 6d. extra



**2/6
EVERPOINTED
PENCIL
FREE**

Nature's Own Nerve Nourishment *that's* **Nonn**

before your holiday—
during your holiday—
take Nonn and put
your nervous system in
order too.

RED
Cartons
for Men
3/-
15 days' supply

BLUE
Cartons
for Women
3/-
15 days' supply

From all Chemists and Stores
Stocked by Boots, Taylors, Timothy White's

Write for Free Booklet giving entirely new information on Nerve Disorders
NONN, LTD., LABORATORIES, Coldharbour Lane, BRIXTON, LONDON, S.W.9



CORNS under feet—quite gone

Why experiment any longer with dangerous, painful remedies that cannot reach the pointed root of a corn, the very part that causes all the agony?

Here is a sufferer who, after two years of useless trials, used Radox Bath Salts. Almost immediately—after but two Radox Footbaths in fact—his corns came right out, root and all. Can you do better than follow his example? Read the letter:—

48, Whitehall Street, Tottenham, N.17.
"I had some nasty corns under the flat part of my feet, and after two Radox footbaths I got them right out and have never been troubled with them again. I tried previous remedies which were no good to me. I have suffered terrible pain with my feet the last two years, and using your Radox Bath Salts is the only way I get relief for my aching feet. You may, if you wish, make use of my remarks, also name and address, as I feel what a great relief it

would give to other sufferers who have not tried your Radox.

J. L. BRADSHAW.

1st June, 1927.

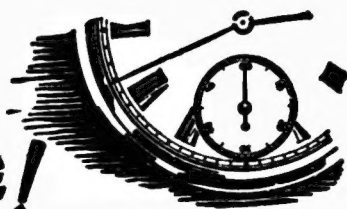
You can get equal relief. When you put your feet into a footbath containing Radox the salts soften the hard outer layers of the corn, and the oxygen which Radox liberates enters the pores and penetrates right to the root of the corn, which is thus loosened so that it may be lifted out bodily. **1/6** 1-lb. Pink Packet.

Radox Bath Salts

Give your feet that "Kruschen Feeling"

At all chemists, 1s. 6d. 1-lb., 2s. 6d. double size, in the pink packet.

60 A MINUTE!



That is the astonishing speed at which the empty Tubes are filled with Gibbs Shaving Cream, and sealed. The same wonderful machine performs both operations with a precision impossible to human hands. Just the exact amount—just the exact consistency. This is one of many unusual precautions taken to give you the easiest, swiftest, cleanest shaving ever. 60 a minute! How speedily men are adopting this cold cream shaving luxury.



Gibbs SHAVING CREAM

The Cream of Shaves

In Tubes 1/- and 1/6
British made



The name is your safeguard

Ask to see
the
DUNLOP
Waterproof
SADDLE

(Made under Dr.astic
patents)

Hygienic
More Comfortable
Non-sagging

'The
Saddle of the Century'

DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY, LTD.
FORT DUNLOP, BIRMINGHAM.
Branches throughout the World

DUNLOP CYCLE TYRES

FOR MILEAGE AND
ALL-ROUND SATISFACTION

There is a grade for every rider and each
represents maximum value for money



THERE'S A DUNLOP ACCESSORY FOR EVERY NEED

C.F.H. 649

WHEN SENDING THE MAIL ORDER
Write name and address in block letters. Give exact description of goods required. Send money and money orders by registered post. Always mention John Bull.

THE MAIL ORDER MARKET

A Perfect Postal Service for Bargain Hunters

PAY FOR YOUR HOLIDAY SUIT AS YOU WEAR IT

and have the smartest one possible made in the new 1927 cloth that always looks and wears well. Pay 7/6 down and balance monthly until you have paid in all **52/6**

There are not Ready-Made Suits altered to fit you, but EACH ONE IS CUT & MADE TO YOUR OWN MEASUREMENTS. Money refunded if not satisfied.

Write for Patterns & Self-measurement Form. Established 25 years.

J. B. THORNE & CO.
36, LANGHAM ST. LONDON, W.1.



Dainticar

Worthy of the Occupant

SALE! During our Sale we are authorised by the makers to offer a limited number of genuine Dainticar at substantially reduced prices. This £5 5 0 model as illus. for **£2.19.6** (or 6/- monthly). Ribbed Cushion Tyres 10.6 extra. Numerous other models at similar reductions. Send at once for illustrated list post free from

VICTORIA CYCLE and CARRIAGE CO.
Dept. P 135, 11, Victoria St., Westminster, S.W.1



6' NOW

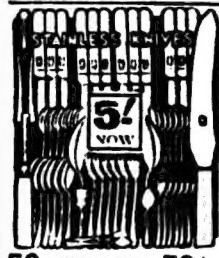
SMART SHOES ON EASY TERMS

Why pay cash and share profits, too? We supply public direct and guarantee every pair we sell. The fashionable models illustrated are supplied in all leathers and sizes. Not job line. Sent for 6/- down and balance in 2 monthly payments of 6/- (10/- in all), cash price 15/-. State size when ordering. Satisfaction always, or money back. Write for catalogue.



E. J. WARWICK & CO.
Chandos House, Buckingham Gate, London, S.W.1

THE GRAVES STAINLESS CUTLERY SERVICE MAKES FOOD ATTRACTIVE.



A good Meal deserves a good Knife and Fork. **WORLD'S FINEST VALUE.**

1 pr D'ble Shear Steel Carvers Ivorette handles, 6 Stainless Table Knives, and 6 Stainless Dessert Knives, Ivory grained handles. Blades can be sharpened to razor-like edge. 3 Table Spoons, 6 Heart Spoons, 4 Tea Spoons, 6 Egg Spoons, 6 Table Forks, 6 Dessert Forks, 1 Sugar Spoon, 1 pr Sugar Tongs, 1 Jam Spoon, 1 Salt Spoon, all of Columbian Silver which is always white.

50 PIECES FOR 50/-
Terms: 5/- now and 6/- monthly. Five per cent discount allowed for cash. Approval in your home.

Write for Catalogue. **J. G. GRAVES Ltd. Sheffield**

1'8 PER SQUARE YARD LOVELY PATTERNS HONEST VALUE

—the cheapest and best floor-covering in the world—that's Artoleum. Made in many lovely patterns, in rolls 2 yards wide, at only 1'8 per square yard. Rot-proof, damp-proof, suitable for any room; hard-wearing, easily cleaned.

ARTOLEUM
BETTER THAN LINOLEUM
SAMPLES and colored list, FREE
J. LLOYDS, Artoleum House
83, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.1.



SUITS 1'6

To Measure for WEEKLY. From 32/6.

Order your clothes from a reliable firm of experts (established over half a century). We can submit a most comprehensive range of patterns for suits, etc., comprising the latest shades in Derby Tweeds, Worsteles, Walpoordes, Serges, etc., and guarantee you a correct fitting suit perfectly tailored, and delivered free within seven days. Send for latest style pattern book and self-measurement form. Brooches, Overcoats, Frockcoats, etc., also supplied. **BOTH SUITS AND SPORTS WEAR ALSO ON EASY PAYMENTS.**

THE "B. & C." CO.,
Universal Providers,
Dept. J.2, SOUTHAMPTON.



HYDROLEUM FLOOR COVERING

Every Roll is two yards wide. Thicker than high priced C. & L. Lino. Guaranteed rot, damp, and vermin proof, easy cleaned. For stone, brick, damp or ordinary wooden floors. Send for free samples. **PRICE ONLY 15/- PER ROLL OF 72 SQUARE FEET**

HAWKEN & CO. DEPT. 122 WARDOUR ST. JR 45 LONDON, W.1.

From Manufacturer to You

GREAT TROUSERS BARGAIN
Well cut and strongly made with turn-up bottoms, and guaranteed to give satisfaction in wear. **5/11** POST FREE
Grey Flannel. Grey Tweed or Whipped. Blue or Khaki Serge. Extraordinary value. State waist measure: cut and height, and send now while offer lasts. Also 3-yr. Lined Knickerbockers as above. All sizes 3/11 post free. Satisfaction or money back. **The Uniform Clothing & Equipment Co.,** 8, Chancery Lane, London, E.C.1.



YOURS for 1'6 WEEKLY

World's finest Baby Cars at "REDUCED PRICES." **250 HIGH-GRADE MODELS** to choose from. Send at once for Beautiful ART LISTS, selected from the best, and have one of these really High-Grade Carriages sent strictly on approval. If you are not highly delighted, money refunded and carriage paid both ways. Easy Terms to Suit all Pockets. Our terms apply to any of the leading makes, including **MARRET, TANSAD, DUNKLEY, HARFORD, LIMOU, SETTE, etc., etc.** Push Chairs from 1/- weekly. Everything good for Baby, Cots, High Chairs, etc. **THE BIRMINGHAM & GLOUCESTER CYCLE CO.,** (Dept. J 2) SOUTHAMPTON.



STYLISH LOUNGE SUITS

FINEST VALUE IN THE TRADE.

7/6 NOW
Our simple self-measurement Form enables you to furnish us with your correct measures, and we guarantee to supply a stylish well-fitting garment. We deliver the Graves 50/- suit to approved orders for 7/6 with order. Balance in monthly payments, if satisfied. Money refunded if disappointed. Patterns Post Free. Send post card for pattern cut from actual cash invoice from which suits are made. Prices from 50/-. **J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.**



FREEMANS

Celebrated

SPARE TIME AGENCY
CASH OR CREDIT
Books, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Boots, Cuffs, Cigarettes & Underwear, Carpets, Lino, Drapery, Gramophones, Wireless, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.
Men in regular employment appointed as Agents.
Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission paid. **NO OUTLAY. ALL PROFITS.** Enquiries for Agency Invited.
LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

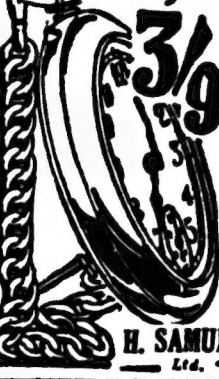
PAROLEUM

72 sq. ft. for 15/-
THICKER THAN LINOLEUM
Waterproof, Rotproof and Sanitary. For either Brick, Stone, Concrete or Wood Floors. Being stain res., a damp cloth is all that is required to clean it. Supplied in rolls containing 72 sq. ft. for 15/- Longer lengths pro rata.
All rolls are two yards wide. **J. B. ANDREWS & SONS,** 30, Carter Street, London, E.C.1.



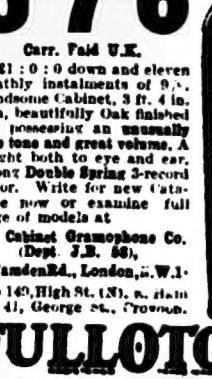
3,000 FACTORY PRICE BARGAINS

Beautiful Rings, Bangles, Pendants, Watches, &c.—examples of the money you save by buying from the Empire's largest Jewellery Factory illustrated in H. Samuel's **BIG FREE BOOK!** Send a postcard for it now! **FREE PRIZES FOR ALL BUYERS!** This fine Nickelled Watch fully warranted **3/9** Post free
ONE PAYMENT ONLY. With handsome chain 4/6
Write now to: **H. SAMUEL LTD.,** Dept. 100, Market St., Manchester.



5.7.6

Carr. Paid U.K.
Or £1 : 0 : 0 down and eleven monthly instalments of 9/-.
Handsome Cabinet, 3 ft. 4 in. high, beautifully Oak finished and possessing an unusually pure tone and great volume. A delight both to eye and ear. Strong Double Spring 3-record motor. Write for new Catalogue now or examine full range of models at **The Cabinet Gramophone Co.,** (Dept. J.B. 56), 75, Camden Rd., London, W.1.
Also 140, High St. (N.), N. 11 and 41, George St., Glasgow.
FULLOTONE Worth £10



GRAVES

GRAVES BENEFIT SALE
Comprising: 1 white super-quality Floor Blanket, Blue borders, size 6' x 9' 6" weight 7 lbs.; 2 coloured Floor Blankets, White borders, size 6' x 9' 6" weight 11 lbs.; 1 coloured Alhambra Quilt, size 7' x 9' 6" weight 11 lb.; 2 unbleached Grey Bolson Twill hemmed Sheets, size 7' x 9' 6" weight 4 lbs.; 3 White Pillow Cases, size 20 x 30 in.; 1 White Bolson Case, size 20 x 30 in. Price 50/-
TERMS: Send 5/- now, 5/- monthly. 5% Discount for cash. Catalogue Post Free. **J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.**



IF YOU ARE THIN

and want to put on pounds of well-rounded, healthy flesh, go to your chemist and get a fortnight's treatment of Blood-Iron Phosphate, and take one five-grain tablet with each meal. It's ten to one that you'll gain at least 2lbs. a week; but if you aren't satisfied you can have your money back for the asking. Blood-Iron Phosphate is absolutely harmless, contains no dangerous or stimulant drugs, and forms the quickest safest way to achieve a fine, good-looking figure yet devised. Blood-Iron Phosphate simply builds up the nervous system and makes rich red blood... Nature does the rest. People who have tried it say it is simply amazing to note the wonderful gain in flesh, appearance, strength, endurance, vim and vigour that invariably accompany the use of Blood-Iron Phosphate. Better try it at once—costs nothing if it fails.

HOW TO AVOID INDIGESTION

An Easy Way to do it
In most digestive troubles, excess acid and fermented food have a tendency to remain in the stomach until the next meal is eaten. That is why intense pain so often follows immediately after eating. In cases of this kind, digestive disturbance can be absolutely prevented by taking half-a-teaspoonful of 'Bisurated' Magnesia powder or two or three tablets in a little water half-an-hour before eating. This neutralises the acid, and in effect washes out the stomach, leaving it clean and sweet for the next meal. Get a 1s. 3d. package of 'Bisurated' Magnesia from your chemist to-day. Take it before your next meal and note the absence of the usual pain and discomfort. In very bad cases take another dose after meals, to make assurance double sure.

ARE YOU BILIOUS?

Best Liver Pill is Vegetable
WHEN you are suffering from your liver, little things irritate; worry makes you worse, and you are "off" your food. Except it be a sick headache, there is no particular pain; yet that dull, listless feeling, that want of energy and that sickly sensation are all signs of your being very much out-of-sorts.
Bile Beans (being a unique vegetable pill and not a mineral salt) deal with a bilious attack and other everyday sickness in the way calculated to produce the highest natural result. Assistance is gently given to the overworked liver and stomach, while they regain their strength degree by degree. A dose of Bile Beans after the mid-day meal and a dose again at night on retiring is the most effectual way to banish biliousness, headache, constipation, depression, stomach acidity, and other liver and digestive trouble. Bile Beans are obtainable of chemists in sealed boxes at 1/3 and 3/-.
SAMPLE BOX POST FREE! Test Bile Beans without cost. For free sample box send postcard (1d stamp) to Bile Beans, Leeds. Mention J. BULL, 9/7, 27.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST CYCLE OFFER

£10 FOR £6
The frame of the Graves 'Speed King' Cycle is rust proofed, enamelled Black & Coach lined (or can be supplied all Black if desired) Fitted with **B.S.A. 3-SPEED GEAR**
DUNLOP Roadster Cord Tyres
RENOLD CHAIN
MIDDLEMORE'S Three Coil Spring Saddle
Lady's or Gent's model same price, Carriage Paid. Terms: 5/- now, 5/- monthly. Complete Approval Catalogue Post Free. **J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.**



FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and Beginners. Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery lines and ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free. — Wolfson's Warehouse, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester.

THE BEST HOUSE

In the Kingdom for Wholesale Drapery, Bargains in Stockings, Fents, Ready-made, Travelers' Samples, etc. Oldest, Cheapest and Best. Write today for Catalogue and Original A.B.C. Guide. Post free. — Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 3, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

DRAPERY (Wholesale), all descriptions, also remnants, parcels from £1. List free. — H. Clegg (Dept. B.), High Street, Manchester.

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GROWS NEW SKIN

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Mrs. E. Connor, of Bread St., York Rd., Leeds, says: "Eczema covered my arms, face and legs, and my skin was scaly and full of irritation. I couldn't wash or bake. Zam-Buk soon brought improvement. It soothed the frightful irritation, caused the scaly patches to fall away and gave me a clear healthy skin."

CUTS & BURNS.

Mrs. E. Barker, of 2, Burns St., Oldham, says: "When Eva crushed her finger in the washing mangle the injury festered and became terribly

inflamed. Zam-Buk soon eased pain and healed the finger within a week. It also cured May of a poisoned foot and Harriet of a severe burn."

SCALP SORES.

Mrs. Lakey, 76, Eden Grove, Holloway, N.7, says: "My daughter, Lily, had severe scalp sores and her hair had to be cut away. The disease defied ordinary ointments, but the free sample of Zam-Buk was so good that I sent for more of the balm and Medicinal Soap. Irritation was eased, the sores were healed, and Lily's head and hair were made perfectly healthy by Zam-Buk."

LEG ULCERS.

Mrs. E. Risley, Duck End, Wiltstead, nr. Bedford, says: "My right ankle was a mass of running ulcers and I couldn't sleep for cruel pain. My husband got me some Zam-Buk which soon drew out all corruption and caused the sores to heal with strong healthy new skin."

SORE FEET.

Mr. W. J. Lwern, of 66, Cumberland Road, Bristol, says: "For years my feet have troubled me, at times being extremely sore, swollen and inflamed. Of the many preparations I've tried, only Zam-Buk gives real ease. This balm splendidly relieves that hot, tired feeling, reduces swelling and brings comfort." Zam-Buk, 1/3 and 3/- a box. Medicinal Soap, 1/- tablet.

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Send p.p. (bearing 1d. stamp) to-day to Zam-Buk, Leeds, for Sample of Zam-Buk Balm & Medicinal Soap, free and post-paid. Be sure to mention "John Bull," 9/8/27.

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WANTED TO PURCHASE.

HIGHEST prices paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Gold, Silver, Scrap, Coins, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Post or call. — Bentley & Co., 333, Oxford St., London.

ANY kind old gold, silver, jewellery, diamonds, old false teeth, platinum scrap, bought. Highest cash by return. — Bell's, Upperhead Rd., Leeds.

MISCELLANEOUS.

64-PAGE book about herbs and how to use them. 2d. Send for one. — THIMMEL, The Herbalist, 144, Richmond Rd., Cardiff, Est. 1879.

A TOY FOR AN HOUR. — Is this the function of the modern flapper? See what T. B. Portington has to say in this week's "HEALTH & STRENGTH." 3d. at all newsagents.

SQUARE DEALS.

Shopping by post is becoming more and more the modern method of buying, and thousands of John Bull readers have learnt that a weekly study of the Bargain Squares in "The Mail Order Market" (opposite) is well repaid. This week's "Market" is filled with most attractive offers—some things being obtainable for a mere "song," an excellent example of value being the Ladies' Shoes described by Messrs. H. J. Warwick & Co. (note advt. at top of page). You may send your orders to any of the firms advertising in these columns with John Bull's Guarantee of satisfaction or money back.

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Mere Talk.

The reply to Mr. Lloyd George's criticism of the manner in which discussions at Geneva have proceeded is that it's easier to criticise than act. What the League of Nations needs is strong backing, from statesmen and people alike.

Getting On.

"On a very large number of important questions agreement was reached," reports Viscount Cecil, of the Disarmament Preparation Committee. With the peoples behind them delegates could agree upon all. There must be more information broadcast to teach the need.

Are You a Tenant?

These are ticklish months for tenants. Countless homes are under menace till the renewal of the expiring Rents Restriction Acts is assured. Business tenants must get busy if they are to win under the new Bill the expected security against eviction.

Battening on Poverty.

The rent ramp has begun again. As houses become decontrolled 12s. 6d. a week is being charged for a single room, 27s. 6d. for three rooms, and 30s. a week for four. This is profiteering at its wickedest and must be stopped.

If Sun, Extra.

Middlesbrough landlords charge extra rent for houses on the sunny side of streets. The old gibe that air will one day be charged so much per bottle may yet become true. There's no end to the rapacity of the Land Lords.

A Good Investment.

Finsbury Council's housing scheme, comprising ninety-five flats, will cost £83,500. It's a lot of money, but who can compute the saving in misery, crime and disease, always inseparable from overcrowding?

The Drop in the Bucket.

As it is, Finsbury's ninety-five new flats will hardly touch the need. Five thousand families in the borough are each living in one room. And yet there are people who claim that building has gone far enough and already more than "meets the need"!

The Experiment.

At Kew Gardens six lettuce sown under ordinary glass weighed at the end of six weeks 8½ lb.; other six sown under vita-glass weigh 9½ lb., and were sturdier. Good for plants, good for children. They all need sunshine.

T' Lancashire Wa'ay.

Lancashire has "no fear for her textile industry," but believes she can successfully meet every competitor and remain premier cloth-producer to the world. And so do we. Given a few years of real industrial peace the thing's as good as done.

Luxury Fruit.

Housewives, debarred from jam-making with black currants at 10d. a lb. and all other fruits in ratio, want to know what the Food Council is doing about it. Why doesn't the Government give it real powers.

Still Active.

Two Grimsby trawlers, *Romily* and *Raymont*, have brought up live mines in their nets. By sheer luck no lives were lost, but the danger exists. One more hint that it's easier to start war than finish it.

Home Helpers.

Plymouth Education Authority takes a right step in training girls for domestic service. Skilled work, performed under decent conditions, can make such employment ideal. It only needs a start, on right lines.

The Death Sentence.

To hang Eliza Emily Neal, sentenced to death for drowning her six-months-old child, was unthinkable. True, she did wrong. But where is the man who deserted this nineteen-year-old mother of his child? That is the question we want answering.

Hitting First.

The new schools in Staveley Road, Chiswick, set the pace with a theatre and cinema projector of their own. To combat worse influences nothing could be better. It's no good railing against weeds unless flowers are planted.

Well Done, Chiswick!

Chiswick, with class-rooms opening to tennis-lawns, windows with vita-glass, playing-fields, changing rooms and baths, boasts the most up-to-date new schools in the country. That's the stuff to give the youngsters, and for the rest of the nation to copy.

The Indictment.

Owing to efforts by the Wood Street Mission few barefoot children are seen in Manchester to-day. But why any, in any city? Civilisation that cannot make workless shoemakers and shoeless kiddies meet must be written down as a tragic failure.

Our Daily Food.

Mr. B. Mellor, of Billesdon, bought a shillings-worth of imported eggs, placed them in an incubator, and hatched out—alligators. If this is the sort of stuff provided for British breakfast tables it is time some one got a move on to settle that land question.

£1,000 for Your Thoughts!

Think of a good *Bullet* and a cheque for £1,000 may be yours. But think quickly—you have only a few days left! (See page 35.)

Beware the Rack.

So moderate a body as the L.C.C. declares that building of working-class houses has not yet reached a point where it is safe for rent restriction to expire. That's plain from the profiteering wherever property has escaped from control.

Our "Super" Legislators.

Taxes on tea, matches and tobacco go through the Commons as though on greased rails. Only on the super-tax of incomes is there any trouble from the "super" majority.

Land Rottenness.

Bankers admit that war profits have disappeared and that the majority of farmers to-day are practically insolvent. That, if nothing else, shows the solution of the land question to be long over-due.

Just Eggs.

English eggs are taboo with many housewives. Why? Because farmers have a habit of saving eggs to benefit by rising prices. The "good English egg" is too often the stale egg.

How They Know.

Colliers in the Nottingham district want eggs marked with country of origin as the effects of "sleepy" eggs are felt "afterwards." What they should want is each enough land to their houses so that a few honest barnyard fowls could be kept.

Enterprise.

The United River Plate Telephone Company, an English concern working in America, last year connected 158,088 new telephones, an increase of 15,837 on the previous twelve months. If telephone officials this side the water can read this simple lesson, they, too, will get a move on.

Waken Up!

Liverpool Ramblers have held a demonstration in support of the Access to Mountains and Right of Way Bills. It is an example to follow. It is only by the apathy of the public that land remains locked.

Multiply Them.

Many a small-holder is now making money with fruit and flowers. Open the land to the worker, and he will literally get bread from a stone.

The Jews Decide.

Considering means to combat the white slave traffic, the Jewish International Conference emphasised the necessity for mothers to educate their children on sex matters and for teachers to have freedom to do the same. Both decisions are sound.

Plain Words.

"The present tendency to use all means of publicity and entertainment for propaganda for war preparations is a matter of grave concern," declares the Women's International League. More, it's disgusting.

Women for Peace.

The International Council of Women, formed of councils of women of forty countries, is establishing direct contact with Geneva. When the women combine for peace there is hope. Mothers know what war costs.

Church Scandal.

"Remove dry-rot from the vicarage and the clergy will clear it from the pulpits," the Rev. J. C. F. Hood, vicar of Garstang, has declared. And it is a straight-from-the-shoulder exposure of the scandal of preachers forced to bear the burdens of big vicarages on poverty-line salaries. What does the Church mean to do?

A Happy Idea.

What better memorial could be raised to the 1,070 Ilford men fallen in the war than the additional wing to accommodate twenty-two children to the existing emergency hospital? And what more gracious touch could be rendered than the fact that out of the £8,000 cost, ex-Service men have contributed as much as £1,800.

Who Is He?

When a man appeared at Marylebone Police Court before Mr. Hay Halkett, stating that he now had proof of his innocence of a crime for which he was convicted two years ago, he was told that the magistrate could do nothing in the matter. That's a pity. This man, a former bus proprietor, who has lost his licence as a result of his conviction, must be vindicated.

Wrong Treatment.

Educated at Rugby, sent down from Oxford for reasons not stated, describing himself as a private tutor, Edward Charles Wilson, at the age of seventy-seven, with nine convictions for indecency behind him, has been sent to prison for twelve months for obtaining goods by false pretences. What good can it do him when it is apparent that medical treatment is what he needs?

Unexpected Fortune.

Cheerful, though an inmate of Chichester workhouse, reward came to John Kirchin, for whom a two years' search had been made to inform him that an aunt had left him some £6,000 in property by her will. His satisfaction at finding truth stranger than fiction can be imagined, nor will it be lessened by his decision to pay back the guardians the £125 he has received in out-relief.

Back-stair Policemen.

All power to the elbow of Sir William Horwood, head of the London Police, who has published a general order setting forth that persons who attempt to gain promotion by wire-pulling will get it where the chicken got the axe. Back-stair influence undermines the efficiency of any force, and Sir William will have the support of every capable officer and man in the police in kicking wire-pullers down the front stairs.

Weak Wine.

It was unlucky that Cyril Pooley did not live up to the imposing title of Silver Bell Non-Alcoholic Wine Company, under which he tried to palm off on the public a flavoured and coloured solution of sugar and acidised water as black-currant wine. He has been fined £15 and three guineas costs at Ilford, which should remind him that in catering for profit fine words butter no parsnips.

Poison for Scolding.

"I am doing this because I am fed up with folk talking about me" was the admission in a note left by Gertrude Wolley, a Fairburn miner's fifteen-year-old daughter, who poisoned herself because her mother reprimanded her for walking out with boys. If only she had been sympathised with, and the dangers she might incur explained to her, she might never have been driven to this despair.

Friends among Foreigners.

Over 150 boys will be present from all parts of the world at the third International Y.M.C.A. Boys' Camp held in July in Windsor Great Forest. As the result of the first two camps, one held in Switzerland, the other in Norway, hundreds of letters are being exchanged by English boys with those of other countries. A scheme that promotes friendly foreign relations among young people is sound, and it should elsewhere be encouraged.

Indignant J.P.

"Absolutely illogical and absurd" are right epithets used by Major A. J. Gainsford, the Sheffield magistrate, to describe a betting law that allows persons to send bets by wire, but prohibits them from using a wooden hut for the purpose. We wish that his refusal to adjudicate on a case in which men were charged with this offence would be a signal for the law to be altered.

The Stranglehold.

At Marylebone Police Court a woman complained that having borrowed £100 on a bill of sale on her house from a firm of moneylenders in May, 1925, she has, by instalments, paid off £170 and still owes £49! Moreover, brokers have been sent to her house on three occasions, and still the law cannot help her. There is, however, one effective way to draw the teeth of such sharks. Keep out of their clutches and allow them to die of business starvation.

Considered Opinion.

The *Financial News* declares that "the coal trade can no longer carry tens of millions of dead weight capital; can no longer prosper with its production chopped up into a multitude of unrelated outputs; and can no longer digest the waste due to traffic and terminal delays." What JOHN BULL said two years ago financial experts are saying to-day. How many more times must it be said before the coal-owners themselves get a move on?

Breadwinner Joe.

Thanks to the £46 subscribed for "Little Joe," the fifteen-year-old Orpington fruit-seller, who was summoned for working his horse in an unfit condition, he is now going his rounds with a pony, while the J.P. and the probation officer are looking out for another horse for him and are applying the money in the interests of the family the boy has to support. Here is an example of an evil exposed, a protest raised and a remedy applied that speaks well for what Britishers can do when roused.

The Human Machine

Failures!

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

MOST of us, I suppose, are frightened of failure unless we are mental jellyfish, content to lead an aimless and purposeless existence.

A little energy, a little pluck, a lot of perseverance—and who need fail? It is almost a matter of arithmetic whether you beat the job or the job beats you.

But the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong: nor is the failure always a failure. Sometimes an apparent failure is a great success.

The world does not know everything, and it seldom pays to judge anyone superficially.

There is many a man who has apparently let a job get the better of him because his main battle has been with himself.

No one but a man's own self knows the battles that are fought and won for the possession of his soul and his self-respect.

THERE is, I think, more credit due to the slacker who wins through to a belief in hard work and the ability to work hard than to the brilliant genius who romps effortless through life carrying off all the prizes it can offer.

It is far harder to master oneself than to master others. What shall it profit a man though he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?

A man is master of his fate, and the man who can overcome failure is a greater man than he who never knew the meaning of the word.

Wealthy Hermit.

A bent, grey-haired, shabbily dressed figure, Mr. Francis Montague Muirhead lived for eighteen years in a small room in West Kensington. Pitted for his loneliness and for his apparent poverty, he died at seventy-nine, leaving a quarter of a million. It is sad that old age should have brought him, along with his power to enrich the lives of others, only distaste of their company.

Drunken Driver.

Drunk while driving his car, Percy Bardy collided with a bridge. One passenger was flung out and hurt, while another, John Russell Little, was killed. Bardy drove on, and was the subject of some stringent remarks by Mr. Justice Avory when sentenced to eighteen months' hard labour for manslaughter at Hants Assizes. Every road-hog should be sent to the assizes and dealt with similarly.

The Right Spirit.

A lad of ten who had been placed several times on probation and only laughed at those in authority was sent to the Somerset Boys' Home, where he only stayed a few days before stealing a bicycle. Twenty of his comrades promised to look after the delinquent if he returned to the home, whereupon the charge was withdrawn. We congratulate the boys and wish them success.

Drunk, but Fit to Drive.

It is said that Dr. A. H. Muir, chairman of Halifax Town Football Club, drove the constable who charged him with drunkenness to the police-station in his car. The Bench convicted by a majority and fined the doctor £20, and his licence was suspended for a year. Then what about the officer who countenanced the driving of the car by one who presumably was incapable of doing it without danger to the public?

Slum Object-lesson.

Old slums with broken windows, sunken floors, doors opening off the street and leaking roofs that made up one of Hoxton's blackest spots, thanks to the L.C.C. are giving place to comfortable, airy, red-roofed blocks of flats rented at from 10s. 6d. to 14s. Tenants from the demolished slums have first choice of the new flats, and we are not surprised that most of the completed ones are full up. But the real point is that there is no reason why what has been done at Hoxton should not be accomplished elsewhere.

Ex-Soldier's Heroism.

Severely injured in the war and refusing to claim a pension because he said others were worse off than he, Frederick Hubert Saunders died gallantly as he had lived, after saving a thirteen-year-old boy, who had fallen into a whirlpool at Beverley Brook, from drowning. We cannot wonder that the coroner felt strongly that provision ought to be made for his young widow and baby daughter. Response to the Mayor of Wandsworth's fund, inaugurated for the purpose, is the fitting tribute to a very brave man.

A Mother's Disgrace.

"Don't blame Mummie. I took all the things," declared a fourteen-year-old lassie when Mary Beck, a married woman of Tottenham, was charged at Wood Green with shop-lifting from a local store. Mrs. Gertrude Hunter, a detective with more than 800 detections of shop thieves to her credit, corroborated that the child was certainly used as a cat's-paw. She was discharged and the mother fined £12, but the stain remains. The injury that Mary Beck has done to the soul of her daughter cannot be eradicated with a fine.

Wealthy Derelict.

Mr. Norman Newton, of Rusholme, a telegraphist in the Manchester Post Office, had been suffering from sleepy sickness. When out on his bicycle he was again taken queer, and was eventually found asleep under a hayrick. He could give his name and occupation, though otherwise his memory was a blank. Also, he was wearing a gold watch-chain on which hung a gold Kruger coin. Yet some brilliant magistrate committed him to prison for a month for wandering without visible means of subsistence.

Go Ahead.

A practical man, who disliked red tape, Alderman Rathbone has decided to ignore the restriction against the building of a school at Norris Green until notices regarding its construction have been posted three months. By October over 2,000 houses will be ready in that area and no school available within a mile. Plans for a portable building are ready and we heartily agree with the alderman that the only thing to do is to get on with the job.

Uncalled-for Comment.

When the Aberdeen United Services Club applied to the Banff Town Council for permission to hold its annual outing in the Princess Royal Park, two members put up an unsuccessful opposition. One, Bailie Christie, declared that they did not want "riff-raff picnics," while the other, Bailie Chrichton, observed scathingly that they had "had some of these rabbles before." We are glad that this ill-natured view was not shared by other members.

An Object-lesson.

The value of women police was recently proved by Miss Clewett, a member of the Women's Patrol. In plain clothes she motored through Brockwell Park Gardens, Tulse Hill, the result of her vigilance being that Richard Roberts, sixty-two, of Beaufoy Road, Lambeth, is now undergoing six months' hard labour for assaulting a girl of twelve. Though he is the father of nine children, his wife described him as a moral degenerate. Such foul creatures should be segregated for life.

Playing with Fire.

Nothing can excuse attempted murder, hence Alan Burgoyne, twenty-one, of the 1st King's Dragoon Guards, has reason to be thankful that the jury took a merciful view, and brought him in guilty of shooting with intent to do bodily harm. Mrs. Thelma Holden, a barmaid, won the lad's affections without disclosing the fact that she was married, and confessed that she had been intimate with him. Then she went out with another soldier, whom Burgoyne attacked. We venture to think that the real blame was hers.

Pestilent Charlatans.

When Emily Holder was fined £5 at Blackpool for fortune-telling, the Chief Constable read a letter from a woman whose daughter had been informed by the accused that she would be dead in three months. This had so preyed upon the girl's mind that she had cried incessantly ever since, in addition to which she had given up her work and cancelled her wedding. To rob the poor creature of her money was bad enough, but to overthrow her mental balance also was folly amounting to wanton maliciousness. Prison is the only place for such a charlatan.

Courage Needed.

For sending letters demanding money with menaces to a well-known public man, Randolph Carter, a young steward, was at Portsmouth sentenced to twelve months' hard labour. At Maidstone, a woman threatened by a young postman with "exposure" unless she paid hush-money was also brave enough to go straight to the police. The judges have decided that blackmail, or attempted blackmail, will be repressed without mercy by the courts. It only needs the necessary courage of the threatened to prosecute, and blackmail can be stamped out.

Mother's Wish Denied.

The attitude of the Barnet Guardians who refused to allow a woman to see her two children who had been adopted by them in 1914 strikes us as unreasonable. Foolish, too, the chairman's argument that because the children had not answered their mother's letter, perhaps they did not want to see her. Any adolescent boy or girl would want to see its mother, and as according to the woman's statement the Ministry of Health declares that the guardians cannot keep her from her children, we hope that the matter will now be satisfactorily settled.

Troublesome Turf Accountant.

We have already given publicity to the unsatisfactory methods favoured by Walter Davington, Turf accountant, of Leicester Square, W.C., but it appears that it is not only clients who have cause to complain. The National Sporting League has been put to the trouble of notifying the sporting and general public that Walter Davington is not a member of the league and has no authority to represent himself as such. We trust that this will help to curb his activities.

Menacing Colours.

L. A. Spikesman's debt-collecting concern, The International Commercial Accountancy Offices, of Regent Street, evidently believes in the colour menace. On some occasions it endeavours to impress a debtor with a "yellow peril" form, threatening to pass the matter to its "Law Correspondence Department"; at other times it resorts to the old "blue frightener," threatening legal proceedings even when the amount in dispute is not more than 2s. This is about the last word in bluff.

Romantic Bait.

That self-styled "Maritime Consultant and Adviser," Mr. W. G. Harrison, who for business purposes prefers to operate as "Captain" Roberts, employs romantic bait in his printed matter. "If a life on the great wide mysterious sea really appeals to you," he announces, "you cannot do better than avail yourself of my offer." He offers to supply information that will facilitate the applicant's efforts to secure a berth on a large liner, in return for the modest fee of 3s. 6d. It's wonderful what a "captain's" influence will do!

A Departed Guest.

A Mr. Shadgett, who boarded with his wife and child at the home of a Brixham reader recently, proved himself most helpful by undertaking to dispose of certain of his landlady's belongings. These articles he had himself selected as being of considerable value, but since his departure his hostess has had good cause to doubt his sincerity. She has received no word from her helpful boarder, and letters addressed in accordance with his instructions are returned by the postal authorities marked "Gone away." Other landladies should take warning.

Astounding Letter.

When John Meachen, a disabled soldier, of Coatbridge, applied to the Glasgow branch of the Earl Haig Fund for assistance in procuring clothing and boots, he was visited by an investigator. Subsequently his appeal was turned down, and when he asked for a reason he was favoured with a truly astounding letter. The refusal, it explained, was "due to the fact that you have been increasing your family without any regard as to how you can properly maintain them." Many people will be staggered by this singular attitude.

Warned in Time.

There is a valuable moral in the experience of two of our readers who sought the assistance of our Free Advice Service—particulars regarding which will be found on page 33—before committing themselves in a business venture. One, who hails from Hammersmith, was invited to invest £150 in a concern, while the other, a Welshman, was about to sink £100 in the same scheme, which was Wilson Rae's Charing Cross Business Transfer Agency, Ltd. Needless to say, they were advised to keep their cash in their pockets, and in the light of our subsequent exposure of Mr. Rae's methods they are thankful indeed that they wrote "to JOHN BULL about it!"

**"JOHN BULL" PAYS
136 MORE CHEQUES
TO REGISTERED READERS**

See page 2

Problems of Life

The Curse of Selfishness

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

AN Italian named Papini wrote a Life of Christ some time ago which produced a profound impression, especially as the writer had formerly been a man of very different convictions.



Dr. R. J. Campbell

The book scolded too much, but it contained many striking passages such as the following:

"We are roused to resentment against others because we believe that they seek to injure our precious ego, that they do not sufficiently respect us; let us slay our own brother because we believe he obstructs our path; let us steal to promote our own well-being; let us commit sins of the flesh for the pleasure of our bodies."

"Envy, the mother of rivalry, of strife and of war, is but the pain we experience because another possesses more than we do, possesses what we do not."

"Pride is the manifestation of our conviction that we are something more than others, that we are richer, know more, and are of greater importance."

"All these things that religions, morality, and the laws call sin, vice and crime are the outcome of this love of self, of this hatred of others which is born of one unrighteous sentiment, one absorbing and selfish love."

THIS is strong language. Can anyone deny its truth? It reminds me of the saying of a shrewd English student of human nature:

"Whether we care to admit it or not, the pity and the noble indignation aroused in us by the sufferings of our friends are but pallid flames if compared with the raging fire that consumes us when we concentrate sense and intellect in thoughts of our own misfortunes."

Self-love is the mainspring of all the strife and misunderstanding from which the world suffers; and any man who is honest with himself must acknowledge that if his own self-love were not in question the sting of his resentment against those who inflict injury on him would be drawn.

A MAN who had been deeply wronged fell into a curious waking dream state following upon an illness. (The facts are perfectly true.)

In this state his thoughts were crystal-clear; he saw things as they were; but he felt as detached from them as though he were someone else.

He could not hate, he could not desire the humiliation of his enemy, he did not care what other people believed about him, he had not the smallest interest in being vindicated or recompensed.

When he returned to normal health he was so sure of having seen life as he ought to see it that he never was able to cherish a grudge again.

Practise this detachment. Expel self from your angers and sorrows, and see how small they become.

GREAT FILM SCANDAL

MORE "BATHING BELLES" BUNKUM

We Cook Cook's Goose

IN JOHN BULL of June 11, we found it necessary to dash three columns of cold water upon a fantastic film scheme which has been launched by a person named Edward Cook.

This gentleman, in company with a gentleman named Rex Storey, proposed to revolutionise the British film industry by producing a series of bathing-belle comedies on the lines of the famous Mack Sennett pictures.

Mr. Rex Storey was making a tour of certain midland and northern towns, and inviting local film aspirants to participate in an elimination contest as he was anxious to select 100 bathing beauties.

In viewing this project with disfavour, we questioned Mr. Storey's financial backing, and suggested that some tangible evidence, as to his credentials and qualifications would enable the public to put more faith in his scheme.

We also related the disappointing experience of one fair film aspirant who had previously been "selected" by Mr. Edward Cook, only to find herself stranded without any hope of an engagement.

Added attraction

There—although we could have said a great deal more—we let the matter rest, feeling that the public would need no further warning.

Since the appearance of our article, however, there have been certain developments which call for immediate publicity in order to save a number of film-struck maidens from being very badly hoaxed.

For, while he made no attempt to communicate with us on the subject of our comments, Mr. Edward Cook lost no time in taking action in another direction.

The search for bathing belles having by this time extended to Hull, he arranged for the distribution of handbills announcing that an added attraction at the Tivoli Music Hall would be the "personal appearance of Mr. Edward Cook."

The handbills added that he would make a reply to the statements in JOHN BULL, and at the same time "continue the search Mr. Rex Storey is making for 100 bathing beauties to be used in two-reel bathing beauty comedies."

Local aspirants were to be presented in bathing costume to be judged by the audience.

A poor "answer"

As our article had been read with widespread interest in Hull, we have no doubt that the foregoing announcements were received as "an added attraction"; but those of our readers who attended any of the performances must have smiled to themselves as they listened to Mr. Cook's alleged "answer" to JOHN BULL.

At the outset, Mr. Cook explained that his object in touring from town to town for the selection of the bathing beauties was to create a personal interest in the pictures that were about to be produced.

He then proceeded to put in a word in favour of Mr. Rex Storey, stating that he had been the principal comedian in Mack Sennett productions and had been second comedian under Charlie Chaplin. Later he had



Mr. Rex Storey

enjoyed considerable experience as a producer in America.

This sounds very well, but we feel bound to reaffirm that Mr. Rex Storey has never been a principal figure in the film world. It is true that he played in a Chaplin film called "The Idle Classes," but he had a very minor part.

Impudent bluff

His real name is Reggie Hartley, and he is a music-hall artiste who acted some years back in a juggling turn.

In spite of the claims made by Mr. Cook, the fact remains that Storey, or Hartley, is quite unknown here, and has no status whatever in the film world.

However, to return to Mr. Cook's "Reply," Rex Storey, it was declared, was at present under contract with British Film-Craft, Ltd., a company of which he, Mr. Cook, was managing director.

There was every facility for producing pictures at this company's studios, Mr. Cook averred, and he concluded his speech by announcing that the first picture would positively be commenced on Monday, June 27.

The point about this speech which will immediately strike our readers is that Mr. Cook has made absolutely no reference to the most serious charge our article contained—namely, that the Manchester girl whom he had previously presented had been badly let down.

We stated quite bluntly that this girl had been led to believe that Mr. Cook had obtained lucrative contracts for her, only to discover that he had more imagination than scruples. Apparently, Mr. Cook found this charge unanswerable.

But even the statements made at Hull will not bear investigation.

They amount to nothing more than an impudent attempt to bluff the public.

Let us first take the statement that Mr. Rex Storey is under contract with British Filmcraft, Limited. This, though the audiences at Hull could not dispute it, is utterly false. The company has no interest in Rex Storey productions and has hastened to repudiate Mr. Cook's statements.

Counting his chickens

In the same way, Mr. Cook has not even been authorised to promise any such contract to any person or persons, and his use of the company's name in connection with the bathing-belle venture is a flagrant piece of impudence.

Why, then, has Mr. Cook dared to make such sweeping statements, particularly the one to the effect that production would positively be commenced within a few days?

The answer is that he was counting his chickens before they were hatched.

Being a managing director of British Filmcraft, Ltd., he had counted upon his ability to persuade a fellow-director to enter into a scheme for leading the public to believe that JOHN BULL's charges had been utterly unfounded.

This precious little scheme, which he was so foolish as to commit to paper, was very naturally rejected by the director in question.

It seems that Mr. Cook thought that if only some film tests could be made at once the public's confidence would be regained. He, therefore, endeavoured to hire the Walthamstow studio temporarily and invite members of the Press to witness a few tests, specially staged for the occasion!

"We will arrange a little lunch or something at the studio," he wrote, "and will then get the necessary publicity to entirely squash the JOHN BULL article."

Postponed relegation

We are afraid that members of the general Press will have to forego their little luncheon, as it is extremely unlikely that they will ever be feted by Mr. Edward Cook in celebration of his impending victory over JOHN BULL.

For a letter from a firm of solicitors, now before us, conveys the interesting information that Mr. Edward Cook has been removed from the board of British Filmcraft, Ltd., and has ceased to be one of its directors and its managing director!

To this enlightening statement is appended a request that publicity should be given to the fact.

We are happy to meet this request, particularly as it puts the final nail in Mr. Cook's coffin, and will serve to convince the most sceptical that our first article was more than justified.

If Mr. Cook has any "reply" to make to our present comments we shall be pleased to hear it.

Same Old Marks!

Same Old Methods!

WHEN we devoted space in these columns last year to an exposure of a bookmaker's bad record, the individual concerned was then trading as plain Alfred Marks, of Old Bond Street, London.

He is still at Old Bond Street, but the blessed word "Limited" has now been tacked on to his name.

Somerset House informs us that this transformation took place in October last, and that the nominal capital of the venture is £2,000.

The directors are shown as Ingram Henry, hosiery manufacturer, of Westcliff, and Leah Moscow, of Ma'da Vale.

In the old, unlimited days, the company of Alfred Marks was registered by a gentleman named Smith.

Strange courtesy

But, in spite of the changes which have taken place the business methods of "Alfred Marks" and "Alfred Marks, Ltd." are alike unsatisfactory to a degree.

According to the book of rules, "the same courtesy" is shown to both small and large accounts, and our daily postbag gives a very good idea of what the "courtesy" of Alfred Marks, Ltd., is like.

The Derby is now a relic of the past, but it lives very vividly in the memory of numerous people who were so unwise as to lay their bets with Alfred Marks, Ltd.

Those who backed "Call Boy" complain bitterly that they have been unable to obtain their winnings. A gentleman writing from Shaftesbury declares that a sum of £60 is owing to him.

Other readers are clamouring for amounts of £18 or £20, but these sums pale into insignificance beside the claim of a South London reader who, theoretically, is entitled to £120.

What does this limited company have to say to its pressing clients?

Sometimes it is "unable to find trace of the transactions mentioned"; sometimes claims are "receiving attention"; and if the clients persist in pressing they are only told that there is "nothing to add" to previous communications.

Best advice

Marks invariably pleads the Gaming Act when taken to court, and only the other day payment of about £350 was avoided by this means.

In the same way it is of no use complaining to the Turf Guardian Society, the Backers and Bookmakers Protection Society or to the National Sporting League.

All these institutions are well aware of Alfred Marks' unsatisfactory reputation, but as the company cannot claim membership of any of them, no action can be taken.

The only advice that can be given to backers is to patronise bookmakers of whose integrity they can be sure, even if they favour a less pretentious address than Old Bond Street.

AN ORPHAN BOY'S ORDEAL

HIS APPEAL TO "JOHN BULL"

A Callous Ministry

"O H! why did I ever come here? It is like a prison. . . . I shall never be happy again. . . . Oh, why did my dear mum and dad die, for I've nobody now?"

These heartrending plaints are taken from a letter written by a thirteen-year-old orphan named Edwin Mortley, and the scene of his present suffering, which he likens to a prison, is the frigate *Foudroyant*.

What are the shadows which have overwhelmed this little life? What combination of circumstances has brought this boy to his unhappy predicament?

The answer to these questions reveals a tragic story of high-handed authorities and callous official indifference to the welfare of a fellow-being.

Little Edwin Mortley was not always unhappy. Indeed, there is tragic evidence of this in the letters of distress which he now pens to his aunt and uncle at Padstow.

"I often think of the happy days I used to have, and I wonder if I shall ever have any more."

Monstrous oppression

Is it not monstrous that a child of thirteen should be so oppressed as to wonder whether he will ever be happy again? Can any human being listen to such touching heart-sobs and remain unmoved?

We are sorry to record that the officials responsible for Edwin Mortley's plight are apparently able to bear them with utter unconcern.

It is not so long since those happy days, which this poor boy feels have

passed for ever. The first shadow fell just over two years ago, when Edwin's father died. Then, when the father had been laid in his grave for eighteen months, Mrs. Mortley passed away.

Three children were thus left unprovided for, Edwin being the youngest. But a kindly aunt made a home for him and his two sisters, and showed them all the love and indulgence in her power.

An ominous letter

A week or so after Mrs. Mortley's death the aunt was visited by a relieving officer, who informed her that it would be necessary to sign certain papers which would be furnished by the guardians.

It so happened that the morning on which the papers arrived also brought news of another relation's death, and, in her anxiety of mind, the aunt signed the papers without subjecting them to the careful scrutiny she might otherwise have exercised.

She had no idea that the guardians would have authority to claim her nephew at any time they desired to do so.

Yet that is precisely what eventually took place. An ominous letter came to the effect that the lad was to be removed to a training-ship, and "Teddie," as he was affectionately known, was torn from his aunt and uncle, torn from his two sisters, and transferred to the frigate which was to be for him a floating prison.

Had Teddy's future been at stake; had he been homeless and alone in the world, without loved ones, without friends or mentors, the action of the

authorities would have been understandable.

But Teddy's aunt and uncle are perfectly able to safeguard his interests. The uncle owns a motor-boat with which he plies a brisk trade all the year round, using it for passenger trips in the summer and for fishing in other seasons.

He is forced to employ an assistant in this enterprise and could well make use of Teddy's services.

A neighbour, too, is willing to teach the lad carpentry, and it seems perfectly clear that there would be little difficulty in finding him useful employment when the time comes for him to fend for himself in the world.

Teddy also has relations in Canada who could take the lad and safeguard his welfare; and there is no question as to his moral or mental attributes.

Official indifference

Before he was so cruelly torn away from home life he was a member of the local scouts' club, and had just been promoted and publicly congratulated on his general behaviour. The headmaster of his school, too, gave a first-class reference to the captain of the training-ship.

Yet, in the face of all these facts, the Ministry of Health, to whom special application has been made, remains utterly indifferent to Teddy's unhappy plight. In the callous official language it declares that "The Minister is not prepared to intervene in the matter."

But Teddy has been told that no efforts are being spared on his behalf and, in his own words, he is "trying to buck up."



Rt. Hon. Neville Chamberlain, M.P., Minister of Health, whom we urge to reconsider his decision in this scandalous case

He is anxiously waiting to know whether his Canadian relations will be successful in claiming him, but at the same time he adds: "Do keep writing to John Bull, and when you get a letter from them send it on to me so as I can read it."

Touching trustful ess

We must confess that this boy's trust in us moves us beyond measure, and we call upon the authorities to give this monstrous case the immediate decision it deserves.

Teddy Mortley must be restored to his loved ones at once, for in spite of his brave little effort to "buck up," these letters still indicate all too clearly his agony of mind.

"Put flowers on mum and dad's grave," he writes shakily. It is a scandal that he should not be free to place those desired tributes upon the resting-place of his parents with his own young hands.

A DOCTOR SHOWS HIS TONGUE

FABULOUS MOTOR FORTUNES

FROM an address in Cable Street, Liverpool, a person named Dr. Edward W. Wynne seems to be dabbling in certain business operations of a truly amazing kind. Profitable investments are his stock-in-trade, but he approaches them from an original angle.

Of course, when a doctor turns financier one would expect him to retain a certain suggestion of his former professional air, and Dr. Edward W. Wynne may perhaps be forgiven for decorating his letter heading with a seemingly never-ending string of degrees and qualifications.

String of titles

He is, we learn, an M.B.A., D.Sc., D.Litt., F.R.S.C., D.C.L., LL.D., F.G.G.S., F.A.C.S. and F.S.S.A. He also claims to be a Freeman of the City of London and a member of the Birkenhead Board of Guardians!

But while Dr. Wynne may be forgiven this vanity, few people will feel that his financial endeavours can be passed over unnoticed.

He recently advertised an investment that would turn £1,000 into £5,000 in six months.

One gentleman was informed that Dr. Wynne desired £1,000 to enable him to "secure the foreign patents" of a new kind of carburettor, which he honestly believed would "revolutionise the motor trade of the world."

Rosy estimate

This £1,000 would secure a quarter share in the said invention. "I am confident," wrote the doctor, "that it will bring you in at the very least £10,000 a year income when same gets properly on the market."

This rosy estimate was based, apparently, on the assumption that all the large motor corporations in this country, to say nothing of France, Germany, America, Canada, Italy, Belgium, etc., would "go in for this carburettor on account of its great advantages."

When this offer did not bear fruit, Dr. Wynne suggested an eighth share for £500, enclosing his card

"as evidence that you are dealing with a gentleman who would not tell you anything but actual facts."

He also added that he did not want anybody's money unless he could see his way to give a good return on it.

When he wrote again it was as "a gentleman speaking to another gentleman," but when the diffident investor expressed a desire to see a drawing of the invention the doctor declared that his patent agent said "that would be a most dangerous thing to do until the patent specification is printed and issued."

Others iron

Finally, a typed statement concerning the invention was supplied, but it had all the appearance of having been written by someone whose knowledge of the subject was strictly limited!

Dr. Wynne has also been interested in a patent detachable motor-rim, and has advertised for £300 to exploit the invention in America and Canada.

This project, he contended, would

eventually bring in royalties amounting to £2,000,000, and a £300 investor would participate in an eighth share, drawing not less than £1,200 in the very first year!

Scathing rebuke

To a gentleman who remained unmoved by this offer Dr. Wynne sent a scathing postcard to chide him for his faint-heartedness. It ran:

"Through not using your own intelligence you have lost the best thing ever put before you, for I have received this morning my first U.S. royalty contract for £5,000 a year, and my man says three other U.S. firms will send me on contracts for a similar amount, making £20,000 in all for the next seventeen years."

"Your share in same would have brought you £2,500 yearly if you had gone in with me as I suggested. Now you have lost it."

All we can add to this astounding epistle is that if any people have "gone in" with the doctor through using their own intelligence we are very sorry for them.

A HOT DOG! THE CURRIE COMB A Rogue's Scrap-book

ANXIETY to obtain employment leads persons to forgo the carefulness they would otherwise display. This anxiety affords scope for the practice of misrepresentation, with serious results

WE have lately had occasion to enquire into the career of misrepresentation carried on for some time by a clever individual named Mr. E. E. Currie.

Trading under various names, he has induced a number of men, some much older than himself, to part with considerable sums of money in return for the privilege of being employed by him.

So far as London is concerned, Currie has "shot his bolt," and, like the immortal gentleman in the *Ingoldsby Legends*, has also "bolted away without paying his shot," but those who know him are confident that he will soon be at the same game elsewhere.

Some account of his past activities, therefore, may curb his future actions.

Typical methods

Currie's methods are typical of many who are still carrying on the employment-with-investment ramp. A well-educated young man, with a ready tongue and a plausible manner, Currie has traded as an estate-agent and valuer.

He describes himself as a Fellow of the National Auctioneers' Association, but this high-sounding title is obtainable without examination by the mere payment of a small annual fee.

For some time Currie operated from an address in Camden Town. From Camden Town he removed to Berners Street in the West End where he appeared as B. Carr and Co., business brokers and valuers.

After two years at Berners Street, a further move was made to Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane. Here Currie blossomed forth as Stuart and Stuart, estate-agents and valuers.

Another firm of estate-agents named Stuart and Stuart, however, drew Currie's attention to the fact that, had he complied with the requirements of the Business Names Registration Act, he would have discovered that he was not entitled to use this style, so he promptly altered it to Stacey and Stuart, late Stuart and Stuart.

Mary victims

His imposing letter-headings bear two addresses, 59-60, Chancery Lane, London, W.C., and 9-10, Southampton Buildings, London, W.C., but both addresses lead to a single office in the same building.

In November last a *JOHN BULL* reader, Mr. W. C. Croft, was induced to invest £175 in the business of B. Carr and Co., at Berners Street, in return for employment as clerk at a salary of £4 per week, plus a commission of 5 per cent. on the profits.

At that time there were two other men and a typist employed by Currie. Mr. Croft found that two of them had invested money in the business like himself, one being involved to the

extent of £300 and the other £150. Later he found a number of other people had been employed in the same way.

Besides borrowing considerable sums of money from his landlady, who was completely deceived in him, Currie also obtained a large sum from another widowed lady who befriended him.

From an engineer at Acton he obtained a further £250, and with these sums he managed to keep the ball rolling.

Last Christmas Currie fell ill, and, thinking to save wages, he closed down his office for a fortnight. His three clerks promptly construed this as a breach of agreement and all demanded the return of their money.

It was then that Currie removed to Chancery Lane for his final exploit.

Here he introduced another "partner," who parted with £150. Out of this he paid Mr. Croft, under great pressure, £80 and undertook to repay the balance of £95 by monthly instalments of £2. He paid the first and only instalment on March 9.

A proud exhibit

Currie then found yet another partner with £150 and vanished, leaving his two latest dupes in possession of the office. From papers he left behind him it was discovered that about twenty men had been victimised to the extent of some £2,000.

It says much for the plausibility of this man that he succeeded in relieving one person after another in this way. He himself was a regular reader of *JOHN BULL*, from which he used to cut out and file our exposures of employment-with-investment ramps.

Currie used to keep this file of cuttings on his desk and point it out to his "clerks" and "clients" with great pride as evidence of his care in protecting their interests! He may not be so proud to see his own name featured so prominently in these columns.

Men employed under "investment-with-employment" agreements are usually liable for contributions under the National Health and Unemployment Insurance Acts. When they have lost their money the "dole" is their ultimate resource.

We suggest, therefore, that the Ministry of Labour might usefully initiate legislation to make the provision of adequate security compulsory in agreements of this kind.



Sir Horace J. Wilson,
K. C. B., C. B. E.,
Permanent Secretary,
Ministry of Labour

ROOKED BY BROOKS STRAWBERRIES AND "LEMONS"

A Berry Pluck

THE impudence of some advertisers is beyond belief. Offers are made and orders trustingly given. Too often, however, the offers are made simply to obtain money, and goods are never sent

THE strawberry season is notoriously short, but it will linger long in the memory of certain people who had entertained the hope that they would be enabled, through the generosity of a man named William Brooks, to grow choice fruit in their own gardens.

Mr. William Brooks presides over the "Roseland Nurseries," Cawood, near Selby, Yorks, and describes himself as a dealer in plants and agricultural implements. How far his claims in this connection are justified will be made clear in the following article.

Tempting bargains

A little while back he inserted the following alluring announcement in various newspapers:

"Strawberry plants: extra good from Maidens, Royal Sovereign, Dukes, Bedfordshire Champion and Paxtons; 10s. per 1,000 for quantities. Gooseberry bushes—three years old Careless, Whinham Industry, Whitesmith and Lancashire Lad, £10 10s. for 1,000. Tulips—Bartigon, Clara Butt, Dream, Pride of Haarlem, Farncombe Sander and others."

To the average lay mind the foregoing conglomeration of words is suggestive of the Derby, Grand Opera, the Peerage and the Mercantile Marine; to the initiated, however—smallholders and gardening enthusiasts—it conveys the impression of tempting bargains. And, of course, all the world loves a good bargain.

In response to this advertisement a Kentish reader sent Mr. Brooks an order for 2,000 strawberry plants, and enclosed 25s. to cover cost and postage.

In due course he received an acknowledgment of his cash and waited expectantly for the plants to arrive.

Suspicious silence

The days began to slip slowly past, but for some reason or other the promised plants were not forthcoming, and our Kentish reader very naturally sent a note of reminder to Mr. Brooks lest by any chance his order had been overlooked or in case it should have gone astray.

His note, however, was ignored, and he had to content himself with the reflection that the delay was probably due to the rush of orders which must naturally have followed such an attractive offer.

But when the days grew into weeks and the weeks in turn totalled up into months the waiting client became doubly apprehensive and wrote to Mr. Brooks again.

Still silence reigned supreme, and although many subsequent letters passed from Kent to Selby they were quite ineffectual in arousing the interest of Mr. Brooks.

Finally, our reader decided to consult his solicitor, but Mr. Brooks showed himself apparently just as indifferent towards a solicitor as he

had been towards the orders of his client once his money had reached the "Roseland Nurseries."

In short, the solicitor's letter was as effective as it would have been had it never been written at all.

Unwilling to submit to such discourteous treatment, our reader next issued a summons against Mr. Brooks for the repayment of his money.

The nursery proprietor was thus placed under the obligation to attend court to explain away his conduct or risk judgment being entered against him in default.

Mr. Brooks chose the latter course, and his silence resulted in judgment being entered against him with costs.

But even this did not disturb his serenity. He had apparently no intention of refunding his client's money, and went on advertising further bargains as though the order of the court had never been made!

But if Mr. Brooks was a stubborn soul, his Kentish dupe was equally stubborn and decided to take the matter a step further.

Surprising discovery

Though he had little hope of recovering his own money he felt it his duty to see that no further victims were entrapped by Brooks' offers.

With this latter end in view, he put the brokers in upon the pleasantly-named "Roseland Nurseries," but this only led to a surprising discovery.

Mr. Brooks, it transpired, had no goods of his own upon which execution could be levied, and the brokers had no alternative but to go away empty-handed, leaving the crafty nursery dealer laughing up his sleeve.

The flagrant case which we have cited above is by no means an isolated one. It represents only one of many complaints which have been lodged against the enterprising Mr. Brooks, whose slow-motion methods of fulfilling his orders call for immediate publicity.

And the Kentish victim's case is made all the more irritating for him because he has thrown away a further sum of money in payment of the costs of perfectly legitimate but abortive proceedings in an attempt to bring Brooks to book.

Many complaints

We hope that this publicity will succeed where other efforts have failed, for it is within our knowledge that newspapers which have unwittingly aided Brooks by inserting his tempting announcements have received many complaints about his unsatisfactory methods of business.

The police have also received numerous enquiries, and in these circumstances all advertisements emanating from the pleasantly named but unpleasantly barren "Roseland Nurseries" should be ignored as steadfastly as Mr. Brooks ignores his business obligations.

VARSITY ROGUE UNMASKED

THE HIGH-BROW HOAXER

A Jack of All Tricks

THE activities of a many-named impostor, who appears to have followed a variety of pursuits, embracing the callings of song-writer, playwright, mail-order specialist, journalist, business consultant and professional mendicant, appear to merit the immediate attention of the police.

Just as he has adopted many professions, so he has passed under a variety of names, being known variously as Allan Graham, James Alexander Webster, M.B.E., A. Fraser-Lovat and S. E. Reynolds.

Numerous complaints have arisen in connection with a movement he inaugurated in the name of "Britain and her Empire Exhibition," and which he controlled from an office in the Battersea Park Road.

On this particular occasion he chose to call himself J. A. Webster, M.B.E., and proposed to publish a volume, "on a high-grade art surface paper," which would contain "many beautiful illustrations of British scenery, historical buildings, and descriptive letterpress in the best type."

Deferred and abandoned

Mr. Webster sent out advance prospectuses promising publication by a certain date, and offering cloth editions at a guinea, and an "edition de luxe, bound in leather," at two guineas.

Several people paid in advance; but the promised day of publication came and went without anything further being heard.

Then Mr. Webster deferred the publication until a later date, and went on deferring it until he eventually abandoned the project altogether and departed from Battersea.

Our investigations traced him from Battersea to Carshalton, in Surrey, where he issued an appeal to well-to-do people, telling them a very sad story of his sudden misfortunes.

A different tale

Apparently, he had taken on more than he could manage in the form of a house there, which would, he averred, have been useful to him in his future literary ventures, but the rent was far too high, and he had got behind with it.

In these circumstances he desired a little financial assistance to enable him to discharge this pressing liability so that he could set up a mail-order business for the sale of "new books of a high class."

When this particular circular which was sent to people in all walks of life, including peers, peeresses, Members of Parliament, etc.—had attained its object, we find that Webster sent out others which told a slightly different tale.

The real object of his varied claims, however, may be gathered from three letters, taken at random.

On January 10, for instance, he needed "£10 to set up an office"; seven days later he wanted only £1 as the remaining £9 had been collected; while a little later he wrote asking for donations of £5 towards the £25 required to enable him to secure this office and furnish it.

Interesting discoveries of this kind led us to enquire more closely into his career, and a decidedly chequered one we found it!

Born of good parents, he was favoured with a university education, which explains the scholarly manner in which his appeals are worded.

He married a woman of means, but

was separated from her some years ago after she had borne him three children.

One of his exploits, perpetrated in the name of Graham, was the collection of subscriptions for the ostensible purpose of staging some of his own plays.

He put this money into his own pocket, and received eighteen months' hard labour for so doing.

On his release from jail he sent out begging letters by the score, telling sad stories about the poverty of his wife and children—from whom, it must be remembered, he was separated—and reaped a rich harvest from the charitably disposed public.

Shameful exploit

On one occasion he even had the audacity to appeal for funds for his wife's funeral, setting forth pathetic details of her death in a nursing home after a long illness.

All he wanted, he declared, was 25s. to give her a decent burial, but while he was distributing these moving appeals far and wide throughout the land, his wife, still living apart from him, was far from dying!

He is well known to the police at Scotland Yard, Walthamstow, Hampstead, Liverpool, Sheffield, Edinburgh, Manchester and Glasgow.

One of his cruellest frauds was perpetrated at the expense of a dupe from whom he obtained £100 on the strength of a well-told hard luck story. This money, borrowed "for literary purposes," has never been returned.

Webster is also an expert in the art of raising money on post-dated cheques, which are dishonoured when ultimately presented for payment.

When he left Carshalton recently



Lt.-Col. H. H. Spender-Clay, C.M.G., M.C., M.P., Parliamentary Secretary to the Charity Commissioners, who will find in this scoundrel's long career of deception many points to raise in the House of Commons

he took up quarters at an address in Earl Street, Regent's Park, and lost no time in getting into action.

It is no longer the story of a funeral, or rent in arrears, or literary undertakings. His latest plaint tells of a stricken daughter, suffering from goitre.

Dangerous and despicable

He has been urged to call in a specialist, and is "gravely anxious to do so immediately." He has got £3 saved, but requires £5, so to the kind soul who will help him to make up the deficit he will send a set of books.

The ramifications of this versatile crook's activities are so numerous that in the space at our command we have only been able to cover a small percentage of his exploits.

We think we have said enough, however, to convince the public that he is a dangerous and despicable rascal.

FAMOUS DANCER'S SHAMEFUL TRICK

THE BROKEN PARTNER

MUSIC-HALL patrons will readily call to mind a clever "turn" named "Gaston and Andree."

Two years ago the act was a well-deserved success, and these names concealed the identities of a Mr. James Wood, of Guilford Street, Russell Square, and a Miss Betty McCormack, of Roscroft Avenue, Hampstead.

Miss McCormack first got into touch with Mr. Wood through an advertisement which appeared in the *Dancing Times* in January, 1925. She was only nineteen then, but was possessed of considerable experience.

Skilled training

Her skill is best vouched for by the fact that she was trained by that world-famous dancer, Mme. Lydia Kyasht, with whom she subsequently toured, first in her *corps de ballet* and then as her second "star."

Eventually a contract was drawn

up under which Miss McCormack was to star with Wood for two and a half years in all parts of the world at a salary commencing at £10 per week.

Encouraging praise

A few months after the contract had been drawn up an engagement had to be fulfilled in Vienna, and, under the chaperonage of her mother, Miss McCormack crossed the Channel with Mr. Wood. She was now, he declared, 50 per cent. better than his previous partner; but such encouraging praise was not to last.

At one of the Vienna performances Andree sustained severe strain in the muscles of her leg.

The doctor whom she consulted declared that she must not attempt to repeat certain tricks for some time, and, in accordance with her request, he handed her a certificate to this effect.

Mr. Wood, however, was so un-

sympathetic as to declare that this was "all rubbish," and a few days later he told his partner that he had finally finished with her, although only five months of the two and a half years' contract had been completed.

Miss McCormack had no alternative but to return to England with her mother.

But before leaving Vienna, they discovered that a new "Andree" had already arrived from England on instructions from Wood.

This abrupt termination of an important engagement reflected in an unfavourable light upon Miss McCormack on her return, and she found it difficult to obtain any other engagements.

Disbelieved defence

She therefore brought 'an action against her erstwhile partner for breach of contract.

Mr. Wood denied all allegations, but

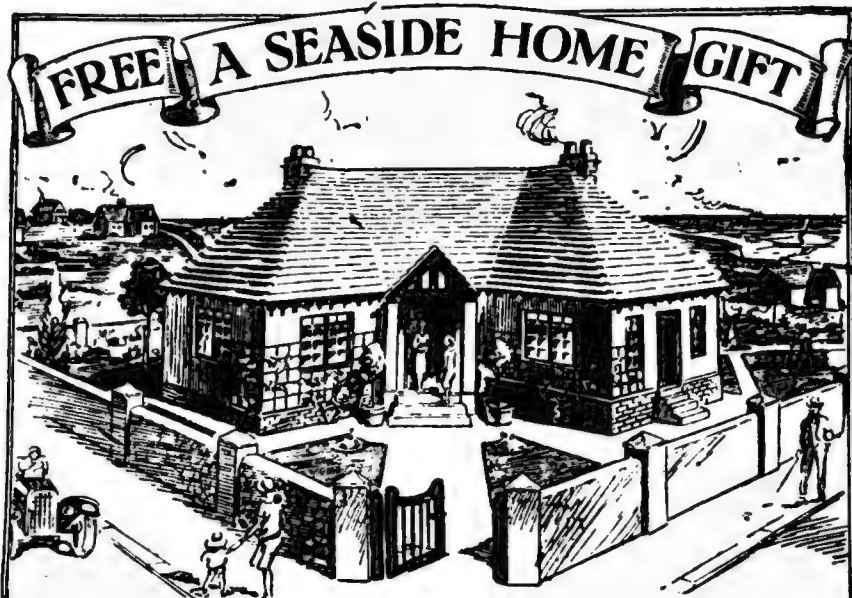
this was not accepted by the jury, and Miss McCormack was awarded £1,000 damages and costs.

But Wood cared little for the verdict of Mr. Justice Swift and a jury. Although the £1,000 award was made over a year ago he has so far made no attempt to pay.

Award ignored

Owing to his constant refusal to honour his obligations, the poor girl was eventually forced to enter into further litigation, and under a judgment summons the court ordered Wood to pay her £4 a week, but even this has been ignored.

He is starring in America to-day, where he is in receipt of very handsome remuneration; but, in spite of his clever dancing, he will not be entitled to the applause of the British public again until he makes some tangible arrangement to discharge his liability to the partner whom he has treated so badly.



FREE
THIS HOUSE MAY BE YOURS
 Completely Furnished, Value £1,200
at PEACEHAVEN-ON-SEA near Brighton

A wonderful Seaside land investment with an initial payment of £1 gives you the opportunity to participate in our Free Gift House scheme. This is the third season in succession in which we have given away a beautiful Seaside Home free of all cost. Peacehaven has grown in five years from a hamlet of 24 to a busy thriving Seaside Resort of approximately 4,500 people. The boundaries of Brighton and Peacehaven Estates now adjoin.

FULL PARTICULARS SENT POST FREE.

FILL UP THIS COUPON AND FORWARD TO-DAY.

To the Secretary,
 Peacehaven Estates, Ltd., Peacehaven, Sussex.

Please forward me the full facts about Peacehaven, together with an application form, to allow of my participating in your offer of a £1,200 completely furnished house with the site upon which it stands, which is to be given away free of all costs.

Name

Address

"John Bull," 9/7/27.

Halfpenny Stamp, if unsealed.

*Give your
 snapshots fair-play*

Demand
"Velox" Prints

Look on the backs of your snapshot pictures. If you see a faint impression of the word "Velox" you will know that your prints have been made on the highest grade of sensitized paper—the paper manufactured and branded by the Kodak Company.

Kodak Limited, Kingsway, London, W.C.2



YEAST IS LIFE

AN eminent specialist, in his article on Health, has emphasized the importance of Vitamin B as a tonic which causes the nerves to function properly. And in his list of essential foods he mentions YEAST as rich in Vitamin B.

YEAST VITE IS RICH IN

VITAMIN B.

When out of sorts or depressed, take 1 or 2 YEAST VITE Tablets, and feel fresh and frisky in a few minutes.

THIS Wonderful Yeast-Vitamin Treatment is guaranteed to be safer, quicker, and more effective than Aspirin. Composed of pure medicinal Yeast, Vitamins and other valuable ingredients. Prescribed by leading medical specialists. The gentle fermentation of Yeast-Vite when in contact with the gastric juices of the stomach causes a stimulating buoyant, feeling of extreme vigour.

Irving's YEAST-VITE Tablets will relieve:—
 Headache, Neuralgia, etc. in 5 minutes
 Indigestion, Flatulence in 5 to 10 minutes
 Biliousness, Dizziness, Depression, in 10 to 15 minutes
 Disordered Stomach, Liver, etc., in 10 to 15 minutes
 Influenza Colds, Fever in 24 hours

CAUTION.—See the name Irving's Yeast-Vite on every carton and bottle. Refuse fraudulent substitutes which are worthless.

Irving's
Yeast Vite
Tonic Tablets

OUR GUARANTEE.

Obtain a 1/3 bottle of Irving's YEAST-VITE Tablets from your chemist. If not thoroughly convinced of the wonderful power of these tablets BY ACTUAL RESULTS, post the empty bottle to us, and we will refund the money by return of post.

IRVING'S • YEAST • VITE • LABORATORIES
 CECIL HOUSE, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.1

"John Bull" Guarantee

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.



Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull."

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED
 Proprietors of "John Bull."

THE air is full of the talk of peace—and how easy it is to talk, and how futile! Decisive action in the direction of peace will alone save the world. It is up to the people to show the way

Who'll Stop This Murder?

by A. HAMILTON GIBBS (the famous Novelist)

THE Carnegie Endowment of International Peace publishes the following figures on our brilliant efforts in 1914-18: War widows, five million; war orphans, nine million; refugees, ten million; wounded, twenty million; combatants and non-combatants dead, twenty-six million. As Sassoon wrote: "Who'll buy my nice fresh corpses, two a penny?"

It is still largely the habit to blame it all on the Germans or the politicians, anybody except ourselves. As a matter of fact, however, the blame lies entirely with you and me, individual citizens, who read the headlines each morning over our breakfast egg, and do nothing.

We may have done our bit during the show and still be patting ourselves on the back for it, but the fact remains that by sitting down and doing nothing we are simply a lot of peace-shirkers.

Take a look at the map and see if conditions are any better than they were in 1914. Read a few of the political speeches and say honestly whether you think the same old game is not going on. And then ask yourself personally just what you are doing about it.

Everyone's job

The reason why it is up to each one of us to shoulder his or her share of the peace responsibility is very simple. It is because we have a vote, which proves that government is by the people for the people. Everything that is done by the Government is therefore done by ourselves. If it is well done we can throw a chest and take all the kudos. But if it is muddled we can kick no one but ourselves.

After years of struggling, rebellion and the execution of kings, we have won the glorious right of individual responsibility, and in the matter of war alone it is astounding to consider the change that this has brought about.

Once upon a time war was a tribal excursion for either food or revenge. A little later, in feudal days, it became a baronial picnic, a series of local joyrides. In the days of monarchies, down to the Boer War, fighting was the jealously guarded privilege of the regular armies.

To-day we realise the lamentable state of enlightenment of those far-off-dark ages which ended in 1914. To-day we know that patriotism cannot be kept as the privilege of the few. We have forced the regular Army to let every man of us have his share of the glory, his share of the manly delight of sticking a bayonet through somebody's belly, of crunching his face in with the butt.

No man now can be prevented from leaving his wife and children and going out and getting shell-shocked or maimed for life. How dull it must have been before the days of civilisation and culture!

Woman's power

And the women have emerged too. They share almost equally with the men. Didn't they form machine-gun battalions in Poland and Legions of Death in Russia? And didn't our women chuck domesticity and earn vast sums making shells and in other ways releasing men for their four-year holiday?

The gently bred ones went to France and either ran canteens or nursed the wounded and hurried them back into the line again to be wounded once more or killed; or polished up their French wonderfully with officers in sky-blue and had the emotional jag of their lifetime.

If the women hadn't joined in we couldn't possibly have made such a corking good show out of it and brought the figures up to twenty-six million dead.

We wanted war and we got it, and broke all known records. We broke them because we've got "guts." If we want to write war off the books we can do it.

The cause of war

But we haven't got to read the headlines over our breakfast egg and shrug our shoulders and say, "Oh, that's not my job!" We've got to want it badly enough to crawl out of our little egos and stand on our two feet and say so. And that needs a little more guts than the firing line.

We are still kidding ourselves that fighting is an instinct. But is it? Sex and hunger are instincts. Mankind breeds and feeds in the same way as it breathes and sleeps, instinctively, but it doesn't fight that way.

It only fights if the breeding or feeding are interfered with, or if it fools itself that those processes are going to be interfered with. In other words, there has got to be a reason to fight, an appeal to the mind first and the emotions afterwards.

It would seem to me to be far truer to say that running away is an instinct, running away being the extreme form of self-preservation without which instinct the human race would long since have perished.

Then, too, the war has shown that this so-called instinct of fighting can no longer survive without stimulation, that mankind is languishing with what psychologists call "failing war impulse."

The mass had to be spoken, written, preached, and sung into enthusiasm, and after the first excitement, the war impulse was found so sluggish that freedom of speech and action were universally suspended. The truth was given an indefinite holiday, and any untruth that would get the crowd into line was highly rewarded.

Two great powers

Not only were millions of pounds spent by every country in the stimulation of war impulse, and every publicity channel organised for it, but for the first time in history the lack of this "instinct" of fighting was so general that it had to be accepted as a regular casualty.

In its extreme form it was called shell-shock, and, as everybody knows, special hospitals had to be provided for those unfortunates who, in psychopathic parlance, had lost all war impulse.

If civilisation means anything at all, it means that we can write "R.I.P." on the exploded myth of fighting being an instinct. It means also that the immense concentration of energy and effort which we put into killing one another would be far more profitably employed in helping one another to find out how to live.

At the time of the Franco-Prussian War one of the French Ministers evolved a phrase which is famous. He said, "When war is inevitable, it is essential to make it popular." Let us assume that peace is inevitable. It is already popular, only people don't realise it. To make it more so, why not take a leaf out of the militarist's book?

Why not organise the Press and the pulpit? Why not organise our educational system? Why not make the same clamour that the militarists do and prepare the world for peace as they are more energetically preparing it for another war?



Mr. A. Hamilton Gibbs

With the shadow of that twenty-six million dead hanging over us, isn't it about time to make a choice after these ten years of doing damn all? We can't shove the blame on to anybody else next time. It's up to us all.

Patriotic blarney

You and I personally have got to choose now whether we will slump back and let things rip in the old way, while we make money and play golf and eventually read in the same old papers that our children have been killed in action for the same old line of patriotic blarney, or whether we will have the sense to realise our individual responsibility to ourselves, our children and our civilisation and cease to be peace-shirkers.

The easiest thing in the world, of course, is to slump back and go on enjoying a moral holiday. The second choice will take all the brains and courage we've got and keep us working for the rest of our lives.

We shall have to realise that everything we learned in college is not education at all, but merely a preparation for education. We shall have to form the uncomfortable habit of pleading guilty to woeful ignorance on about 90 per cent. of the questions of domestic and foreign policy, and then go out and acquire knowledge, slowly and painfully.

We shall have to give up the comfortable habit of forming our opinions from the daily Press, which at best is nothing but a slate on which to record hurriedly the happenings of each day, at worst an instrument to make us rush headlong into bloodshed by the blaring forth of deliberate misinformation.

Time to wake up

We have got to grasp the fact that public opinion is the strongest factor in the life of any country, and that you and I are essential units of that public. Up till now kings have imposed their wills, diplomats have executed them, and we, the people, have meekly obeyed.

The Versailles Treaty changed all that. There wasn't a diplomat at the peace-table who dared move a yard without being sure that he was backed by the public opinion of his country—in other words, that he was really the mouthpiece of you and me and all of us.

Incidentally it was nothing much to buck about, for that Treaty was a pretty poor job. Unfortunately no one has evolved anything better since, and that's why it's time we woke up and made a choice between working and shirking.

Candid Communications

*Outspoken Messages to Celebrities,
Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities*

To H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES, K.G., K.P.,
St. James's Palace, S.W.

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,—It is gratifying that amidst the multiplicity of your public duties you stepped aside to open at Bispham the Convalescent Home for Miners. This new venture has cost £150,000, all of which has been raised by a welfare levy of 1d. a ton on coal brought up in Lancashire and Cheshire. It will cost £13,000 a year for upkeep. I trust this renewed indication of your interest in the miners' welfare will stimulate those whose duty it is to reorganise the coal industry on an economic basis. At present the position could hardly be worse.

JOHN BULL.

To Sir EDWARD MACKAY EDGAR,
Mount Street, Mayfair.

DEAR SIR,—The interview which was given in the new papers on the part you played in the great share gamble which led to the suicide of your former friend, Mr. James White, is one of the most disgusting exhibitions of bad taste that I have ever seen in print. You say that you are sorry to think that you achieved your victory "over his dead body." If that is so, the moment was surely one for silence.

JOHN BULL.

To Sir H. KINGSLEY WOOD, M.P.,
Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Health.

DEAR SIR,—Your whole-hearted commendation of the work put in hand by the Tilbury Urban Council pleases me. This development and town-planning scheme provides for 1,670 houses, of which 1,500 are completed and occupied, and the erection of another 1,000 is contemplated. £1,509,185 will be expended, solving to a great extent local unemployment, and daily workers employed on extensions and river jetty work have their hours arranged in order to get home to a hot dinner. That the council, for many years, has had a Labour majority adds to the value of your words of praise. It augurs well for that kindly co-operation for which I am always pleading.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir SAMUEL HOARE, M.P.,
Air Minister.

DEAR SIR,—Do you not think it time an official enquiry was held into the appalling number of Air Force accidents? The country demands to know wherein lies the fault—defective machines, inefficient instruction or downright recklessness? In striking contrast, the Imperial Airways have carried 32,000 passengers 1,800,000 miles in two and a half years without a death. This disparity calls for explanation.

JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. BIRD,
President, Women's Co-operative Guild.

DEAR MADAM,—I regret that at the recent congress of your useful organisation you occasionally found it impossible to make yourself heard amid the babel of shouting and uproar. That you managed the difficult business of chairmanship with good humour and skill goes without saying. Nevertheless, as a consistent advocate of woman's usefulness in public life, I deplore this exhibition of inability to behave decently and keep order. It sets back the whole cause.

JOHN BULL.

To GIPSY SMITH,
Evangelist.

DEAR SIR,—Pray accept my warm congratulations on the attainment of your jubilee as a preacher. Your charitable sanity has repeatedly been expressed through the columns of this journal, and I assure you that your writings have been appreciated by my readers. Long may your powerful pleading resound from the pulpits of the land!

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. WILLIAM WILSON,
Westacre, King's Lynn.

DEAR "BILL,"—You, with other local worthies, were recently the guest of the Royal Norfolk Agricultural Association, for whose premium you have qualified. It was a tribute to one who has worked as an agricultural labourer for the same master for sixty-eight years, and if any man has a better claim to honourable recognition I should be glad to hear of him.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. J. H. THOMAS, M.P.,
Unity House, N.W.

DEAR SIR,—It reflects little credit on this country as a whole that in every walk of life, in every trade and industry, the working class has to fight every inch of the way for any advantage it may enjoy. Nevertheless, I am glad you are not going to advise it to strike or defy the law. After all, the people have the means of deciding their own destinies through the ballot-box.

JOHN BULL.

To Sir FREDERICK MILLS,
Chairman, Ebbw Vale Steel, Iron & Coal Co., Ltd.

DEAR SIR,—Although the cost to your group of the general strike was £683,000, it says much for the recuperative power of industry that trading profits reached the not inconsiderable sum of £127,286. I agree that wisdom is needed among the miners' leaders, but even more among the coal-owners, who, after all, hold the whip-hand. It is still not too much to hope that a mutual spirit of toleration and co-operation will be found.

JOHN BULL.

To Dr. JOHN WILSON,
Baptist Tabernacle, Woolwich.

REV. SIR,—It is fifty years since you started your ministry in Woolwich, during which time your abounding energy and potent eloquence have worked wonders in the district. Not only have you laboured diligently for the spiritual good of the people, but for long you sat upon the Board of Guardians, and later served on the School Board for ten years. Your worth was recognised at a great civic meeting in the town hall, but your real throne is the hearts of the men and women who love you.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. WILLIAM GEORGE COLLINS,
Emlyn Avenue, Ebbw Vale, Mon.

DEAR SIR,—You are a living wonder. Losing both your arms in a terrible accident years ago, you bravely took up life again and learned to hold a pen in your mouth. Then you went on to brushes, and have won with your pictures a number of prizes in open competition. You play the piano with your nose, eat, drink and shave yourself without aid, play cards, light the fire, and polish the floor. Truly, such a record should silence grumblers.

JOHN BULL.

To P.C. STONE,
Cannon Row Police Station.

DEAR SIR,—That was a very plucky act, when in the early hours you rescued Edward Albery Payne, who fell into the Thames from Westminster Bridge. The man was unconscious from a wound on the head, and would have been drowned but for you, who plunged into the swiftly running current and held up your man. The incident upholds the best traditions of the Force.

JOHN BULL.

Straight from the Shoulder

MR. BALDWIN :—"The dualism of church and chapel has been the most potent influence in the life of our country."

But not always the best influence, or history would have been very different in 1914.

RT. HON. VISCOUNT BEARSTED, M.C. :—"Real competition to-day is in finding the most effective and economical way of reaching the consumer."

The only effective way to reach consumers is to provide what they want at a reasonable cost.

MR. J. R. CLYNES :—"The populations of all countries would respond to sane leadership."

And they'll get it the moment they have the sense to vote the right men into office.

MR. G. R. HALL CAINE, M.P. :—"It would be better to nationalise manufacture than make directors run businesses under Treasury dictatorial domination."

And better to use a bit of common-sense and do neither.



RETURNED WITH THANKS

Without Fear or Favour—by the Editor

AN INCREDIBLE MESS!

THE GILT-EDGED REBELS

Governing with a Squint

THE Cabinet has decided not to proceed with the entire scheme for the "reform" of the House of Lords.

It has decided thus, not because it has ceased to doubt its own wisdom, but because a substantial section of its supporters intimated that if the Cabinet did not change its mind there would be trouble.

We are not particularly interested in the occasion of this revolt. The "reform" of the House of Lords as outlined by Viscount Cave would have received short shrift had it only come to the test of the electorate.

What interests us is that this present Cabinet is amenable to force if not to reason, and that the Conservative Party as represented in the House of Commons could so clearly do what it liked if only it had the will.

It is not to its credit that it refuses to use its obvious power to press on reforms that are crying to be accomplished. Members of Parliament are extraordinarily jealous of the rights of the House of Commons. We wish they were half as jealous of the rights of the people.

THE other day Mr. David Kirkwood asked a question. "I would like to ask the Secretary of Mines," he said, "if he does not think that here is something which has to do with accidents in the mines."

"I have four pay leaves which came up on Saturday from Kirkcaldy and Dumfriesshire. The first pay leaf is 4d. for a week, 1d. for a week, 14s. 10d. for a week, after all deductions are taken off, and 13s. 7d."

"Is not that the reason that there are accidents in the mines—because the miners are being starved to death?"

He got no reply to his question nor did a substantial body of Conservative M.P.s inform the Cabinet that unless something were done to remedy this grievous human wrong there would be trouble.

Mr. Kirkwood's question is terrible in its stark

simplicity. The facts are not in dispute for he produced the actual pay-sheets in the House of Commons, and all he got in reply was an indifferent silence.

Housing, unemployment, an intolerable burden of rates and taxes, an ever-growing mass of misery and despair, all these are things which cry aloud for serious and drastic attention.

There is no revolt among the serried ranks that fill the Cabinet benches. The minute the Chancellor of the Exchequer proposes to tighten up the machinery for the collection of super-tax there is an outburst. There is a threat of instant revolt, and it is great odds that the Chancellor will be brought to heel.

WE are not discussing here the rights or wrongs of the Chancellor's proposals. What impresses us is the fact that the colossal Government majority thinks it far more important to prevent the super-tax payer from being harassed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer than to see that every British citizen has work to do, a house in which to live, and a sufficiency of food and clothing and other necessities for himself and his family.

One of the things from which our modern age suffers is a sadly distorted sense of proportion. One of the things we have lost of late years is a true perspective of values.

The miners' pay-sheets produced by Mr. Kirkwood should bring us up with a jerk and make us realise that all the artificial values in the world do not weigh in the balance with human happiness.

If those who purport to govern the colossal thing we call the British Empire cannot find wit enough to disentangle the incredible mess into which we have allowed our basic industry to fall, they are not worthy of the name of statesmen.

If only the Conservative ranks would lay down the law to their Ministers about things that really mattered we should at long last get a move on.

WHY ONLY A DREAM?

THE CITY BEAUTIFUL

IT is to the credit of humanity that, while following its instinct to live in communities it now wants to do so in ordered and well-appointed fashion. Religious writers have typified man's final triumph as an entry into a glorious and harmonious city. Dreamers of earthly Utopias have always drawn word-pictures of the perfect city.

Now the Ministry of Health is trying to bring the City Beautiful down into the realm of practical, everyday politics.

Mr. Neville Chamberlain, in declaring open a regional and town-planning conference at Birmingham, said: "I hope that a conference of this kind will not part without giving some serious attention to the possibility of founding new cities built on a definite plan, limited to a definite size, and making use of our experience and knowledge of mistakes committed in the cities of the past."

Mr. Chamberlain believes in the multiplication of garden cities, the abolition of slums, wide and beautiful arterial roads, to solve the problems of communication, and houses new and fair, near enough to industry for people who must go to daily work, and far enough from the roar of traffic to give peace and quiet in green and pleasant surroundings.

Now what are the practical difficulties in the way of this fair programme being begun at once?

They are not Party difficulties for no political Party which did not put things like housing, slum clearance, town-planning and general social welfare on its platform could exist for a day.

For the past ten years each of the three political Parties has built its reputation on promises of a reconstructed world—a land fit for heroes and homes fit for children to be born in.

Nor are the problems centred round the willingness of local authorities. The constant holding of town-planning conferences proves that.

Possibly Mr. Chamberlain's reply would be that the great difficulty is one of finance, the prohibitive cost of building, planning and planting, with its additional burden on the rates.

He would be right only in part. We have merely to deflect some of the terrific taxation poured out on armaments to social welfare and that objection fades.

No; the real bar to all reconstruction in this country is the antiquated, ridiculous system of land tenure. The land question *must* be tackled first, or the City Beautiful will remain, where it always has been, in the land of dreams.



Mr. David Kirkwood, M.P., who threw a glaring light on to the mines by a question in the House of Commons

A WINDFALL Wake Up!

A SHORT time ago we published some of the secrets of a gigantic insurance crash which had hitherto been closely guarded from the public.

The article related to the affairs of the City Life Assurance Company which came to grief with nominal liabilities of £1,374,599, a figure which was arrived at by assessing all outstanding policies at their surrender value only.

Had the policies been taken at their face value, the liabilities would have been increased to nearly £4,000,000.

The company was originally known as the British Homes Assurance Corporation, and commenced on a modest scale with a small capital. Its activities were later extended to life assurance, and when the crash came, between sixty and seventy thousand creditors were affected.

Apart from the disturbing state of affairs which led up to the crash, we called attention to the protracted delay in winding up the affairs of the company.

The sequel is satisfactory. We now learn that there is a windfall of £83,117 ready to be distributed by the liquidators to policy-holders whose policies were entitled to surrender value on the date of liquidation.

Some 5,936 persons are affected, and the dividend represents 2s. in the pound on the actuarial valuation of their policies as computed under the Insurance Companies Act of 1909.

It is expected that a further 1s. 6d. in the pound at least will be declared later, but, meanwhile, all those who have not heard from the liquidators should make immediate application to Sir William McIntock, K.B.E., at 31, Christopher Street, London, E.C. 2.

The windfall will come as a blessing to many poor people and will be welcome. We are still, however, awaiting an explanation of the behaviour of those in charge who steered the City Life to disaster. We hope it will not be much longer delayed.

The House of Terror

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

It is far better to be a reptile in these enlightened times than to be a human being. Reptiles are curiosities and therefore valuable, and human beings apparently are of no account. Have we no conscience?



The Rt. Hon. Sir John Gilmour, D.S.O., M.P.,
Secretary of State for Scotland

THEY have just built a wonderful new reptile house at the Zoo. Nothing has been spared to ensure that these creatures shall live in comfort and in surroundings as near to their natural homes as it is possible for the ingenuity of man to devise.

They have sunshine, good food, and every conceivable care and attention, because, you see, these are reptiles, rare reptiles, creatures we do not see every day, and specimens of animal life that it would be very costly to replace.

There must be thousands and thousands of human beings wishing they were reptiles.

If I were a millionaire I would build a very different kind of Zoo. I would not stock it with reptiles. I would stock it with human beings. I would imitate the creatures of the London Zoo in so far as these human beings should have conditions approximating as closely as possible to their natural habitations.

Bolshevism's breeding-ground

And having built this Zoo I would force our Cabinet Ministers, our politicians, and every man and woman who pays lip service to the cause of humanity without having a single thought for the practicality of the matter, to go and spend long hours looking at the cages I should erect.

I have just been reading the Annual Report of the Scottish Board of Health. If anyone wants to know why the Clydeside Members of Parliament are bitter, he should read this report.

If anyone wants to know why the Clydeside is the breeding-ground of Bolshevism and discontent, he, too, should read this report.

It is, perhaps, as well for those who are comfortably established in the seat of authority that this report, although it is published by His Majesty's Stationery Office for the enlightenment of the public, costs 6s. 6d. Few of the public are willing to pay 6s. 6d. for a Government Report. It is a very fortunate circumstance indeed for those who so persistently misrule our country.

A startling sentence

When a Government Report refers to the "appalling conditions of the houses and of the persons residing in them," we may rest assured that the conditions are such as no self-respecting reptile at the London Zoo would consider for a moment.

"It is impossible," said the Commissioner appointed to hold an enquiry in Glasgow, "to draw any picture which could adequately describe the conditions under which we found human beings living in practically the whole of the houses which we inspected. There were, it is true,

conditions in degree, but all were hopelessly unfit for habitation."

Just let that sentence sink into your minds. This is 1927. This country is part of the greatest Empire the world has ever known, the richest, the most illimitable in resource; and a Government official can say that it is impossible adequately to describe conditions under which human beings who are British citizens are living.

It may be impossible, but he has a darned good try, and the picture he draws is one that should be burned into the consciences of every man and woman with the least sense of civic responsibility.

This is what he says: "The majority of the houses were dark, many of the tenants having to burn gas all day, winter and summer. Large numbers of tenements were built in the middle of hollow squares hard up against high buildings on all sides, with no proper ventilation or light. Damp was present everywhere, the walls and ceilings in a large number of houses being literally soaking.

Sickening details

"Everywhere we noticed the total lack of sanitation, conveniences being few and for the most part out of repair, and in some cases leaking down the stairs and even into the houses.

"Ceilings are falling down, woodwork is rotting away; there are holes in the walls of houses through which the street can be seen and the plaster work of the walls is loose and broken.

"The houses are a hunting-ground for vermin of every description. Fleas, of course, abound, but we found also that practically every property we inspected was bug-ridden. The tenants complained that they could get no peace from these pests, which drop upon their faces and crawl over their persons and bodies at night, and which fall into their food through the day.

"The food itself will not keep in many of these tenements, owing to the damp and verminous condition of the holes in the wall in which it is kept."

The public demand clean food and rightly so. But there must be co-operation with the retailers to reach this end

IF an absolutely clean milk supply were provided to-morrow, the women would make it a dirty supply five minutes afterwards."

The statement was made by one of a number of dairy-farmers who were discussing the "clean milk" question, and the others agreed with him.

The statement was a sweeping one, but there is more than an atom of truth in it. The men who deliver milk know that very often the jugs into which they pour the milk are not thoroughly clean, and they know that when they get complaints of milk souring quickly the fault is often with the milk-jug, and not with the milk.

If one goes through almost any town before breakfast-time, one sees jugs and basins placed on window-sills and door-steps to await the milk-

And the reptiles at the Zoo have had every possible care lavished on them in an endeavour to make their lives comfortable!

Could there be a more staggering proof that we have allowed our civilisation to get out of hand than such a contrast as this?

Let us go on. "In addition to the insects which I have mentioned," says the Commissioner, "we found evidences of a perfect menagerie of animal life, including lice, rats in great numbers, mice, cockroaches, snails and even toads.

Tragic neglect

"Can it be wondered that such places breed an unhealthy and discontented population? Crowded together, we found as many as eight persons living in one small house, cold and damp; neither adults nor children have much chance of health.

"Vital statistics do not prove much, but I was painfully struck by the information which the tenants gave me repeatedly of having recently lost one, two or even three children; of relatives in hospital, and of continued ill health, all of which were attributed by them to the conditions in which they lived.

"Such is the problem with which the city is faced."

I have read Government documents for years, but I have never read such a terrible document as this. If I were a millionaire I would erect a Zoo in which these conditions were reproduced with painful exactitude, and I would force our conscienceless politicians to go and study the result of their neglect until their very souls were seared by the horrors they contemplated.

It was all very well to show the crowds that flocked to the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley the Queen's Doll's House. As an example of marvellous craftsmanship it was a miracle. As a slice of life it was non-existent.

Is it any wonder that discontent and revolution are breeding in the Glasgow slums? Let the politicians answer.

Poison

man. They are usually "covered" with cups or saucers to keep out the cats, but these do not keep out the microbe-laden dust.

In this direction an interesting experiment was recently made. A pint of Grade A milk was poured from a sterilised bottle into a jug. The jug was covered with a cup, and placed on a window-sill in a busy street. Later a sample of the milk was analysed, and it was found that the clean milk had become very dirty milk indeed.

CONSUMERS also demand "clean" meat, but by that is meant meat that is not diseased, not meat that is actually clean, else they would not handle the meat in the shops as often as they do. Nor would they buy a chop or a steak that has lain on a plate in a shop-window for blue-bottles to crawl over or dust to settle on.

One sees in the butchers' shops just now the dressed carcasses of lambs, with the feet left on. It is a custom of the trade. Those feet have picked up microbes when trotting through the streets to the slaughter-house. They have not since been disinfected, and we talk about clean meat!

Look in at any butcher's shop in a busy street and you will see joints of meat displayed on



Mr. A. F. Holt

Our Mad Delusion

by A. G. GARDINER

THERE is a conference taking place at Geneva that has tremendous possibilities. On its decisions hangs the peace of the whole world. That its power in this direction may be thwarted by petty international jealousy is a thought that staggers humanity

THE season is at its height and the world is full of such a number of things, Atlantic flights, tennis sensations, prize fights, greyhound racings and so on, that we get breathless in trying to keep pace with the programme of entertaining events. In the midst of this round of gaieties something is happening at Geneva which deserves a passing comment.

The Naval Conference is not so amusing as a fight between Milligan and Walker, but it is not less important. It is even more important, for if the conference were to fail all the talk of disarmament would end and the world would have nothing to do but to prepare for the next war.

It is worth while, therefore, to take "a close up" of the conference and try to ascertain what is its meaning, what are its prospects, and what is the real issue that is emerging from it.

Briefly, the conference was summoned by President Coolidge in order to follow up the work done at the Washington Conference in 1921 when the Powers reached an agreement that ended naval competition in capital ships. The idea was to extend that agreement to ships of inferior classes, cruisers, destroyers, submarines, and so on.

The Great Three

Roughly speaking, there are only five naval Powers in the world: Britain, United States, Japan, France, Italy. Of these, two, France and Italy, declined the invitation. But the other three are easily the foremost naval Powers. If they came to an agreement that ended naval competition among themselves they would put such a moral pressure upon France and Italy that they would be compelled to follow suit.

But the conference that is going on in Geneva shows that it is one thing to desire a solution and quite another thing to achieve it. Each nation has put forward a scheme for the reduction of naval armaments, but each scheme differs from the other schemes.

Britain wants to make a further cut at capital

ships, while America wants to make a heavy cut in cruisers. America thinks we have too heavy a lead in cruisers and we think America has too strong a predominance in destroyers.

We want to cut down the tonnage of ships and the size of guns; America wants to keep the big ships and reduce the number. We have our eye on America's destroyers; America is concerned about our cruisers.

Mischievous assumption

And so the wrangle goes on, with Japan intervening here and there, with her own aims for establishing her own security.

What will come out of it all is difficult to say; but one thing is clear. The whole atmosphere of the present discussion is wrong. It is proceeding upon the assumption that the naval rivals of the world are Great Britain and the United States.

This is not merely false, but profoundly mischievous. If it continues and if as a result the conference breaks down, we shall have started an artificial race between Great Britain and America which will end all hopes of disarmament and bedevil the whole future of the world.

The true line of approach to the solution of this great problem is that war between England and America is unthinkable and impossible, and can be disregarded in arriving at a basis of world naval agreement. There are still naval possibilities against which it is our duty to provide.

They are infinitely less serious than they used to be. We have no longer any serious challenge from the Continent. Thirty years ago we had to build against Russia and France; twenty years ago we had to build against Germany.

To-day those shadows have passed from the sky. The German navy has vanished; no Russian navy exists; the French and Italian navies are inconceivable and cannot conceivably ever be united against us. But a rupture with France or even Italy is a possibility that has to be provided against.

JOHN BULL



The Rt. Hon. W. C. Bridgeman, M.P.,
First Lord of the Admiralty

And there is Japan—no longer our ally and unfortunately made uneasy by our decision to construct a naval base at Singapore.

An out-of-date tag

But much as we may nag at America, and much as America may nag at us, no one in his senses conceives that war is possible between us. There are some follies that are outside the range of human calculation and this is one of them.

Think of our raising a conscript army to invade America; think of America raising a conscript army to invade us; think of Canada with its four thousand miles of frontier marching side by side with the United States without a machine-gun or a sentry box on each side of the border—the greatest witness to the indestructible pacific relations of two peoples in all history.

When people mumble the old tag, "If you wish peace, be ready for war," it is only necessary to point to that frontier to give it the lie. If you want peace you must prepare for peace. That is what we and America did after the war of 1812, and for more than a century the undefended Canadian-American frontier has been the assurance that war between this country and America is unthinkable.

Well, then, why all this unreal pother at Geneva as to whether we have more cruisers than America or America has more destroyers than we have? If we are never to fight what need is there of measuring our strength against each other?

If our scheme simply provides what is reasonably essential for our special needs and possible dangers, why should America object? If America claims that she must have an equality of naval armaments with ourselves, why should we object?

Living by the sea, we must provide against certain possibilities. If America, conscious of its enormous wealth and responsibilities, insists that she must have a navy second to none, well and good.

The step forward

Let us get rid of the delusion that we are rivals, and concentrate on the fact that we are not rivals, but colleagues engaged in giving the world a lead out of the race for competitive armaments. Let us show that we are at least not unworthy of those great Anglo-American statesmen who a century ago withdrew every symbol of war from the Canadian-American frontier.

We have already through the Bryan treaties provided against war by setting up a period of conciliation. Let us go the step further, as Franco and America are going, and outlaw the possibility of war between the Anglo-Saxon peoples. Then the naval agreement will come of itself. And when we are agreed the world will have to follow.

or All!

blocks and tables while around the shop are hung flayed and sectioned bodies of cows and calves and sheep, ready to catch any dust or filth that may blow in from the street.

A YEAR or two ago I was looking around the meat supply of a great foreign city. In all the city there was not one ounce of meat openly displayed. In all the shops the joints rested on marble slabs, and were covered with great glass cases. No dust, no flies could reach them. No customers could handle them. The fishmongers' shops were similarly equipped.

The milk-vans were fitted with trays laden with sealed bottles, thus ensuring a clean milk supply. Every loaf sold was sealed up in grease-proof paper, thus making possible a clean bread supply.

To convey bread, unwrapped, through the streets as we do is a quite efficient method of germ collection. A few concerns, it is true, wrap all their bread before it leaves the bakeries, but these are few indeed.

In our grocers' shops one sees foodstuffs, such as rice, tapioca, sago, currants, barley and so on, weighed out on dusty scales upon which all sorts of stuff are weighed. These commodities ought to

by ARNOLD FREEMAN HOLT

be packed in cartons, by machinery, at the factories and not touched by any hand until the consumer gets them.

It may fairly be assumed that the goods on sale in our confectioners' shops are pure—there are exceptions—but what about the way the goods are handled in the shops?

It is common to see the shopkeeper open a bag by blowing into it, possibly with germ-laden breath. Sometimes the fingers are licked to facilitate the bag opening. And then the same hand is plunged into the sweets! That is surely asking for trouble.

All these are illustrations of our failure to appreciate the need for absolute cleanliness in all our dealings with foodstuffs.

IT is not enough to agitate for absolute purity of food-production. It is not even enough to demand that the retailers shall take steps to prevent any contamination while the goods are passing through their hands.

It is also necessary that we who are consumers shall take care that the food we buy loses none of its purity between our purchase of it and our consumption of it.

THE PRINCE OF SCHEMERS

A COSMOPOLITAN RASCAL

The Meteoric Middard

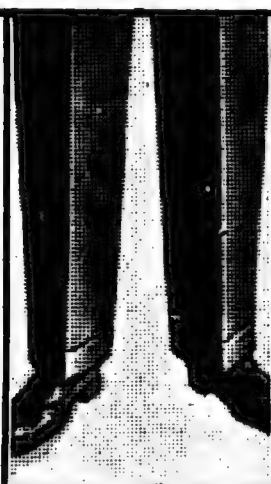


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DURING the past few years a number of foreign adventurers have victimised people in this country, but the well-mannered, likeable "Frenchman," whose dazzling exploits are here set forth, must be acclaimed the prince of them all.

Known by many names, and associating only with the most exclusive "gentlemen" crooks of two continents, this Frenchman, as he has always thought fit to term himself, has passed variously as a "Comte," a "Captain" and even as a highly-placed member of the Secret Service.

His real name is Weigand Medawar; but since he first came to England in 1914 he has been known chiefly as George Medawar Middard.

Credulity exploited

So superbly, indeed, has he carried himself in these different poses that until quite recently many well-known people actually believed his claims.

Their credulity has been most brazenly exploited. In the first place, he is not a "captain," nor has he ever held any commissioned rank in the military forces of any country.

Once a dubious enquirer, who had heard that the "captain" was not all he pretended to be, asked for tangible proof as to when and where he was actually commissioned, and the "captain" stated that he had served in the French army from August, 1917, to September, 1918, when he was granted his discharge on account of ill-health.

Needless to say, this information was entirely fictitious.

In the same way, the title of "comte," which he so freely bestowed upon himself, was assumed without authority, while his claims to Secret Service qualifications were quite without foundation.

And, in addition to the foregoing disclosures, he is not a Frenchman, for he was actually born at Beirut, in Syria, forty years ago, of Egyptian parents.

Being the son of wealthy parents, he was favoured with a first-class education, and much of his success in this country has been due to the fact that he is able to speak English, French, Arabic and Italian with perfect fluency.

Staggering liabilities

His first great venture after his arrival in England was staged at Great Tower Street, in the City of London, where he ran a company in the name of Middard.

He was concerned primarily with brokerage business, and soon merchants and private individuals who had entrusted their money to Middard for the purchase of shares, etc., began to clamour for it back.

Meanwhile Middard was spending cash lavishly, enjoying himself in every possible way, and, having plunged into financial difficulties, resorted to moneylenders, from whom he borrowed very heavily indeed.

One firm, being unable to get its

money back from Middard, and finding him to be an alien, took proceedings, and finally, in 1921, succeeded in bringing him to the Bankruptcy Court.

Imagine the surprise of this petitioning firm when it discovered that



Judge Atherley Jones

the liabilities of this affable foreigner from Syria amounted to no less than £110,825!

Puzzling procedure

One may well gasp to think that it should be possible for an alien to come to our shores, hoodwink British creditors right and left, and fail for such a colossal sum as £110,825.

And this staggering figure and the harsh comments passed in the Bankruptcy Court did not deter Middard from pursuing his policy of victimising English creditors.

Why he was not deported when he was thus made bankrupt no one appears to know.

Living in great style at Petersham Terrace, Kensington, Middard next became interested in a number of limited liability companies.

One was the Anglo Shipping and Trading Company, Ltd., of which George Middard, describing himself as a French subject, and giving an address in the Rue St. Vincent of Paul, Paris, became a director.

This company failed ultimately, and was wound up compulsorily by order of the High Court.

Several other concerns with which Middard was connected shared the same fate, and the matter is rendered all the more amazing by the fact that Middard has never obtained his discharge from his first bankruptcy of £110,825.

Such trifles, apparently, occasioned him no uneasiness, and he has persistently carried on as if nothing had happened.

Latterly he operated as a financial agent, having an office in Chancery Lane, and in that capacity he obtained substantial sums from unsuspecting clients who were induced to do business with him.

He likewise followed his old care-

free way of obtaining goods from trusting traders on a very extensive scale.

In the end one firm, without knowing of his previous colossal failure, obtained a further receiving order in bankruptcy against him.

This action on the part of this anxious creditor has so far been instrumental in revealing claims from fresh victims to the extent of £10,000!

Careful enquiries into Middard's record have elicited the fact that he has been regarded by the police as a continual source of trouble since his arrival here thirteen years ago.

Topsy-turvy justice

Yet, owing to the clever fashion in which he has obtained the huge sums involved, it has been impossible to gather sufficient evidence to prosecute him on any serious charge.

Last week, however, the police succeeded in obtaining a conviction against him of five months in the second division for obtaining credit without disclosing the fact that he was an undischarged bankrupt.

Now, this will only tend to curb Middard's activities for a brief interval of time, and it is not enough.

Only the other day there came to light the sad plight of an American who came to this country in 1916, married an English girl and settled down as a peaceable, law-abiding citizen.

Yet, for a slight "technical" breach of the immigration regulations, this man has been torn from his wife and family and deported!

This is topsy-turvy justice with a vengeance!

A man who has done no real wrong is turned out of the country, while Middard, an alien who has imposed upon British traders to the extent of immense sums of money, is punished with five months in the second division for only a minor offence, after which he will be free to resume his undesirable activities once more.

Still we come!

Judge Atherley Jones was told by a police witness that Middard "is regarded as a most undesirable alien," and "that the Commissioner considers that his presence should no longer be tolerated."

Yet, even in the face of this, no recommendation for his deportation was made.

He has convictions against him under the Aliens Restrictions Act for contravening regulations by posing variously as an Egyptian, Syrian, French, Italian and British subject.

We invite the Home Secretary to consider the facts as set forth above and urge him to banish this adventurer from our shores.

Apart from the points we have raised, Middard has many other things to his discredit. There is no doubt, therefore, that Britain would be far safer without him.

A PEER'S POWERFUL PLEA

STARTLING BIRTH CONTROL FACTS

Mothers' Terrible Letters

MOTHERHOOD in Great Britain to-day, among the poorer classes at any rate, is far too seldom a voluntary act, a willing collaboration in Nature's plan. Too often it is sheer helpless victimisation, which can be agonisingly cruel.

The following case was cited by Lord Buckmaster during a debate on the subject in the House of Lords:

A woman was married at the age of seventeen. At the age of thirty-four she had had eighteen pregnancies with eleven live children. Her husband, a hawker, is often away, and does not support the family. The mother does this by hawking.

The three youngest children are backward, and unable to walk, and have to be taken out with the mother on her rounds in a perambulator. The housing accommodation is one living-room and two bedrooms.

The mother shares a flock mattress, without sheet or blankets, with these youngest children, and her last confinement was under these conditions.

Yet the Ministry of Health still flatly declines to allow birth-control information to be given at maternity clinics and infant welfare centres.

A growing crime

One phrase of Lord Buckmaster's, dealing with this case, stands out in red letters of warning: "During the last pregnancies she had done everything she knew to procure abortions."

This case is not exceptional. The police in the large industrial centres are baffled by the growing prevalence of this class of crime.

Here is a letter which was recently addressed to the secretary of a birth control society in London:

"Being a reader of JOHN BULL, I saw your advertisement on birth control. I am writing to ask your advice on my case, as I am two months pregnant, and am awfully worried about having another, as I have seven to struggle to keep now.

"My husband is only a builder's labourer, and, in the winter, it is starvation to try and keep them, and another trouble I have is not being able to get a house.

"I have only two rooms, one living and one sleeping, and we are nine sleeping in that one bedroom, and amongst the nine of us there is the oldest boy, seventeen come December, and a girl, fifteen come December, so you will see the conditions we have to live under."

A pretty picture of domestic life in England in the twentieth century!

Despairing letter

There is enough in this letter already to shock the susceptibilities of a savage, and no false delicacy shall persuade us to withhold the rest:

"The other five children's ages run from twelve down to two years, that is the baby now. So you would be doing me a big service if you would only oblige me with what to take, as I have been taking pills, but all to no good. So please will you oblige by return of post, as I really don't want more if there are ways and means of getting rid of same.

"I have never had a miscarriage or a death, as I have brought the seven to



The Rt. Hon. Lord Buckmaster, K.C., who, in a debate in the House of Lords, instanced tragic cases showing the need for birth-control knowledge

time, and have got them all living, and have brought them all up breast fed. So you will see that I don't feel as if I have the strength left to bear any more into the world."

Note the pathetic ignorance which knows no way, but the criminal way, of escape from an intolerable bondage.

What decent reason is there why this poor woman, and others like her, should not go to the nearest welfare centre and learn some clean, scientific means of birth prevention?

Birth-rights and birth-rates

Surely, the least the State can do—while it neglects these housing atrocities, perpetuates the sin of the slums, and turns a blind eye to indecencies which shock the coarsest minds—is to set a limit to the number of victims.

Birth-rate arguments are beside the mark. There are birth-rights as well as birth-rates. It is too often the death-rate rather than the birth-rate which is the permanent gainer from the denial of birth-control.

During an inquest at Shoreditch, upon an infant who had died in the infirmary, it was stated by the medical superintendent that the mother was one of three, all aged twenty-eight years, who were in the institution at the same time, and for the same reason, and each of whom had eight children.

Commenting upon this statement, the coroner, Dr. Edwin Smith, remarked that he had had a case, in that court, of a mother who died after bearing her seventeenth baby, and she was still a comparatively young woman.

Yet, asked in the House of Commons if the Ministry of Health saw reason to reconsider its attitude, the

Parliamentary Secretary snapped "No, sir," as though nothing more were at stake than some trifle of departmental routine.

Blighting ignorance

That ignorance is the true cause of the plight of many poor mothers is beyond question. The following is a letter quoted from this month's issue of the *Birth Control News*:

"I am writing to ask you about birth control, what you have to do to practise it, as I am a married woman with eight children under thirteen years of age, and only in a three-roomed apartment, and I have to keep the children upstairs; it makes them all so white in their faces.

"If you will write and tell me what I have to get, I will spare the expense, because baby is only three months old, and I dread it so in case another comes along, as I am getting so ill myself with the worry of trying to feed and keep them tidy on a wage of £2 5s. a week, my husband only getting a small wage. Could you write as soon as possible to let me know what to do?"

In another case brought to our notice a farm labourer's wife had borne ten children in rapid succession, four of whom had died. The eldest of the six surviving was twelve years old, the youngest baby fifteen months.

The poor creature was in sheer terror lest another "mishap" should occur, yet had no vestige of knowledge as to how it might be averted.

In another family there were nine children, seven under the age of fourteen, eleven persons living in a three-roomed cottage, two bedrooms and a kitchen.

Another important aspect of birth-control is its bearing upon the vexed question of the multiplication of the unfit. None of the objections urged against compulsory sterilisation applies with any force to the use, under wise direction, of scientific contraceptive methods.

Listen to this, again from Lord Buckmaster, and vouched for by unimpeachable authority:

There were four children, all of whom had been born blind. The two eldest had died when quite small, and two little girls, aged two and four, had managed to survive. The mother had spent eighteen months in hospital.

Stupid and cruel

She was incapable of training the children, who, sightless and speechless, sat all day long in their little beds manifesting not a single normal reaction to the tests that were given.

The father was devoted to the mother, and refused to send her to a mental institution; but he realised that it would be madness for her to have more children, and begged for the information by which he could prevent such a result.

Every day syphilis, tuberculosis, and mental deficiency are being transmitted to fresh victims, through the absence of birth-control knowledge.

When does the Ministry intend to lift its cruel and stupid ban?

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"Grateful to Doan's"

On 15th December, 1910, Mr. R. Mann, 43, Abel Street, Burnley, said:—"I suffered severely with sciatica, rheumatism and lumbago. I simply couldn't stoop, my back was so bad. The sciatica, chiefly in my left leg, prevented me walking properly. The water was thick and scalding, and occasionally the bladder failed to act."

"Nothing but Doan's Backache Kidney Pills did me any good. They corrected the kidney action and restored me to health."

On 17th December, 1926, Mr. Mann said:—"Although nearly eighty-three, I keep in remarkably good health, thanks to Doan's Pills. (Signed) R. Mann."

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"Bilax is fine. These little pills keep me free from constipation."

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50 Sugar-coated Bilax, 1/3 per bottle. All dealers.

Take a BILAX to-night

Made by Doan's

SCRAP THAT TAX!

by SIR FRANK MEYER, M.P.

THE policy of "John Bull" is always to give all sides of a question. In "John Bull" of May 21 the Hon. Victor Spencer condemned the totalisator. Sir Frank Meyer, M.P., in the article below, advocates it. It is for our readers to judge

THE present betting laws are unfair, foolish and, above all, cannot be enforced. Can anyone justify a law which enables a man by letter, telegram or telephone to make a bet of any size provided it is done on credit, while it forbids him to wager any sum, however small, in ready money?

Further, can there be anything more illogical than the interpretation of the law which holds that a race-course is not a "place" within the meaning of the Act, and consequently while you may be fined for a cash bet of a shilling in the street or in an office, there is nothing to prevent you making a ready-money bet of £100 on the course?

There never was a more flagrant example of a law which operates in favour of the rich and against the poor.

The State's Interest

The introduction of the betting-tax has created a new situation. Formerly it could be said with a certain amount of accuracy that the State did not recognise betting.

But, now that every bookmaker must obtain a licence from the State before he carries on his trade, an entirely different position arises.

When, furthermore, the State takes a percentage on every bet that is made, winning or losing, and claims the right to examine the books and accounts of every bookmaker, it can no longer be disputed that the State has a direct interest in the industry or trade of betting.

Having gone so far it must go further. No longer can Parliament turn its head away and feign to be either unconscious of or shocked at this "terrible vice," as some have called it.

Plainly the State has two duties to perform. It must make the law equal for all classes and it must refuse to grant a licence to those whose records or conduct as bookmakers show that they are unfit to enjoy the privilege.

At the present time anyone can obtain a licence as a bookmaker on payment of £10. Men who have been warned off, who are known to be defaulters, are obtaining them.

Tremendous evasion

In the first place, the licence-duty should be considerably increased and, in the second place, it should only be granted to individuals approved by the Jockey Club or Tattersall's Committee or some body appointed by those two authorities.

There is no doubt that the introduction of the betting-tax has had a very unfortunate effect on betting. By that I do not mean only a reduction in the volume of betting (which few would deplore), but there is undoubtedly a great deal of evasion going on.

During the debates in the House

last year, I warned the Chancellor that, if he persisted in making the rate too high, it would inevitably lead to evasion. To make the tax a success from the revenue point of view the good will of the bookmaking and betting fraternity was essential.

To prevent evasion in a transaction depending merely on a verbal contract, unenforceable at law and where written evidence is of no value, is totally impossible.

The Chancellor ridiculed the idea and contended that bookmakers and



Sir Frank Meyer, M.P.

their clerks would spy on one another and co-operate with the Treasury to prevent evasion. Events have proved I was right and he was wrong.

Striking figures

The figures speak for themselves. The Chancellor estimated for a return of £6,000,000 in a full year. The amount collected for April, a typical month of flat-racing, was about £250,000.

There are eight months of flat-racing in the year and, on this basis, the Chancellor would obtain £2,000,000 during the flat-racing season.

Based on the figures of last winter, an estimate of £150,000 a month during the jumping-season would be generous. Four months at £150,000 would add £600,000, making a total of £2,600,000 from the turnover tax. Bookmakers' licences on the present scale would bring the total up to about £2,800,000, or less than half the estimate.

The Chancellor is, therefore, faced with one of three facts. Either his figures of the total turnover of betting were grossly over-estimated, or the tax has reduced the value of betting by a half, or it is being largely evaded.

The truth probably is that while there has been a considerable falling-off in the volume of betting, the main reason for the failure to obtain the estimated income lies in the amount of evasion that is going on.

Personally, I do not agree with those who see in this state of things a reason for abandoning the idea of obtaining a revenue for the State from betting. But what I do maintain most strongly is that the tax, in its present form, cannot continue.

The "tote" to come!

I believe that a graduated system of licence-fees for office bookmakers, based on the numbers of clerks employed, telephone lines in use, etc., together with a fee of so much per day for course bookmakers, would raise a very substantial revenue. If this were not sufficient a tax on winning bets might be added.

If, however, the turnover tax is to be retained, it must be reduced to a figure which will regain the confidence and good will of the racing community.

No article on betting would be complete without some reference to the totalisator. I am convinced that the introduction of the "tote" to our race-courses is bound to come in the near future.

The "tote" will provide healthy competition and a stimulus for bookmakers to offer the best prices. But that it will ever take the place of bookmakers altogether is extremely improbable.

The fact that 85 per cent. of the betting is done away from the course clearly demonstrates this. The growing size of the annual sweepstakes organised on the Derby and other races shows that interest in racing is on the increase.

I do not believe a system of totalisators alone could ever cope with the volume of betting in this country. But I see no reason why the two methods of betting should not exist side by side.

Suggested reforms

To sum up I would advocate the following reforms:

Give cash betting the same legality as is now enjoyed by credit betting;

Issue licences only to those bookmakers who are approved by the Stewards of the Jockey Club, Tattersall's Committee or some body appointed by them;

Introduce a graduated scale for licences based on the size of the bookmaker's business;

Substitute a tax on winnings for turnover tax, or, failing that, reduce the present percentage of 3½ per cent. and 2 per cent. to not more than 2 per cent. and 1 per cent.;

Encourage the introduction of totalisators on the course, the State to take a certain percentage of the turnover and a certain percentage to be devoted to the benefit of breeding and racing.

If these reforms were carried out they would be in accordance with the common-sense opinions of the vast majority of the nation.

In Sunshine Ward
by PHILIP INMAN

A NOBLE LOVER

THE bond of human sympathy is ever strong. Sacrifices for the sake of others are of frequent occurrence. While this spirit remains, the world will continue to be a place where all that is noble and good may still be found.



Philip Inman

BRIAN SINCLAIR was carried into the hospital on a stretcher. "Funny business," commented the constable who had accompanied the ambulance. And so it seemed. He was a man not quite middle-aged, and though it was eleven o'clock in the morning, he was attired in full evening dress.

That was not all. His face was cast in the mould of the dope fiend, and his collapse in the street was due in part, if not entirely, to the influence of some drug.

An hour later a visiting-card announced the arrival of "Mrs. Cynthia Sinclair," and it introduced a woman in the early thirties. Her face was deathly pale, there were dark rings under her eyes, and she carried other traces of a sleepless night.

"I received your telephone message," she said, with a sob in her voice. "Is my husband very bad?" And I told her just what had happened. "We have expected this for a long time," my visitor went on, and she turned to a young man who was with her, and whom she introduced as her cousin.

A staggering question

Just then we were interrupted by a messenger from the accident ward to say that the patient had just regained consciousness. "Oh, let me go to him," begged Mrs. Sinclair, and on her face as she went there came a great eagerness.

Her cousin paced the floor restlessly. Then he stopped, and sat down quietly by my desk. "Is he going to live?" he asked. "I told him we should know better after the medical examination."

For a few moments he remained perfectly still, then his voice rang with passion as he said, "She's had a hell of a life this last twelve months. My God! how she has struggled to make him play the man." "What has been the trouble?" I enquired.

My visitor asked if he might smoke, and when he had lit a cigarette he told me. "Twelve months ago Sinclair was des-

perately ill, and the doctors said he ought to undergo an operation. He faked it, and ever since, when he gets a spasm of pain, he tries to smother it in drugs."

Brian Sinclair was not the only one with the dread of the knife. It will be a happy day for the world when operations become out of date. But that time is not yet. I said as much to my visitor, and he nodded in agreement, but it was easy to see that his mind was a long way off.

Then he spoke quietly, as though talking to himself, "I wonder where he got to last night? Another attack, I suppose, and this is the result. My God!" he muttered, "how will it all end?"

Mrs. Sinclair suddenly rushed breathlessly into the room. She went straight to her cousin. "Jack," she said, in a voice trembling with emotion, "the doctors say he ought to be operated upon at once, but he's not fit to stand it."

She started to cry. "Oh, Jack," she sobbed, "I can't lose him. He mustn't die." For a minute her cousin looked on helplessly. Then he spoke, and his voice was strangely tender. "You mustn't go on like this," he said, "or you'll be ill, too." She dried her eyes. "Yes, I will be brave," she agreed, "but we must save him, oh, we must."

For a minute she paused, and then she continued, "They say that a blood transfusion might make him stronger to undergo the operation, and that's the only chance." Her cousin beckoned me aside. "A blood transfusion," he repeated; "do they want a volunteer?"

Brave offer

Before I could answer he went on eagerly, "How will I do? If I can do anything for her sake I will gladly do it. You see, I have known her all my life, and—" He turned away, but not before I had seen the tragic suffering on his face.

When Mrs. Sinclair heard what her cousin proposed to do the tears came into her eyes. "Oh, Jack," was all she could say. "It's nothing," he whispered, "nothing at all." And he carried with him a wonderful contentment as he walked along to the testing-room.

Brian Sinclair had a pint of blood transfused into him and later that day he was strong enough to be removed to a nursing home where it was agreed that the operation should take place.

The other day Mrs. Sinclair's cousin called to tell me the result. "Everything is all right," he announced, but there was no enthusiasm in his voice. Then he went on quietly, "When he gets over this, please God, for Cynthia's sake, he will be a different man."

"And what of you?" I ventured to ask. "Next week I return to Malay," he said, and with an air of cheerfulness he added, "There I shall find forgetfulness—but not in dope."

The Sentence of the Court

CENSORSHIP CENSURE

Doctors Demand Darkness

CHARGED under the Dangerous Drugs Act with endeavouring to popularise a sleeping draught calculated to have the most injurious effects upon the public health, Sir Squire Sprigge, editor of the *Lancet*, pleaded "professional privilege."

"What might be called 'the cloak of the professional' has been used to cover a multitude of sins," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C. "But professional privacy cannot apply to an offence committed in the full glare of journalistic publicity."

In the *Lancet*, one of the leading organs of the medical profession, an impudent claim is put forward for censoring Press reports of fatalities occurring during anaesthesia.

"After a sneer at 'the fashion to-day to believe in the universal benefaction of publicity,' the article mentions that 'a departure has recently been made in the law which prevents full reports of divorce proceedings,' and suggests, in effect, that if a husband or wife can commit misconduct without the disadvantage of publicity, doctors should be free to commit mistakes with like immunity."

Viewing the marked increase in the number of matrimonial suits (or misfits),

the public is already convinced of the unwisdom of the Secret Divorce Act, and the last thing it would permit is an extension of the area of Press censorship to embrace secret asphyxiation."

Mr. Strawsplitter said that "Let us know the truth," "Drag the facts to light," and similar catch-phrases were for ever on the lips of demagogues; but, as the *Lancet* pointed out, it was necessary to consider the "disastrous effect upon the nerve of any young administrator of anaesthetics who has been so unfortunate as to figure in the coroner's court." Press reports of such cases also produced nervousness among the public and deterred people from undergoing necessary operations.

"If we are to suppress these reports because they inconvenience members of the medical profession and decrease their earnings from operations," said Mr. Justice Bull, "there will next be a demand for the suppression of reports of train accidents because of their unfortunate effect on railway shares."

In fact, if the power of the (sup)-Press is to be misused in this way, there is no

logical reason why the publication of weather forecasts predicting rain should not be forbidden, because they may disturb the ice-cream trade.

Without expressing an opinion on its merits, I submit that the Act forbidding the publication of divorce reports does not offer a parallel to the present proposal. The citizen who may obtain a secret divorce from his wife has always enjoyed the privilege of obtaining a secret divorce from his appendix.

But when suspicious circumstances arise in connection with either class of case the facts should be made known.

"I know that in the modern theatre divorce is treated as a formality, but we are now invited to treat death in the operating theatre as being a mere chloroformality."

When medical men who should be engaged in endeavouring to cope with some of the dread scourges which afflict humanity waste their time and our patience trying to doctor our laws and administer anaesthetics to the Press, drastic punishment is called for.

"I must, therefore, sentence the prisoner to six months' 'panel' servitude."



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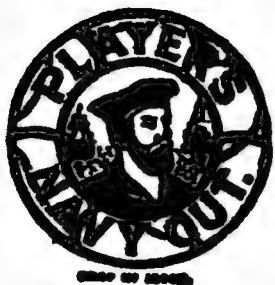
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HOC 149

Words Winged to Women

WOMEN WHO NEVER SLEEP

by MABEL HORNER

BEFORE human eyes open in life a nurse is watching and waiting. Before they close in death a nurse stands by. When all the city sleeps hosts of nurses are waking and working. What is the reward and security for this inestimable service?

EVER since the first infant puled on earth nursing has been a woman's job. In the beginning when folks said "nurse" they merely meant a woman who suckled and cared for a baby. To-day a nurse fills a much bigger sphere. The evolution of nursing has brought into existence a large, highly skilled and organised profession that is one of the wonders of modern social life.

The care of the sick was at first due to religion. The women of the Holy Orders took it up as an expression of their faith which bade them care for the feeble and disabled. War, which not only brings mutilation and death, but disease in its train, forced upon the world the further development of nursing.

But science is what has brought nursing to its splendid position as an essential part of the social order. Cleanliness and hygiene became of first-class importance, and it was recognised that a nurse, if efficient, must have a training that for severity and length is only second to that of a doctor.

Big demands

So the nurse must be a rather exceptional person. She must have physical strength, sound health, scrupulous cleanliness, good temper, self-control, intelligence and a strong sense of duty. This is a pretty stiff list of good attributes for which the possessor, if she is lucky enough to rise to the post of head nurse in an institution, may, in addition to very plain keep, command the wonderful salary of £1 a week!

If she goes out to private nursing from an institution the discrepancy between the fee charged the patient and that the

nurse herself receives is nothing short of scandalous.

The case of the district nurse may be told in the words of one of them serving a large and industrial district in the north.

"We have," she says, "to sacrifice home comforts, rest, food, and often health. We must leave our beds and turn out at all hours and in the worst of weathers at a moment's call. We

tramp or cycle long distances in the small hours of the morning, and remain with a distracted, often hysterical, patient for hours.

"When we return, utterly fatigued, it is only to start the ordinary day's 'round' with no positive hope of bed at the end. This is our life, and we do not grumble. But we do long for fair dealing."

That is the crux of the question. Do nurses get fair dealing? The College of Nursing is advocating the nursing profession as one in which parents need not hesitate to place their daughters. True, it is a noble profession and one that is considered of first-class importance to the nation.



Her Majesty the Queen, who takes a keen and personal interest in the welfare of nurses

But what of the women who engage in it? Both its conditions and remuneration need drastic revision. As things are at present a girl may be called upon to work a seventy-four-hour week in the wards in addition to the really serious mental work required for examination.

Her "off" time is short, and may be almost entirely taken up with lectures and preparation. The payment given to those who pass successfully through examination training lasting four or five years is hardly sufficient for clothing and holidays, while amusements are out of the question, unless someone stands treat.

The side overlooked

In the middle of the nineteenth century a movement was started to try and revolutionise the status of the nurse. In 1902 an Act was passed to establish a Central Midwives Board and regulate their training. In 1887 the Queen Victoria's Jubilee Institute for providing skilled nursing for the poor in their own homes was founded.

But still the nurses themselves, with their stiff, uncomfortable clothes, long hours, and lack of adequate remuneration, stand at their posts, a silent rebuke to progress.

The matter is well put by Miss Elizabeth Haldane, when she says: "Nursing, like teaching, is, it is true, a vocation as well as a profession, but in these days it is not possible to overlook its economic side, nor is it right that women should be allowed to do so."

The one essential before reform can be hoped for is the rousing of a strong public opinion, and here is where every woman can, and should, help.



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HOOKS OF STEEL

The Friend in Need

THE friends thou hast," wrote Shakespeare, "and their adoption tried, grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel." Certainly there are times in the lives of all of us when the possession of a true friend saves us, not only from despair, but from utter destruction.

Some of these friends who do not desert us in time of need are four-footed. When fire occurred on the premises of Mrs. D. J. Moss, of 35, Handsworth Road, Blackpool, she and her family might have been burned to death but for the wonderful faithfulness of her dog "Vic."

"Vic's" valour

On the morning of Sunday, May 8, "Vic" annoyed the family by awakening them with furious barking. One of the girls ran down with the idea of scolding "Vic," but when she reached the ground floor, dense clouds of smoke rushed to meet her, and she was horrified to find all the furniture blazing.

Not only did "Vic's" intelligence save the lives of four people, but his prompt warning was given in time for the fire brigade to be called before the whole building was involved.

The National Canine League has presented its bronze medal to "Vic," who now wears it proudly; but Mrs. Moss had another and very practical gift for her own use. Being a registered reader of JOHN BULL, she wrote in, feeling, as she says, "every confidence that she would be fairly dealt with."

Now her grateful thanks testify to the manner in which that faith was justified: "The splendid cheque has given me means of making a fresh start."

The fresh start

There are, however, other startling and unexpected circumstances when the need of a friend able and willing to help is man's most urgent need.

Familiar as is the terrible toll of injury and death taken by the dread reaper who seems ever at the elbow of men who go down into the pits, it is not often that the getting up of a bucket of coal from one's own cellar is fraught with special risk.

Yet, Mr. George Hare, of 36, Robertshaw Street, Sheffield, was performing this very homely task when he slipped and fractured his knee-cap so that he was totally incapacitated for four weeks.

To be laid aside is always a serious job

HOLIDAYS!

Important Notice to Registered Readers.

To remain qualified for the benefits offered under JOHN BULL's Free Insurance Gift, readers are reminded that it will be necessary to show that they purchased necessary to show that they purchased JOHN BULL whilst away, and that before leaving they instructed their newsagent to recommence the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL immediately on their return.

for the breadwinner, and an injury to the knee is especially difficult. So there is nothing for it but for doctor and nurse to be obeyed.

But this in its turn brings trouble, for the extra expense and bills must be met "somehow." In Mr. Hare's case they were met quite comfortably, for, being a registered reader, he was able to claim and receive the promised JOHN BULL accident insurance.

And all so easy!

Similar help was given to Mrs. M. Turner, of 11, Leo Terrace, Waterloo Street, Hull. Like all busy housewives who are home-proud, Mrs. Turner often employs a step-ladder.

A pair of steps is at best a rickety perch, and in striving to reach too high one may overbalance. This is what happened to Mrs. Turner. Besides fracturing her arm she sustained facial injuries. Her injuries would have been harder still to bear if she had not taken the simple precaution of becoming a registered reader.

It costs nothing to affix a signature and give a regular order. To "pick up" JOHN BULL when one "happens to be passing" is a very foolish policy. Since the paper is read—and the enormously increasing sales record how widely—why should not all readers become registered?

That is a question that housewives especially should ask themselves, since they more than any other member of the household will appreciate the "friend in need" when trouble comes.

Human Documents

Flirting with Temptation

Venomous Tongues—Dance Mad—A Little Hypocrite

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." The names and addresses of all correspondents are suppressed so that the writers may not be identified. Letters that are too intimate or are not sufficiently general to be helpful to others are answered by post. All correspondents must send stamped, addressed envelopes. Ten shillings is being sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed.

"I HAVE been married six years. My husband and I are still very fond of each other and have never had the slightest disagreement. But we are very poor. I don't mean that we are starving, but we just manage to live without any saving by both working hard."

"My husband is far from strong, having suffered a lot during his war service, and he needs constant rest and special nourishment which is difficult to provide."

"I am still young and fairly attractive and in the course of my business I meet many men. One of them, a well-to-do city merchant, seemed to take a great fancy to me some time ago and became very flirtatious, but I kept him at arm's length."

"Last week he met me again and renewed his advances, offering to give my husband a well-paid easy position if I would spend an occasional week-end with him."

"He said he had done the same thing for other young wives, and that my husband need never know the way in which I had helped him to a better-paid and easier job than he has at present."

"As a token of his sincerity he lent me £20, which has enabled me to pay a few of my most pressing debts and has promised me more if I fall in with his suggestion, but he says I must decide soon."

"I told a girl friend of mine all about it, and she says I will be a fool if I don't give in to this man and get all I can out of him."

"I can't make up my mind what to do. I want to help my husband, for it is painful to see him working so hard when he is in such a weak state of health, but I do not like the idea of deceiving him, and although it would be so much to his advantage I am sure there would be awful trouble if he ever found out what I had done."

"Do you think it would be a great sin for me to sacrifice myself for my husband's sake? If I don't give in I am afraid it would take me years to pay back the money I have borrowed."

"HUMANIST" says:—If you had asked your husband's opinion you would have had no need to ask for mine. Loving wives rarely make such sacrifices outside silly novelettes and cinema studios, where the perversion of moral values is exploited for gain. Get your head out of the clouds of false romance and come back to earth, where you will see your duty of loyalty to your husband and your marriage vows clearly enough.

"As a widow I remarried a few years ago and after some months I discovered that my husband had married me in an assumed name."

Village Gossip

"The union has not been a happy one. Even after our children were born my husband twice deserted me. The first time after an absence of thirteen weeks I forgave him and he came back to my home. Two years later he disappeared again, but once more I overlooked it and went to live with him."

"Being now near his own people, I soon found that he had dropped the assumed name in which he married me and was living under his proper one."

"This has caused a terrible scandal locally as letters come to me in one name

and to him in the other, and the whole village is ringing with the news that I am not really married. Even my children have been told this in the streets."

"Lately when a man came from London to see me about some work for which I had applied he was told at the local inn that I was unmarried, but luckily I was able to produce my certificate and a photograph of our wedding group."

"It is hard enough for me to have to struggle to pay my rent and provide for four children and bear the awful loneliness (my husband is away again) without having the terrible feeling when I go out that people are whispering wicked lies."

"How can I stop it for my children's sake?"

"HUMANIST" says: You have my heartfelt sympathy, but you should hold your head high, for those most inclined to malicious gossip often have something infinitely worse to conceal in their own lives. As your husband has again deserted you, I suggest that you should apply for a maintenance order which will prove to the world that you are legally married.

"DURING my courtship of four years I had a lot of trouble through my sweetheart continually wanting to go to dances and for me to go with her. I had no inclination for the sort of dances she wished to attend, and as I was saving every penny I could scrape together for our home I had not the means for such frivolity either."

Charleston Crazy

"Things reached a point where I asked her to choose between dancing and marriage and to my dismay she preferred dances. At the end of three months, however, she begged me to renew our courtship and promised to have done with her dance-mad companions."

"We started afresh to build what I hoped would be one of the happiest homes imaginable, and at the end of twelve months we were married. The only fly in the ointment was that my wife wanted to remain at work, saying that her earnings could be put aside for a rainy day."

"For six months all went well, but after a while my wife showed a strong disinclination to stay at home, although I was doing everything I could to make it a real love-nest."

"Now she is smitten with the dancing craze again, and she replies to all my gentle remonstrances by doing exaggerated versions of the 'Charleston' and other ugly negro dances in my face."

"HUMANIST" says: I myself incline to the view that the negro dancing of the present-day is more in the nature of a nervous disease than an artistic expression of the healthy joy of life that dancing should be. I can only suggest that you should try to find some form of recreation which you and your wife can enjoy together.

Prospects in Pawn

ONE of the tragedies of unemployment is that many poor fellows ultimately find it difficult to accept offers of work because their tools and clothes have been pawned to provide food for their families. You can help many out of such a hole by subscribing to "The Greatest of These—" Fund. (See page 34.)

"I AM a small village shopkeeper. One of my customers has an adopted son, about twelve years of age, who often comes to the house to enquire for my boy, one of his playmates."

A Sneak Thief

"Last week he entered without knocking and was in the kitchen by himself for some time before we discovered he was there. After he had gone I discovered that 2s. was missing from my handbag."

"The next day I spoke to him about it, and he confessed. He said it was the first time he had done such a thing and begged me not to tell his father, so I promised to keep the matter secret."

"I have since discovered that this was not his first offence. My son caught him taking money from my till once, but did not tell me because the boy pleaded with him in the same way as he did with me."

"Lately there have been sums of money stolen from the coat-pockets of the children at school and the schoolmaster suspects several boys who may be perfectly innocent. This lad is in the church choir and the vicar seems to have no idea as to his true character."

"Should I tell the vicar what I know in spite of my promise and leave the matter in his hands?"

"HUMANIST" says: I do not think you need feel yourself bound by your promise in the circumstances. You should tell the boy's foster-father, who may consult the vicar regarding the best steps to take to prevent this young sneak thief contaminating his companions and possibly drifting into more serious crime.

Blind Bride

"I have a daughter, twenty-three, blind from birth. A young man has offered her marriage and she is inclined to accept him. Can you tell me how I can stop it as I do not like parting with her after having looked after her in her affliction for so many years?"

"Humanist" says: Why should you try to stop it? You should rather be glad to know that someone is prepared to make himself responsible for her future happiness and care for her lovingly when you are no longer able to do so yourself.

Unwanted Mother

"My wife's mother, who has no means whatever and is not quite old enough for a pension, is living with us. We are very poor, but cannot get any relief for her as she has two sons who should keep her. They refuse to pay anything. How can we make them help?"

"Humanist" says: If they will not share the burden of providing for their mother's comfort, you should point out to them that you may have to send her to the workhouse, when not only will they be compelled to pay, but their meanness may be publicly known.

Driven from Home

"For some years my husband has treated me and my child brutally and says he is tired of keeping me. He has ordered me out of the house, but he says if I go he will not support me and he will claim my child. Can he do this?"

"Humanist" says: Certainly not. Ordering you out of the house amounts to an act of desertion and if you go you may claim maintenance for yourself and your child. The court would not give the custody of a child to a brutal father.

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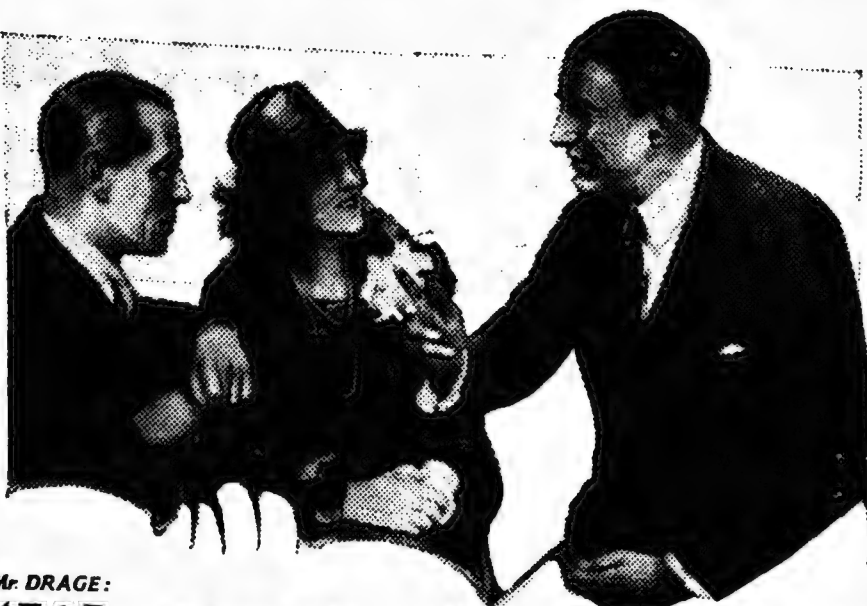
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Mr. Everyman: That will suit splendidly. But you startle me, Mr. Drage, accepting my offer without a word of a reference.

Mr. Drage: And there never will be a word of a reference either. We discarded that system of distrust and suspicion long years ago.

Mr. Everyman: Now, Mr. Drage, I like your "No Deposit" System, but only if I have your Drage protection with it.

Mr. Drage: Every customer gets that whether they pay a deposit or not. Here is yours in writing.

Mr. Everyman: I see it gives me the right to keep what I've paid for in case misfortune comes to me.

Mr. Drage: Yes, less an agreed reasonable deduction for use and cartage.

Mr. Everyman: That's a very fair arrangement. Now are there any extra charges?

Mr. Drage: Extra charges at Drage's are like snakes in Ireland—there aren't any.

Mr. Everyman: Do I get your free Fire and Life Policy?

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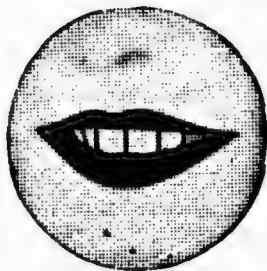
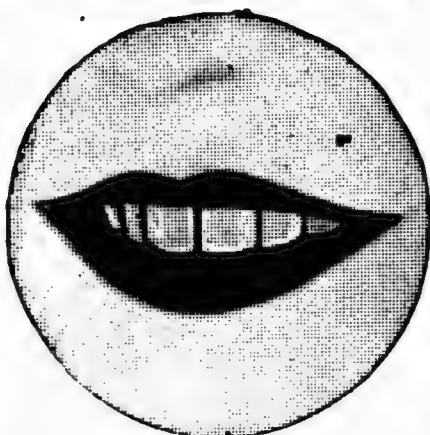
These supplement the natural enzymes and help to get the fullest body-building value from the customary diet.

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13th April,
1927.

Dear Sirs,

I feel I simply must testify to the value of Milton as a cleanser of artificial teeth. I have had the greatest difficulty, since having my plate six months ago, in keeping it clean. I have tried several cleansers without any success. Yesterday I bought from Boots a shilling bottle of "Milton," followed directions last evening on retiring, and the result was simply marvellous. Every particle of discolouration which had accumulated for the last six months had absolutely vanished and my dentures were as clean as the day I got them from the dentist. Needless to say it is "Milton" every time for me now.

Yours very sincerely,

(Mrs.) E.M.D.

* The original letter may be seen at the address given below.

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On receipt of P.O. for 2/6, we will send you one of these Maxim Inhaler Sets. Use it for seven days. If it does not bring you relief, send it back to us unbroken and we will refund your money. If you obtain benefit from it, as we know you will, then send us the balance of 5/-. Only new and unused Inhalers are issued by us. Every set returned is destroyed and means a dead loss to us.

If you would prefer to have our booklet, the "Home Doctor," first, we will send it FREE on receipt of your name and address. It tells in their own words the experience of those who have used the Inhaler and been cured of Catarrh, Deafness, Hay Fever, Colds, Coughs, Asthma, and Bronchitis. If you suffer from, or are subject to, any of these complaints, this Inhaler will truly surprise you. Its use brings immediate relief and eventual cure. No matter what remedies you have tried before, make up your mind now to suffer no more. Send your P.O. to-day (or write for the booklet). Where other "cures" have entirely failed, this Inhaler has succeeded.

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Our Letter Parliament

Twenty Millions Wasted

Disarmament Jars—Faked Figures—The Ideal and Real

WE who are miners are thankful that there are some sections of the Press alive to the deplorable state of the coal industry. Mr. A. G. Gardiner, in "An Ominous Legend" (JOHN BULL, June 25), asks, Is it too late to appeal to Mr. Baldwin? The miners of this locality are unanimously of the opinion that it would be fruitless to do so, and that the Premier has never given us a square deal.—J. W., Blaengarw.

The Yearly Peril

Are we to have coal crises forced upon us every year, even after we, as taxpayers, have paid £20,000,000 to have the situation thoroughly investigated? The Samuel Commission scheme should have been enforced over a year ago, but belated as it would be, this action would convince the public that the Government had at least tried a remedy.—S., Lancs.

A Dismal Failure

The figures showing decreased profits, in some cases extensive loss, in various coal-fields, prove that the policy of longer hours and decreased wages has not and cannot bring prosperity in its train. If drastic reorganisation does not take place, nationalisation must, in order to protect the community from a catastrophe like the last.—P. M., Ipswich.

One-sided Prosperity

A big Notts. and Derby colliery has not only increased its dividend from 10 to 15 per cent. (tax free), but is paying a capitalised bonus of 50 per cent. As for coal factors and exporters, a Welsh firm has increased its ordinary dividend from 15 to 25 per cent. The miner's share appears to be less wages, short time and unemployment.—E. G., Derby.

Pious Platitudes

Not once, but many times, Mr. A. G. Gardiner has drawn Mr. Baldwin's attention to the fact that pious platitudes of themselves accomplish nothing. Mr. Gardiner is not the type of writer who would sneer at anyone who would breathe a petition to heaven for strength or for a full measure of wisdom. But there is more than a spice of truth in the saying that "God helps those who help themselves."—F. G., Bliford.

Wearisome Praising

In September of this year it is anticipated that a colliery labourer's wage in South Wales will be in the region of 30s. per week. The men declare that it is better to starve in idleness than starve whilst toiling in the bowels of the earth. Mr. Gardiner would do well to view the question from this angle, and drop his wearisome praising about the evil influence of Mr. Cook.—Ez-Miner, Deptford.

The Brutal Strike

As a working miner, I know that the miners around Lanarkshire are seething with discontent, and are only waiting an opportunity to come out on strike again, although most of them know that it is a disastrous weapon. Still, it is the only weapon they know how to use in fighting injustice. Surely, it is not beyond the intelligence of the nation to invent a less brutal plan.—Anti-Strike, Blanyre.

Starving Subsistence

When one meets men with wives and families taking home less than a pound on which to live for a week, and who must beg relief from the guardians to continue their existence, there need be no wonder that bitterness and resentment are in the miners' hearts. Let the Government institute legislation to compel the owners to pay not merely a "subsistence" wage, but a living wage.—J. S., Galeshead.

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

Making Angels Weep

The opening talks on the question of naval disarmament must have made the angels weep. Japan avers that her present strength is her minimum, whilst America desires equal tonnage with Britain. France and Italy are frankly cynical, and apparently with good reason; and it also appears certain that the submarine will remain as a perpetual menace to Britain.—Security, Huddersfield.

Sport's Disgrace

I am glad to see that JOHN BULL does not hesitate to declare against the despicable "sport" of dog-fighting, and describes it truly as "pure savagery." It is beyond understanding that any body of men can be got together to witness such a degrading spectacle as two dogs fighting until one of them falls dead. The authorities must use every endeavour to stop the degrading "game," and see that the "players" are severely dealt with.—Nemo, London.

A "Vade Mecum"

Just an appreciative word re the value of JOHN BULL to a young woman (myself) who, often called upon to write essays on modern social and religious conditions, to be read to young people, would oft-times fail in my task but for its aid. I keep for reference all articles by the Rev. R. J. Campbell, Mr. E. R. Thompson and "In Sunshine Ward," and often quote from your "leaders" facts and figures that I should otherwise be unable to obtain.—M. R., Yorks.

A Rotten Case

When two hundred medical students are sent to Caxton Hall (and other places) to prevent such men as Dr. Hadwen, Mr. Geo. Bernard Shaw, and Lt.-Commander Kenworthy from speaking against vivisection doesn't it suggest that the vivisectionists know perfectly well what a rotten case they have?—M. A. Shayler, Islington.

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-Crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"DAILY MIRROR":—"Young peas should only be shelled a short time AFTER they are cooked, otherwise they become hard."

"BROWN AND CRAGG'S WHOLESALE PRICE LIST":—"Ladies' cream silk and cotton hose, NO SLEEVES, LOW NECK, 18s. 11d."

"MID-SUSSEX TIMES":—"Bargains in Watches, Clocks, Jewellery. . . This week it is a BRACELET chiming clock at £10 10s."

"SUNDAY COMPANION":—"For many minutes she stood there, her HEAD pressed to her heart."

"PUBLICITY NEWS":—"The Shop for Stockings. 1s. 11d. per pair, 38 inches wide."

"BOY'S FRIEND LIBRARY":—"He was HALF a skunk and HALF a wolf and HALF a grizzly bear."

"EVENING EXPRESS":—"The station-master's office was also in ORDER and papers were SCATTERED ALL OVER THE FLOOR."

Figures that Puzzle

Bearing in mind the fact that the cost of living is said to be rapidly falling, would it not be to the advantage of the public if the method employed in the calculations were published? With so many articles of daily use still 100 per cent. above pre-war price, the Government figures cannot be accepted by the majority.—C. J., Harrogate.

Beauty Dimmed

The Rev. R. J. Campbell, in his article, "Great and Small," says: "The job by which you earn your bread is not your whole life. Your real life is thought, ideas, beauty, fellowship, cheer." I agree; but does not the economic factor in social life greatly influence the psychological outlook? I cannot conceive the Lancashire weaver having any soul for beauty or cheer when seeing his wife at the loom in advanced pregnancy, or seeing his children carried out to nurse wrapped in a blanket. His conception of the beautiful is lost in the brutal struggle for existence.—Thomas Kay, Lancs.

What Can We Do?

In his article, "A Colossal Ramp," Mr. E. Roffe Thompson urges restoring the land to the people. But what can we do? The present Government will not, indeed cannot (being bound by vested interests), do anything to remedy the evil. On the other hand, if the Labour Party is placed in power, there is the possibility that the firebrands will gain the upper hand, when the policy would be destruction, not construction. I ignore the Liberals and their land policy, because of all Parties they have had most opportunities, and have failed.—W. S., Shiregreen.

The Worker's "Stake"

If the self-satisfied frame of mind, displayed by Mr. S. S. Hammersley, M.P., in his article in JOHN BULL of June 25, is typical of the Government, no wonder there is no legislation to deal with the land and unemployment problems. To talk of "peace of mind," and a "proper mental and moral atmosphere," is an insult to the million unemployed. Let him stand in the queue to "sign on" or draw the "dole," herded like cattle and spoken to like dogs. Also to know that his "stake" was gradually but surely getting less, and be faced with poverty in approaching old age.—J. H. Jones, Wolverhampton.

A Disclaimer

The proximity of Mr. Wray's photograph to the headings of your article reading "Cruel Farm Fleece," "A Many-named Trickster" and "Drab Record" is likely to convey to readers of your paper the erroneous impression that Mr. Wray is connected with the individual or company referred to in such article, and in fact Mr. Wray has already had communications thereon from several correspondents.

In addition, the wording beneath Mr. Wray's photograph may reasonably be taken to mean that the federation is lacking in its duties in not stopping frauds of the character alleged in your article. Whilst such federation exists to maintain the highest possible standard of business honesty amongst its many thousands of members, it has no control over, or connection with, the individual or company referred to in your article, because neither are members of my clients' organisation, nor would be accepted as such.—Ernest Farrington, Solicitor to the National Federation of Fruit and Potato Trades' Associations, Russell Chambers, Covent Garden, W.C.

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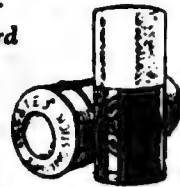
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ANOTHER DERBY WINNER?

A Chance for the Hat-Trick—Chantrey or Blue Boy for the Welsh
Big Race—A Real Lightning Artist at Bibury—Week-End Winners

THE eclipse of Coronach was the only meteoric display which I was fortunate enough to see last week. It was unaccountable, but tragedies of this nature make racing the glorious uncertainty which it always will be, and Lord Woolavington's champion will have plenty of backers in the coming big event at Sandown Park.

COLORADO'S easy win took me back a few years to the amazing defeat of the flying "Mumpty" by Arcade, and two still greater Turf tragedies, the defeat of the Manton crack, Bayardo, at the stupendous odds on of 33 to 1, and the 20 to 1 on Prince Palatine.

HOWEVER, there is always a silver lining in these dark clouds. They do not affect the small backer. When prohibitive odds are asked he keeps his money in his pocket, or backs the danger to the favourite.

THIS week we have Bibury and Pontefract—without adjectives—and lovely Lingfield and charming Chepstow, if you find winners. Chepstow appeals to me most as the Welsh Derby is to be decided. Thanks to Call Boy and Knight of the Grail it gives me a chance of a Derby hat-trick.



ONLY a small field will go to the post, and the pick of the horses left in are Chantrey, Kincardine, Blue Boy and Buckfast. I intend to row in with Chantrey, and in the absence of Mr. Singer's colt, I should turn to Lord Woolavington's Blue Boy. Basil Jarvis' horses should be worth following at Chepstow.

THE Bibury Cup may be the first leg of a nice double for Mr. Singer. His useful four-year-old, Lightning Artist, has accepted, and is not overburdened with 8 st. 4 lb. The danger will probably spring from Lulworth Cove, who won the race last year under 7 st. 6 lb.

AT the moment of writing I am not certain if Stanley Wootton has decided to send Frank Bare to Pontefract for the Great West Riding Handicap on Thursday, but if the gelding makes the long journey from Epsom he should be backed. The Master of Treadwell House has not had the six-year-old long, and he seldom gets hold of a "stumper."

A FEW weeks ago I mentioned a race at Lingfield in which I had seen Blue Paper show a remarkable burst of speed. Passing the number board the five-year-old was not in the first half-a-dozen, and yet she finished second. Frank Hartigan's mare is engaged in the first race on the same course on Friday, and is quite likely to be a long-priced winner.

WITTON FELL, in the Summer Handicap Stakes, on the same day, is another animal I earmarked for a good race some time ago. The gelding has won twice this season over a distance of ground. He is a big beast and needs strong handling. As the field is likely to be a big one he should be backed each way.

MARINE PARADE showed a glimpse of his two-year-old form in the Soham Stakes at Newmarket, and should be kept on the right side for his next two or three races. As the Seamaid colt Marine Parade had a good first season, but although he has run and lost fifteen races since his juvenile days, Lord Glanely has not given the beast to the butcher. His patience will be rewarded.

MY Saturday selections for Lingfield are Nephew, Rhyolite, Le Gros and Lido Light. At Chepstow I think Grandmaster and Marine Parade are the best to back.

BE on the look-out for Ranjit Singh next time he runs. Dawson's youngster was beaten by Comedienne c. at Sandown, and the latter has won again since, but if the Sandown race were to be re-run my money would be on the Whatcombe two-year-old. He had all the bad luck that was served out.

DOBSON PEACOCK is making up for his Ascot failures by a wonderful sequence of successes in the North, but he has yet to win a race this season with Scotch Trout. My Northern Correspondent tells me that the son of Loch Lomond is developing into a fine horse and will pick up a mile handicap, probably next time out. He also states that Jenico is a certain winner in the near future.

AUDAX has been knocking at the door in most of his races, but so far this season he has not caught the judge's eye. The gelding is a hard puller, and too much of a handful for the apprentices. The first time the weights allow one of

the stronger jockeys to ride, Fred Darling will probably win with the five-year-old.

THE sons of Teddy are not stayers as a rule, and though Premo is being cracked up as a wonderful stayer since his advent on this side my French Correspondent asks me to sound a word of warning against building too high hopes on the horse. Premo has speed that enables him to lose the others and then to keep sufficient in reserve for the run in when he has only tired horses to beat. A true stamina test will find him wanting.

A CLEVER French stunt is to send to this country good horses who have had to be tubed as they are not allowed to be raced in France. Temble has won seven races in England, and Erizo—the latest importation—is likely to turn out just as useful if kept to selling races. Several well-known trainers were anxious to secure this stranger after his Newbury victory.

"SILVER RING."

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life and Sportsman, Chronicle Mid-day, Sporting Pink, Western Mail, Glasgow Noon Record, Irish Independent, Sporting Man, The Sheffield Mail, Leeds Mid-day Sporting Special, Birmingham Mail.

D U A N I 2 3 S Z O V G W T

J Y H F M Q B C R L K X E P

How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line as the case may be. 3YSVNHCW would read BUCKFAST.

The code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, July 6, to Tuesday, July 12.

Hot Dogs to Follow

WHILE general opinion would, no doubt, select Birchington and Entrance Barrier, both owned by Mr. E. Baxter, that enthusiastic supporter of coursing, as among the fastest dogs at the White City, there are others there that should be followed.

ARE You Sure (Miss M. Wilde), Hot Pot (Mrs. Hazell Pepper), and Midford Flying Fox (Mrs. Walsh) will all win a race before long—and at a good price.

AMONG the hurdlers whose form and times should not be overlooked is Dreamer's Future, a small but beautifully built dog, owned by Miss Phillis Dare.

COMPARED with, say, Transatlantic, Dreamer's Future would, apparently hardly give confidence, but it possesses speed, pluck and excellent jumping powers.

IN the Manchester area Banco (Mrs. P. Bloom), with several victories in succession to its credit, has already beaten 30 secs., and will return a sound 28 secs. if it is not tested too frequently.

GREAT CHUM, belonging to Lady Maidstone, must never be missed in whatever class it runs, while Mr. A. L.

Sinclair's Always Polite, also sired by the wonderful dog Woon, and Ancient Pastime (Major C. Moss), will always give the public a good run for their money.

CORRY BOY (Miss C. Brooksbank), Baby Dazzler (Miss Pauline Frederick), and Bowness (Mr. G. W. Ruddle) in the Liverpool Kennels are due for a good win, specially the former, who is improving its tactics and not running so wide.

SEVERAL animals are developing wisdom in this respect, and, whether "placed" or not at the moment, this will inevitably lead to success in the near future.

IN these circumstances it would be foolish at any time to dismiss the chances of such dogs as Wise Comrade (Mrs. Vickers), Clamor (Mr. F. Cross) and Rival Wave (Miss K. Walden), for it is significant that several JOHN BULL winners have come from this class of animal.

WHETHER they run in England, or their own country, nominations from the famous kennels of Mr. J. J. Parkinson, that popular Irish sportsman, are always deserving of confidence.

HE has at least twelve first-class dogs regularly in action, including Grosvenor's Pride, of whom we hear encouraging reports, while two other Irish owners, Messrs. H. M. Hartigan and J. J. Widger, with South Pole and Mill Craft respectively are also men to follow.

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and I am astonished and delighted with the result. After only ten days treatment, the terrible pains have completely vanished, and I can use my hand normally again. I also used to suffer from severe headaches, but thanks to your splendid medicine, I am free from that complaint now. I think the result I have had with Phosferine is simply marvellous, considering that I suffered from nerve pains for years, but I shall never be without that valuable tonic again, and shall always highly recommend it." (47, Windsor Road, Fooks-Cray, Kent. 23rd February, 1927).

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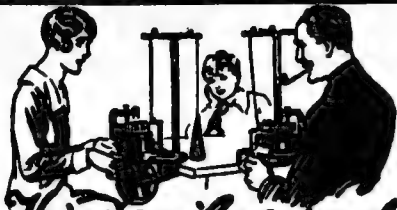
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Solution to the Cross-word Puzzles in our last issue.

This week's puzzle is on page 2.



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They are Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis, of 115, Evelyn Street, Deptford, and the record is in our books of £7 2s. 8d. paid to them for one week's work with THE IMPERIA KNITTER. Isn't it splendid? And YOU can do just as well. We show you how to work the Imperia Knitter, and at once you can begin to earn. Further, WE GUARANTEE TO BUY ALL YOU MAKE and pay the best rates or you can sell to private customers and soon work up a sound little home business with a sure income for life. Even in spare time it is easy to make a pound or more a week.

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JOHN BULL Replies

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THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

MARTHA A. (Margate).—"Only the good die young." Naughty girl!

A. L. (Oxford).—"I am going away for good." Whose?

D. C. (Partick).—"Man is a worm." A bird gets him sooner or later.

G. S. R. (Dover).—"The car I drive is a very uncommon one." Paid for?

A. Y. (Highbury).—"I challenge you to publish this letter in full." The victory is yours.

T. S. (Chester).—"A sharp nose means curiosity." A flattened one means too much.

P. M. (King's Cross).—"I'm leaving London." Thanks. We'd miss it if you took it away.

A. T. (Penge).—"He swore because his coffee was cold." Did you make it hot for him?

J. S. (Burnley).—"I have a dry sense of humour." We're tired of Prohibition jokes.

T. R. (Redford).—"As a young man I once sunk two wells in a week." Well, well.

A. L. (Bristol).—"I got run down." What did you take? A tonic or an ambulance?

G. G. (Randall).—"He kissed me on the chin." You evidently didn't nod in time.

F. M. (London, W.).—"The cashier disappeared and took £20 with him." For running expenses, we suppose.

D. M. (Harrow Weald).—"One of my hens laid an egg weighing four ounces." We don't see what else she could have done with it.

INVENTOR (Birkenhead).—"Could I interest you in my new patent frying-pan?" Probably. You must look very quaint in it.

J. E. (Hereford).—"I found a gold cigarette case in the street the other day. What should I get for it?" About three months.

A. N. (Horton).—"Our new maid brought half a dozen trunks with her." She evidently meant to stay a day or two.

G. B. (Newmarket).—"He has a pug-nacious character—you can see it in his eye." Did somebody blacken his character?

JESSIE (Glasgow).—"I hinted to him that I would like some really good cosmetics." Be careful, or he may give you something for your cheek.

M. H. (Sudbury).—"I belong to the dominating sex." That just shows how we can be mistaken. We thought you wrote a very masculine hand.

B. N. (Giggleswick).—"She refused me four times." Your luck is evidently in.

CLAUDE (Lowestoft).—"And then, what do you think struck me?" Not an idea.

L. N. (Colchester).—"I'm a wise guy." Yes? Well, keep out of sight on November 5.

A. B. (Cheam).—"You are making a mistake in underrating my intelligence." Impossible!

B. T. (Kew).—"I bought a mouse-trap on Saturday. Will you tell me how to use it?" Cheese it!

J. J. (Portsmouth).—"If froth-blowers why not a noble order of baccablowers?" It would all end in smoke.

E. Y. (Tooting).—"I've always had whiskers." What an extraordinary baby you must have looked!

C. V. (Belfast).—"My wife won't speak to me, so I want a divorce." But you'll never get another like her.

T. B. (Thornhill).—"I must get my hair cut when I get time." When you get time it'll be done free of charge.

T. R. (Stoke).—"What would you think of Cromwell were he alive today?" That he was a darned old man.

G. W. (Swansea).—"Over a hundred women have proposed to Lindbergh." Perilous work, this flying!

H. A. N. (Clapham).—"They are working overtime at the Mint." We haven't noticed it.

D. S. (Hanley).—"I have to pinch to make the money last." Mind you don't get caught!

H. T. (Ashington).—"I don't believe in heredity." What's your son been up to now?

AUTHOR (Kennington).—"I wrote this poem in a train." We have long contemplated the things should be scrapped.

E. R. B. (Letchworth).—"My wife intends to have her face lifted." Then we prophesy yours will fall when you hear the fee.

A. E. (Nottingham).—"What would you do if you had a wife who is lazy and one who is irritable as well?" Give ourselves up for bigamy.

F. N. (Camden Town).—"Hundreds of London women are learning ju-jitsu." We're afraid there'll be dreadful scenes at the summer sales.

T. R. (Brighouse).—"Do you believe in long engagements?" Of course. Why shouldn't people be happy as long as they can?

E. C. (Workington).—"I play the piano for money." You should let the neighbours know that. They probably think you do it for spite.

F. M. V. (Putney).—"Many two-seaters are now sold complete with all spares and accessories." Including shoe-horns for bulky couples?

R. R. (Holborn).—"The new sport of greyhound-racing is very popular." The whole country seems to be going to the dogs.

F. G. T. (East Ham).—"I am always calm and collected in traffic." If you are not the former you are likely to be the latter.

T. T. (Hayes).—"What is common-sense?" Uncommon.

L. B. (Hackney).—"I took a train to Aldersgate." How strong you must be!

T. N. (London, E.).—"I've lived in London all my life." Not yet, we trust.

E. V. (Burnley).—"I sent you an article on the disposal of refuse." Yes, it was rubbish.

Mrs. S. (Ingleton).—"Times keep changing." And next week this week will be last week.

ELLIE (Bradford).—"The letter I wrote you last left me quite exhausted." It ought not to have left you at all.

L. N. (Soho).—"Bad temper leads to baldness." If you can't keep your hair on you can't keep your hair on.

Miss E. (Hackney).—"I have been told to write you." Tell us who it was and we'll kick him.

Mrs. M. (Morley).—"There are two sides to every question." Yours and the wrong one?

A. E. (Luton).—"I lost my bag on the railway station." That's nothing. We have missed a train there.

A. P. (Preston).—"I suffer from loss of memory." We wish it had made you forget to write to us.

D. V. (Worcester).—"Just as I'd won a Bullets Prize the alarm clock went off." If you win a pleasanter sort of eye-opener, win the £1,000 offered on page 35.

S. C. C. (Birmingham).—"The saxophone is now played out." That is exactly what we feared would happen.

B. T. (Cambridge).—"America is experimenting with a new golf ball." So that's where the last one we hit went to!

NORA (Leeds).—"I long to enjoy life to the full." Then remember it is a measure to be filled, not a cup to be drained.

B. J. (Colne).—"Fortunately our politicians will soon be lying with their forefathers." And giving them points at the game we'll be bound.

"DISGUSTED" (Wigan).—"There is one law for the rich and another for the poor." And thousands that the rest of us must follow.

G. J. (Lingfield).—"I can truthfully say I have never lifted a hand to one of my boys." Was he so much more tractable than the others?

A. T. (Chepstow).—"There's something of the cave man about me." Do you resort to your club when the wife annoys you?

N. L. (Streatham).—"I've tried my hand at an article which I enclose. What is the verdict?" You escape under the First Offenders Act.

L. C. (Oldham).—"The shopman said it was a shirt with a reputation." If you send it to the laundry they'll tear the reputation to shreds.

A. B. (Covent Garden).—"I saw your office boy running a message the other day." Running? That wasn't our office boy!

T. B. (Colchester).—"I was thrilled to observe that my wife was making a tiny garment." A new evening frock, we suppose.

B. L. (Margate).—"I was ran over by a car, but I recovered." How much?

G. J. (St. Albans).—"If I go to law its pounds, shillings and pence." Plus suspense.

T. R. N. (Cambridge).—"My girl knows how to look after her appearance." Then we wager the men look after her.

Ivy (Southsea).—"He's teaching me to swim, but I'm not getting on very well." Never mind. You may get off.

F. N. (Glasgow).—"She says that her husband is the light of her life." Does she ever let him go out?

W. F. (Ealing).—"It's hard to be wise before the event." So weather forecasters are finding.

S. M. (Hendon).—"The question is 'Can British manufacturers make safe aeroplanes?' The safest on earth.

B. W. (Sowerby Bridge).—"Since I got engaged I've seen something about the girl I don't like." The arm of a rival?

F. M. C. (Mitcham).—"Do you have to answer many foolish questions?" Yes, but one more makes no difference.

L. L. (Oxford).—"My wife is one in a thousand." Tut, tut, we thought that sort of thing went out with Solomon.

C. G. (Sydenham).—"I enclose a song I have written and composed myself." It's quite good—only wants new words and music.

B. V. (Kensington).—"I'm going to turn over a new leaf." It's appropriate you are at the bottom of the page.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)



TEA
perfectly
blended

Lipton's Tea is blended by experts. That is why the fragrant leaves yield a rich liquor of generous flavour. They have been intermingled with fine judgment—some for choice flavour, some for "body," others for point and aroma. A little conspiracy to make your cup of tea a luxury.

LIPTON'S
TEA

LIPTON LTD., Tea Planters,
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ANOTHER BIG 'BULLETS' FIRST!!

\$1,000

2ND PRIZE	£100
3RD PRIZE	£50
4TH PRIZE	£25
5TH PRIZE	£10
10 PRIZES OF	£5
10 PRIZES OF	£2.10
100 PRIZES OF	£1
200 PRIZES OF	5/-
1,000 PRIZES OF	2/6
10,000 'TARGET' PRIZES	

A £1,000 Coupon

WHEN a fire or some tragic accident brings trouble into the home, "John Bull" steps into the room with a welcome cheque for the distressed reader.

There are homes in which no catastrophe has occurred where a substantial cheque would be just as welcome. You could insure against money loss by filling up a coupon, wouldn't you jump at the opportunity?

Well, you can. "John Bull" is offering a cheque for £1,000 just for filling up the coupons on this page. The bullets which you enter upon it will earn your reward, and if one of your bullets is the best, that £1,000 will be yours. This big contest closes in a few days' time—shoot your Bullets before it is too late!

Murderers, Please Note

There are at least a hundred thousand words in the English language. Writers through the ages have found that mighty store of words sufficient, and there is no reason why *Bullets* competitors should do the same.

Bullets containing invented words, for instance—SOON—GOSSIP SUFFERS FROM MORBIDITY—may be original, but that is not the sort of originality that the *Bullets* adjudicators are looking for.

"Rumourism" is not an English word, and, although its intended meaning may be apparent, such liberties with language will not lead to success.

Here are some further instances of these distorted words which have been noted for *Bullets*:—

THE PRINCE'S SMILE—MAKES GRAND-MOTHER FEEL Flappergasted.

THE LIFE'S BATTLE—LET'S ALL BE Grittish.

THE NATION—INSISTS ON Bolshevictions.

CROSS THE ATLANTIC—POST-WAR CULT—Idollarity.

There is no punishment for murdering the King's English—but, so far as *Bullets* are concerned, there is no reward either. Make use of legitimate words if you want to win that £1,000.

More Holiday Fivers

Many *Bullets* Holiday Prizes have already been offered—many more are to be awarded in the coming weeks.

This year, *Bullets* Holiday offers are being planned on entirely new lines, with many substantial holiday prizes as possible.

There will be another Fifty Holiday Fivers in next week's prize-list, with other holiday cheques as well. Make hay for your holidays whilst these Fivers are shining!

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" No. 643.

YOUNG ENGLAND
OUR GREATEST NEED
THE ECLIPSE
WHEN I'M AWAY
THE NATION'S SAFE
BRITAIN'S WAY
LEADING MAN
WITH A SHORE
LUCKY ESCAPE
IN MY DREAMS
SEEN BY THE SEA
PLAYING FIELDS
QUARRELLING
PEACE AND PROSPERITY
SLYLY
SAID TO THE UNEMPLOYED
NEIGHBOUR'S WIFE
WHEN SKIES ARE BLUE
BETTER
WOMAN OF TO-MORROW
IF I WERE MILLIONAIRE
FOREIGN GOODS
WHEN FLAPPER'S AT HOME
BITTER BLOW
WHAT HE FORGOT
HAND IN HAND
FRIENDSHIP
A MILESTONE
HOW TO IMPROVE TRADE
FATHER'S HOLIDAY
GIRL I MARRIED
ARMAMENTS RACE
MOTHER NATURE
MAN AT THE WHEEL
WHAT THE SPY SAID
HER SECRET
WHAT WE'RE WORKING FOR
HER PARTY
GOOD WORK
WHAT IS A TRIAL?

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.
3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.
5. Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

THERE is nothing difficult about *Bullets*. All you have to do is this. Select any of the Examples below—then give any TWO, THREE, or FOUR words with some bearing upon it. Three recent *Bullets* Prize-Winners were:—

Example:—WHAT IS A VOTE? Bullet:—"SECRET"—BUT "EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS."

Example:—WORTH WATCHING Bullet:—MANAGER—WHEN REVUE ISN'T.

Example:—SILLY ASS Bullet:—LETTING MONEYLENDER SUPPLY "OATS."

ENCLOSE A POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6D. FOR EACH COUPON USED.

Address Coupons to "Bullets" No. 643, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, July 14.

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(643) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. Address _____

With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, July 14.

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(643) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. Address _____

With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing Date Thursday, July 14.

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(643) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. Address _____

With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, July 14.

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(643) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. Address _____

With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £10, £3 and £2 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 643 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

The Result of Competition No. 641 ("Bullets" £3,000 Ideal Home offer) will appear next week.

ANOTHER FIFTY HOLIDAY FIVERS NEXT WEEK

Free Yourself of Rupture Without Pain, Operation or Loss of Time

FOR the benefit of our readers we take pleasure in publishing the Brooks offer to save all who are ruptured from wearing trusses and other painful makeshifts that do not cure.

The Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd., gladly send this remarkable Appliance ON TRIAL to prove that it holds the rupture back, keeps it in place, prevents it coming down or slipping out, and finally cures it entirely.

NO man or woman ever can look and feel his or her best while suffering the torment, pain, and discomfort of rupture.

Every day that you suffer from rupture—every hour of truss torture that you endure—after you read this page is *your own fault*.

For many years we have been telling you that no truss will ever help you. We have told you about the harm trusses are doing. We have told you that the only truly comfortable, sanitary, and scientific device for holding rupture is the Brooks Rupture Appliance.

Now we offer to prove it to you, entirely at our risk. We will send you a Brooks Rupture Appliance *on trial*. If you really want to be rid of your rupture, fill in the coupon below and post it to-day.

Instead of wearing a steel spring or inflexible harness, try the *velvet soft* Brooks Appliance.

Instead of the hard pad of a truss use the *soft rubber automatic air-cushion* of a Brooks Appliance.

The Brooks Appliance clings to you without force, and you are hardly conscious of its presence. And, above all else, it **HOLDS ALWAYS**.

Within an hour after you receive the Brooks Appliance, if you take advantage of this remarkable trial offer, you will throw away your truss for ever.

Over 253,000 People have accepted this offer.

Why not You?

Doesn't that prove that the Brooks Appliance is not an experiment, but a positive success—that it does all we claim for it? Among these 253,000 men, women, and children there must be *hundreds whose condition was identical with yours*. Can you afford not to investigate and satisfy yourself when it costs you nothing to prove what the Brooks Appliance will do for you?

This wonderful device is a triumph of scientific and mechanical genius, the result of more than 30 years' experience, and



From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself of rupture over 30 years ago, and patented the Appliance from his personal experience. If ruptured write to-day.

the high percentage of reliefs effected by its use is little short of miraculous.

Many hundreds of physicians and surgeons recommend the Brooks Appliance, and condemn trusses as more harmful and dangerous than any other method of retaining and treating rupture. Thousands of people have written us to testify to the amazing results they have secured from this great invention. Many of these people live in your vicinity, and we shall be glad to send you copies of their thankful letters if you will ask for them when you write.

Men, Women, and Children Find the Brooks Appliance Equally Effective.

No matter if your rupture is old and severe, or only recently developed, no matter if you are young or old, you should not fail to profit by this **NO-RISK TRIAL OFFER**.

No other rupture support, truss, device, pad, or plaster is offered to the public under so broad a guarantee of satisfaction.

If for any reason whatever you do not wish to keep the Brooks Appliance after you try it, send it back. You do not have to give any reason. There will be no question or quibble. There will be no argument, no dispute or misunderstanding.

Ten Reasons Why You Should Accept This Offer.

1. It is absolutely the only Appliance embodying the principles that inventors have sought after for years.
2. The Appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.
3. Being an air-cushion of soft rubber, it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.
4. Unlike ordinary so-called pads, it is not cumbersome or ungainly.
5. It is small, soft, and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.
6. The soft, pliable bands do not give one the unpleasant sensation of wearing a harness.
7. Nothing to get foul; it can be washed without any injury.
8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.
9. All materials are the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe appliance to wear.
10. Our reputation is so thoroughly established, and our price so reasonable, our terms so fair, that you should not hesitate to send the free coupon to-day.

REMEMBER

We send you the Appliance *on-trial* to prove that what we say is true. You are to be the judge. Fill in the coupon below, and post to-day to either the Manchester or London address, whichever you like.

If in Manchester or London call at our consulting rooms. Experienced and capable fitters for ladies and gentlemen. Special attention given to children. Lady nurses always in attendance at both offices.

FREE INFORMATION COUPON.

BROOKS APPLIANCE COMPANY, LTD.,
(387L), 274, Deansgate, Manchester.
(387 L), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

Without cost or obligation on my part, please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your Illustrated Book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture, and your trial offer.

Name.....

Address.....

-Please write plainly.

Send the free coupon to either the Manchester or London office whichever is more convenient.

1927

JOHN BULL'S

SUMMER
ANNUAL

6^D



"IT'S
BULLY!"

40 JOKE **15** COMPLETE
PICTURES BY THE BEST ARTISTS **STORIES** BY FAMOUS WRITERS
including stories by: **EDGAR WALLACE**
SEAMARK, **ASHLEY STERNE**
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Remove Corns this easy way

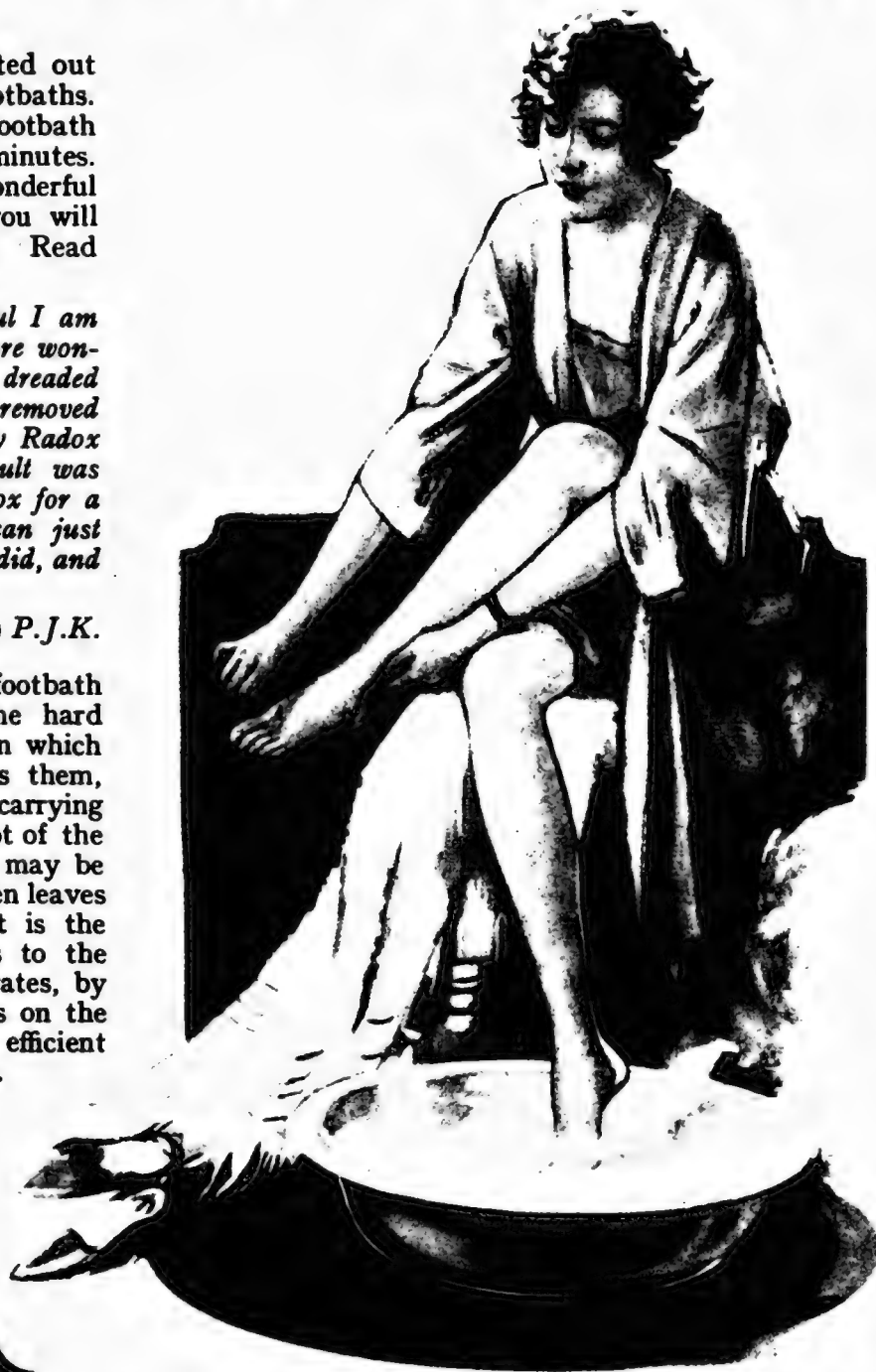
Root and all, the worst corns can be lifted out by the fingers after a few Radox footbaths. Simply add a tablespoonful of Radox to a footbath and immerse your feet for 15 to 20 minutes. Here is a lady who has done so with wonderful results—but no more wonderful than you will find the effect of Radox on your corns! Read her letter:

"I feel I must tell you how thankful I am to Radox Bath Salts. I think they are wonderful. I had one awful corn and I dreaded going out. It was agony even when I removed my shoe. A friend advised me to try Radox Bath Salts, and I did so. The result was marvellous after I had used the Radox for a few times. It is quite true that you can just lift out the corn, root and all, which I did, and I have had no more pain whatever."

13th March, 1927.

(Miss) P.J.K.

When you put your feet into a footbath containing Radox, the salts soften the hard outer layers of the corn, and the oxygen which Radox liberates enters the pores, opens them, and penetrates further and further, carrying the corn-softening salts right to the root of the corn, which is thus loosened so that it may be lifted out bodily. The life-giving oxygen leaves the feet clean and healthy. Since it is the oxygen which carries the corn solvents to the root of the corn, and since Radox liberates, by test, more oxygen than any other salts on the market, it is clear that Radox is more efficient in removing corns than any other salts.



RADOX

(RADIATES OXYGEN)

Bath Salts

Give your feet that "Kruschen Feeling"

Radox Bath Salts also afford immediate relief in cases of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuritis, Gout, and Lumbago. In a footbath they freshen tired, hot, aching feet. In your shaving

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At all Chemists — 1/6 per 1-lb.
Pink packet—2/6, double quantity



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KNOWN THE WORLD OVER
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The Gillette Safety Razor has many advantages which add to its sum total of excellence, but its main claim to your consideration is that it gives a shave which is delightfully easy, smooth and satisfying.

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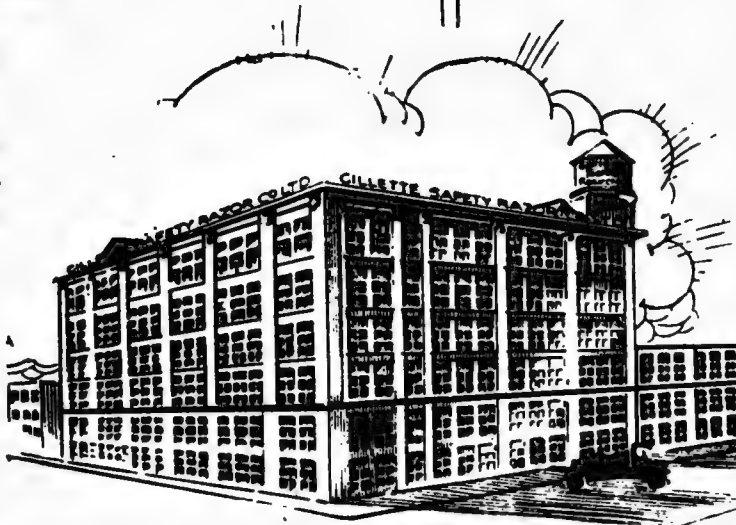
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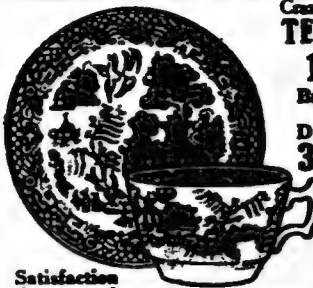
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Carriage paid
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THICKER THAN LINOLEUM.
Waterproof, Stainproof and Sanitary.
For other Brick, Stone, Concrete, or
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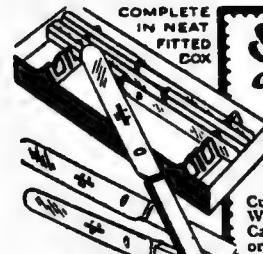


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SUMMER ANNUAL

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A BIG BILL





Drawn by W. Heath Robinson.

Members of the Cat Burglars' Club taking advantage of the Summer holidays of the Metropolitan Police Force to work on their annual handicaps.



Rusties

*D*ERE was an ole nigger, played de ole banjo,
Upon de ole sea-shore,
But he nebber, nebber bathed in de blue, blue sea,
Else he'd nebber be a nigger any more!

THEY call Aberdeen the Granite City.
Now we know where the seaside
landladies buy their mattresses,

SEASIDE entertainers are really nice
people, and even nigger minstrels
are not so black as they are painted.

HERE'S the Froth Blowers' Dream!
Here's a gorgeous notion!



How would you like to blow the froth
Off the Atlantic Ocean?

WOULDN'T it be a terrible thing if
all those nasty jellyfish were to
start Community Stinging?

"HOW dare you come in here like
that?" exclaimed the angry house-
holder. "This is *not* a bathing-van. It
is one of our new Council cottages!"

IT must be horrid to be a deck-chair on
the beach. The poor thing's life con-
sists of always being taken down a peg.

MAKE the best of the silvery ocean
this year, my friends. One
day some American will come along and
buy it.



Drawn by Alfred H. Taylor.

SCOT (during heated argument with bookie):
"I tell ye I gave ye five bob. With my
own eyes I saw ye put it in ye're sporrans!"

"YOU'RE not the only pebble on
the beach," pouted the Seaside
Girl. "And yours," retorted
the Seaside Boy, "is not the
only shingle."

A NOVEL form of bathing dress has
just been invented. It can actually
be worn *in the water*.

SAND, sand, sand,
Lies thick on the ocean shore.
"Now where," mused the honest grocer,
"Have I seen that stuff before?"

WARNING to Girls: The young
man you meet on the pier is not
always the peer he appears to be.

INCOME tax-collectors like watching
the bathing belles. They simply can-



not resist the sight of forms neatly
filled up.

"THIS Cliff is Dangerous!" says a
signboard at a certain holiday re-
sort. My friend, Henry Henpeck, says
this is quite true. He met his wife there
years ago.

SWEET lovers, beware,
When out in a boat,
Don't cuddle too hard,
Or like this you will float.

"WE do our best," said the seaside
hotel manager, "for visitors,
especially children. We have good bath-
ing, excellent breakfasts and can shake
a nice cocktail."

"Good," said the expert Publicity Man.
"I'll tell them you specialise in Trippers,
Nippers, Dippers, Kippers . . . and
Sippers!"

A FRIEND of mine who has just been
out in a Channel steamer says that,
for all he cares, any American can have
the beastly ocean for nothing.

BABS has been taught to swim each
year,
By all the boys she knows;
By Harolds and Percys and Bobs and
Dicks
And Jimmies and Jacks and Joes.
But one day she may *learn*, by mistake,
I fear—
And what will our Babs do then, poor
dear?

THERE are bells on the church and
bells at the door, but the sweetest of
bells are the belles on the shore.

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know
where liars go in the warm weather.
Well, we know where they'll go even-
tually, and, believe me, it will be very
warm indeed. At present, however, they
divide into two groups. One lot goes to
the nearest golf-links; the other takes its
fishing rod and goes to the seaside.

WASN'T the sunshine glorious
As it glittered on the foam?
Wasn't the weather perfect . . . ?



The day that we came home.

SEASIDE bathing girls have mag-
nificent figures. So have seaside
landladies—in their bills.

"IT is dangerous," said the old fisher-
man, "to go too near the breakers."
"Good heavens!" cried the visitor,
starting back. "I thought you said
brokers!"

HOWEVER crowded our seaside re-
sorts may be, if you take a rod and
line to the end of the pier, you are
nearly sure to find a plaice.

The Pick Up

Edgar Wallace

When a bird of prey coos like a dove something is going to happen.

IT was the day before Mr. Vernon Strate went back to town, where his multifarious activities demanded attention, that he proposed in his quiet way—so quietly, so unemotionally, that at first Margaret Brand did not realise what he was saying.

"I am, of course, your senior by ten or twelve years, and I realise that in many ways I am not the kind of husband you would have chosen."

She listened, at first dismayed, and then in a state of confusion. She was twenty-four, and the kind of man she would have chosen had not appeared. And the future, to this daughter of an Infantry colonel who had left her the thousand pounds she so jealously hoarded, was growing a little bleak. She held a position that brought her £200 a year and no prospects.

"I really can't think what to say, Mr. Strate—I hardly know you."

Which was true; they had met in the train to Brightsea—his courtesy and attention had been charming, and she was quite sure that he had exchanged the luxury of the Marine Hotel for the bare comforts of Acacia House in order to be near her.

He had admitted as much.

"I am a fairly rich man," he went on, "and I have no ties and no relations..."

He spoke of travel, of Italy and the Riviera, and the beauties of his Canadian ranch.

"I am going to town to-morrow. I would like you to give this matter your earnest consideration. On the day we marry I will settle ten thousand pounds upon you."

He was, despite his denial, an attractive man of forty, tall and in a way, fascinating. His queer trick of dropping

his "h's" occasionally used to amuse her at first, but when he told her of his early struggle against poverty, his self-education and his lack of opportunities for acquiring polish, the amusement became sympathy.

Most of the day he spent indoors with his work; his eyes were not strong, and the sun gave him a headache. Sometimes they would stroll together at nights, but that was before he proposed.

In his absence she found herself considering the offer seriously.

And yet—it was an ugly thought—Mr. Strate was a "pick-up"—a man who had come into her life without introduction.

Of "pick-ups" Margaret Brand had heard. You found them on the promenade, on the pier, sometimes in trains. They asked you whether you would like the window up or down, would you prefer this shady chair to the one in which you sat; they spoke about the weather or the calmness of the sea. And gradually you came to know them and went charabanc rides to ruined castles or the pictures—soon you found yourself discussing quite intimate things like relations and appendicitis.

MARGARET had been two weeks at Brightsea when the real "pick-up" loomed on her horizon. He was not an inmate of Acacia House, that spotlessly clean and economically furnished boarding house, where middle-aged ladies who knitted jumpers in London came to knit jumpers in Brightsea; he did not drop carelessly into a chair by her side on the front, nor stroll past her several times trying to catch her eye.

The meeting was unusual.

She was sitting on one of the hard bench seats, a slim figure in beige, the

To her amazement the placid Mr. Strate rose and ran at top speed toward the entrance of the pier.



red of her open sunshade giving a deeper tinge to her tanned and pretty face, when he came swinging along the deserted pier—it was eight o'clock in the morning, and only energetic fishers were up and about.

A rather tall, brown-faced man in flannels and a dark-blue blazer.

He passed her without a glance, and she looked up from her book and watched him idly till he disappeared

round the side of the Pavilion at the far end of the pier.

She was reading when he came back, so engrossed in the story that she would not have noticed him had he not tripped and fallen sprawling at her feet.

"Damn!" he said calmly, as he picked himself up. "Shoelace . . . terribly sorry!"

He put one foot on the bench and jerked savagely at the long lace that had tripped him.

She said nothing—turned her eyes to the book again, though she was not reading.

"If I were trying to scrape acquaintance with you I should attempt something less painful." He was dabbing a scratched hand with a handkerchief. "But I'm not. And I won't tell you that we've met before, because we haven't. It's a glorious morning, isn't it?"

"Is it?"

She barely raised her eyes from the printed page.

"You know jolly well it is." Without invitation he sat down. "You're Margaret Brand. My sister went to school with you. My name is Denman—Ian or John, according to taste. She pointed you out yesterday and tried to attract your attention."

In the old days at St. Asaphs, when Margaret Brand was senior prefect and Helen Denman was head girl, there arose the legend of The Awful Brother. He was Helen's and his awfulness lay in his undiscipline, his rowdiness, his propensity for breaking precious vases and windows, and his disinclination for morning baths.

Finally in the last year he did something that was so Awful that Helen (something of

barmaid or run away with the wife of a butcher? . . . Margaret couldn't remember—perhaps she had never been told.

"You're not the—Awful Brother?" she blurted.

He nodded unsmilingly.

"That's me," he said calmly. "Now will you behave?"

She laughed in spite of her momentary fright.

"Yes, I'm the Awful Brother—I'm in a devil of a tangle. The poor old governor died last year and I've been trying to hide up my past. . . . You see I'm a Baronet of the United Kingdom, and that doesn't go with certain things—if the newspapers got hold of the story they'd splash it. I'm turning over a new leaf next week, though . . . chucking everything. I'd like one last fling, though—gosh! how I'd like one big thundering punch before I cleared out!"

He spoke rapidly, jerkily—to her, incoherently. She hadn't the slightest idea of what he was talking about.

As suddenly as he had sat down he rose again.

"I'll toddle along," he said; "awfully glad to have met you; don't give me away!"



a prig, Margaret remembered), would not even tell her dearest friend. All that she could recall was that it was Disgraceful. The Denmans were rich and County. Pa Denman had acquired a baronetcy. Mrs. Denman was a lady who was very particular about the people she knew. And the Awful brother had been guilty of an act of supreme Awfulness. Did he marry a

She saw him again in the afternoon, and he carried her off to tea—insisted upon taking her to the theatre that night, and met her early in the morning to instruct her in the art of sea-fishing.

She thought it expedient at the end of the third day to tell him.

"Engaged?" His rather good-looking face was suddenly blank. "Really . . . I didn't know."

"Well, not exactly engaged," she explained quickly, and told him as much as she thought necessary, changing the subject as quickly as she could.

"Have you had your big punch?" she asked him; "and what is your big punch?"

He shook his head.

"No. I don't suppose I shall. Bright-sea isn't the sort of place you'd expect to get it."

This puzzled her. What was the dreadful thing he did when he disgraced his family? Was he a jewel thief or . . . somehow she knew that the barmaid theory was wrong.

THAT afternoon, Mr. Strate returned from London, and she plucked up courage to make her decision.

"Can you come out—I want to speak to you?"

He hesitated.

"The sun is rather strong for my eyes," he began.

"Wear your smoked glasses," she suggested. "You did one day, and you didn't get a headache."

He agreed to this, and ten minutes later they were walking slowly along the pier.

"Let us sit here." She sat down, and he at her side. "Mr. Strate, I want to tell you something. I don't think I can marry you. I am very appreciative of the honour you do me, but I am not anxious to marry—"

"But, my dear," he began, "I've set my heart on this—"

And then there appeared in the distance the lank figure of the Awful Brother.

He saw them, and waved his hand.

"This is a friend of mine," she said—"Ian Denman. I knew his sister—"

To her amazement, the man by her side leapt to his feet with an oath.

"I don't want to meet anybody," he almost shouted the words. "Tell him I'm not well." But it was too late. Ian Denman had come up.

"This is Mr. Strate," she said haltingly, "a—a friend about whom I spoke to you."

The Awful Brother was glaring down at them.

"Good Lord!" he groaned. "Here's my chance and I can't take it—beat it, Smith!"

To her horror and amazement the placid Mr. Strate rose and ran at top speed toward the entrance of the pier, the Awful Brother running after him.

"You've spoilt it, my dear!" he said, as he fell into the vacant seat. "I wanted to go out of the force in a blaze of glory! And now I can't!"

"Who—who are you?" she gasped.

He chuckled.

"Didn't you know I disgraced the family by joining the police? I'm Detective-Sergeant Denman, of Bow Street, and I've been looking for Smith—alias Boscoco, alias Strate—for months. He's a professional bigamist and wanders round looking for lonely young ladies who have a few hundred pounds in their bank.

"Come and have a lemon squash, and I'll tell you where we'll spend our honeymoon."



Drawn by Rick Elmes.

DEAR OLD SOUL : "You're a lucky father to have all those bonnie children."
THE VICTIM : "Father? I've never seen the beastly kids before in my life."



Drawn by Trever Evans.

YOUNG THING : "I have brought this book back, mother says it isn't fit for me to read."
LIBRARIAN : "I think your mother must be mistaken."
YOUNG THING : "Oh, no, she isn't. I've read it all through."



Drawn by Peter Fraser.

WIFE: "George, dear, perhaps you're not calling him by his real name."



Drawn by Frank R. Grey.

NEWLY-ARRIVED MEMBER OF PIERROT TROUPE: "Mrs. Jones, what on earth is the idea of these black sheets and pillows?"
 LANDLADY: "Well, you see, sir, I was expectin' you was niggers!"

LOVE OR LUCK? *by* ASHLEY DIERNE

The name of Sloper Softroe will be handed, or thrown, down to posterity as synonymous with sacrifice.

"I AM sorry," said Filletta Fishslice, shaking her head so decisively that her complexion flew off in clouds, making the atmosphere of the room resemble that of a steam-laundry, "but I will never marry you while you still retain this ill-gotten money. If you really love me with all the horse-power you say you do, you will give it all away to charity. Then when you have washed your hands of it tooth and nail, I'll see what I can do for you."

"Yes, but don't you see," pleaded her fiancé, Sloper Softroe, looking as dismal as Desmond with the distemper, "when I've given the money away I shan't be in a position to support you. I've only my paltry earnings as a designer of dots for decimals—a branch of art in which I may be years making a name for myself."

"I can go on waiting," said Filletta, calmly. "I have my crochet and my canary. The years will soon pass."

"But think, Filletta! Ten thousand pounds! Why, that's five hundred a year—our future assured even if America captured the decimal dot trade to-morrow."

"You know my opinions," replied the girl, in a tone of acidity that would have turned a tub of treacle sour. "I was brought up in the beliefs of the Plymouth Rocks, who hold most stringent views on the matter of these big prize competitions in the weekly papers, and I could never bring myself to touch a farthing of money so acquired. The food you bought with it would choke me; the drink would give me hiccups. The home you furnished with it would stifle me."

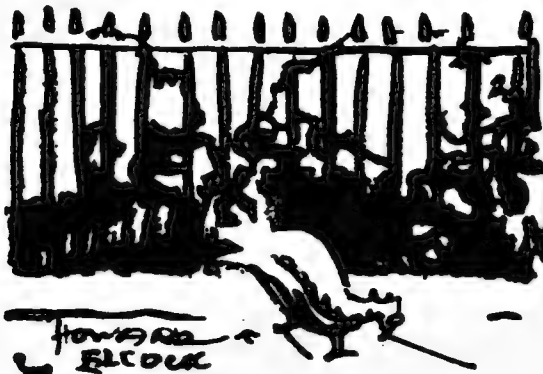
"It would embitter me more!" said Sloper, promptly. "Very well, Filletta. Since this money forms so insurmountable an obstacle to your affection, I'll do as you wish. I'll give it away to-night—to a monastery, a brewery, the Liberal Party, or some other needy and deserving charity. But I must admit that your ultimatum has absolutely dashed the cup



until he heard
the milkman leaving
his watery nest.

of happiness from my lips, and substituted for it the saucer of disappointment and the slop-basin of despair."

"Poor Sloper!" murmured Filletta, soothingly. "You seem to be surrounded with crockery. But believe me when I say that this money could never have brought us mutual happiness. It would always have been a bone of con-



tention between us—the canker-worm ever gnawing at our vitals, the fly in our ointment ever seeking an opportunity to create a rift in our lute."

Sloper Softroe simultaneously swallowing his feeling of intense chagrin and the relics of a lump of gum he had been chewing, lifted Filletta in his arms, and planted a kiss upon her lipstick parking-ground.

"After all," he thought, "even though I have to chuck away ten thousand pounds of solid cash, I still retain a hundredweight of solid fiancée."

THE events leading up to the foregoing conversation were these. For several years previously Sloper and Filletta, who had first met at the Ecl-skimmers' and Prawn-boilers' Annual Ball, had been betrothed without the slightest prospect of either getting married to the other or vice versa for many a year to come.

As every artist knows, the career of a designer of dots for decimals is a long and arduous one, and its followers must be prepared for a weary and heartbreaking struggle up the ladder of fame.

But Sloper had gone on patiently plugging away, and Filletta had gone on patiently encouraging him to plug away year after year, always hoping and believing that he would one day design a dot that would revolutionise the whole decimal system and secure for him the coveted honour of Fellow of the Decimal Association.

There came a time, however, when Sloper became disheartened. He must make more money and that quickly, he felt, if ever he and Filletta were to marry before they had both become hopelessly shop-soiled, so to speak.

To this end he had thrown himself with tremendous energy and enthusiasm into the *Weekly Wags*' "Snippets" competitions. Every moment he could spare from his professional work he devoted to sniping "Snippets."

Sometimes, when his mind throughout the day had been dwelling more insistently than usual on Filletta, and on that happy future when she would be with him always to share his joys and double his housekeeping expenses, he would tie a strong mustard poultice round his brows, immerse his feet in the blackest coffee procurable, and toil away with fervent zeal through the long watches of the night, never moving from his writing-table until he heard the milkman leaving his watery nest and the lark swallowing the reluctant worm which it had risen so early to catch.

Yet the months passed and Sloper never succeeded in snapping up a "Snippet."

And then at length the great day came when, instead of the customary weekly rejection-slip, he found awaiting him a cheque for £10,000! He had won the

big prize! The future was assured to him! He could marry Filletta at once!

He could hardly believe his good fortune. He bit the cheque to make sure he wasn't dreaming. He examined all his teeth to make sure he wasn't under gas. He repeated six times "The sea ceaseth, it sufficeth us" to make sure he wasn't blotto. Then he went straight off to acquaint Filletta of the glad tidings—only to encounter the distressing climax already recorded:

WHAT his feelings were after the interview, as he trudged dismally homewards with the heavy cheque across his shoulder may be imagined but not described while paper remains inflammable.

To have to give up all this money was a prospect which filled his breast with so fiery a feeling of resentment that it melted his fountain-pen and actually kindled a box of patent non-combustible foreign safety-matches which he carried in his waistcoat pocket. But he had given Filletta his word, and he would not go back on it.

Accordingly, so soon as he reached home, he endorsed the cheque, and to remove possible subsequent temptation of recanting from him, posted it off at once to that most admirable and deserving charity, the National Fund for Demolishing the Albert Memorial.

Then for a week he sought to drown his sorrow in a positive debauch of decimal dot designing. . . . And then a curious thing happened. Another cheque for £10,000 arrived!

For the second week running he had secured the big prize! (For, as the reader is no doubt aware, Sloper must have sent in his "Sniplet" for this second competition before he knew of his success in the first.)

Fortune had again spilt the golden beans into his lap, and the thought that once more he would have to forego them caused him the keenest anguish.

How unlucky he was to have such confounded good luck!

HISTORY is full of heroic and loving acts of self-denial. Think of how Eve gave up her apple to Adam; of how the whale gave up Jonah; of how Esau renounced his birth-certificate for a mere basin of soup; of how Nero sacrificed Rome to the flames!

Now to this glorious roll shall be added the name of Sloper Softroe. All that day, all that night, he was engaged in a terrific mental struggle—a long, lingering luctation 'twixt love and lucre. Then, as dawn broke and the rising sun shot a golden ray through the half-drawn blinds, which fell upon the bowed head (the ray, that is, not the blinds) of the spent man and illumined it as with the saint's halo, the moment of sublime renunciation, of meek submission and peaceful resignation came to him.

Sloper Softroe drew himself up with a look of stern yet noble resolution upon his face. The crisis was over, his anguish ended. He had passed through his dark hour and had reached the fateful, irrevocable decision.

He would give up the girl!



Drawn by Norman Pett.

WIFE: "I'll bet you are giving those poor people down below a fright, Henry!"



Drawn by Arthur R. Cane.

MOTHER: "What have you done with that piece of bread and jam?"
BOY: "The wopses were after it so I pushed it under a gentleman's chair."

Not So Silly

BY WILL SCOTT

When Jimmy Dandle acted silly it was always at the other fellow's expense.

"I MAY look silly," said Jimmy Dandle. "I know I look silly. But mebbe I'm not so silly, after all."

He grinned.

"You wait here, Gumpy," he said.

He put a foot to a crack in the wall, hoisted himself aloft, caught at a pipe and vanished in gloom. A moment later he reappeared higher up. He looked back at Gumpy. He was still grinning. Then the window of Lord Selwick's study was pushed back and Jimmy Dandle disappeared.

Gumpy waited with beads of sweat standing out on his brow. In all the gang Jimmy looked the "softest," but when it came to the push he it was who stood up in front and led the way.

There wasn't another of 'em had the pluck to rise above pocket-picking in the Circus at night. Climbing up a house-side like this and risking discovery in Lord Selwick's study was altogether out of the question—too chancey.

The rest of 'em preferred a good safe job on land, where the risks were slight and a fair margin of profit assured.

Not so Jimmy Dandle.

Oh, no, he wasn't such an ass as he looked. Though certainly he looked it.

Wiping his brow, Gumpy continued to walk up and down at the corner, keeping watch. He wished to heaven that Jimmy would get a move on and finish the job. This hanging about was too wearing for a bloke's nerves. If—

Something dropped, as Jimmy caught at a pipe and vanished in gloom. Gumpy very nearly shed

his skin. But when he looked round it was only Jimmy Dandle. Still grinning. "Quick!" Jimmy whispered. "Come on!"

They hurried across town to that shady and restful corner behind Goodge Street, where presently they came to rest in a shabby room, two floors above a coffee bar.

THEN, and not until, Jimmy Dandle took something from his pocket and flashed it before the astonished eyes of Gumpy.

"Well, boy, what d'you think of 'em?"

Gumpy thought a lot of 'em, but his vocabulary was restricted. At first he could only stare. They were "beauts"! Pearls. Worth goodness knew how much.

"Wot you goin' to do with 'em?" Gumpy asked when he found his voice.

Jimmy laughed.

"Leave that to me, old son," he said. "I'll find out what to do with 'em all right. I'm not so silly as I— But I believe I told you . . ."

He took off his boot, dropped the pearls inside, replaced his boot and laced it up and reclined on the bed.

"They'll be safe there till I make up my mind where to put 'em," he said.

"Don't you trust a pal?" asked Gumpy.

"I'm not so silly," said Jimmy Dandle.

He fell asleep, and Gumpy fell to thinking. He thought, for instance, a good deal about Bob Acre, and Bob's little place in Whitechapel. Suddenly he shook Jimmy Dandle by the arm.

"I say, boy," he whispered. "I got an idea. If we was to take them doin' along to old Bob Acre's place—"

"Gumpy," snapped Jimmy, sitting up, "if you do a thing like that to me any more—wakin' me up out o' my beauty sleep—I'll fetch you such a wicked slosh on the side of the ear it'll take you a month o' Sundays to recover."

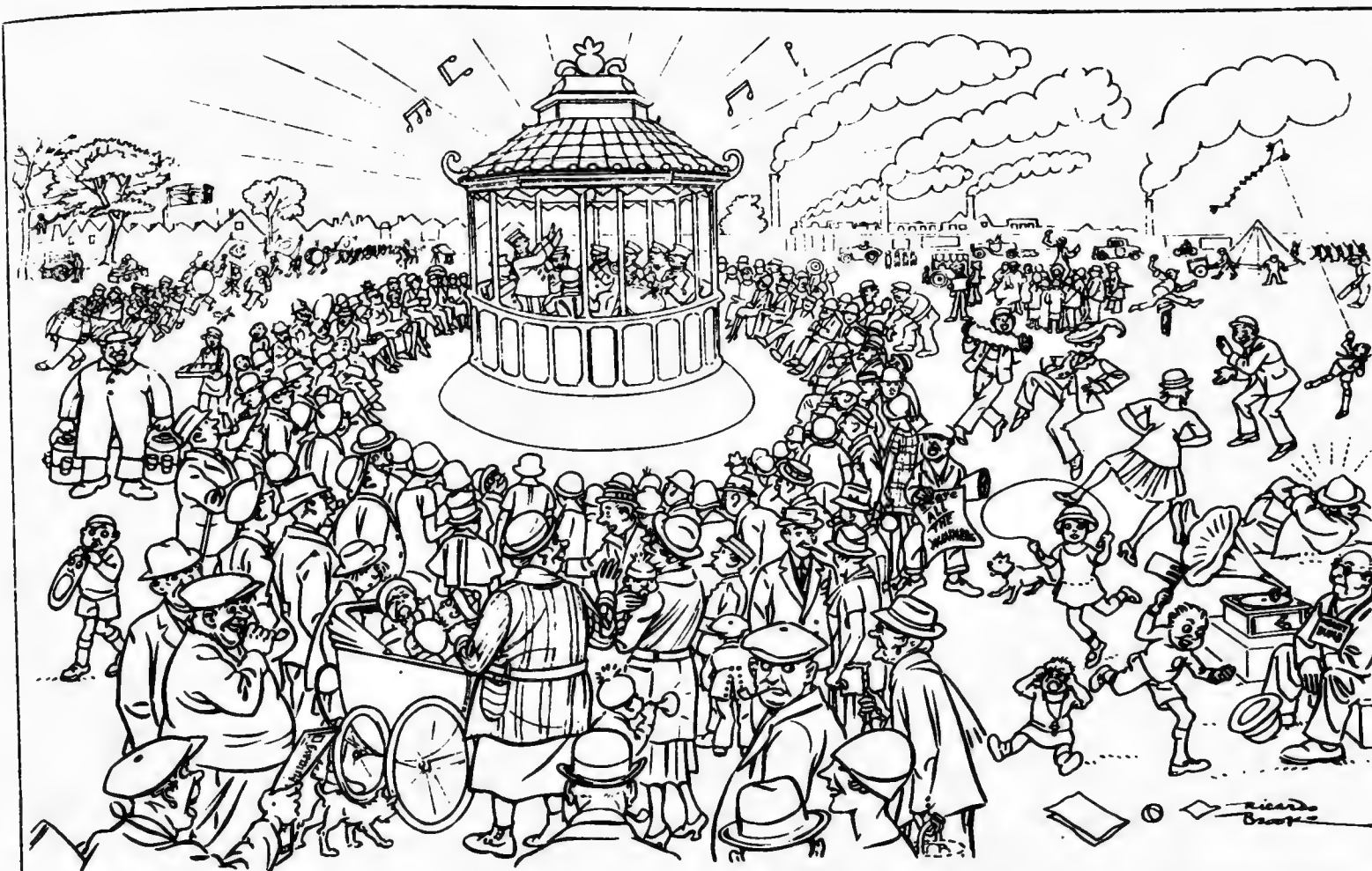
"I was only tellin' you," Gumpy protested.

"You was, was you? Well," said Jimmy, "I don't want to know. See?"

And he promptly turned over and fell asleep again.

The next morning they kept to their room and read their newspapers. They read them a second time, and then they read them a third time—every item of news in every column. To their surprise they did not find what they were looking for. They were about to toss the heap on to the fire when something in the "Personal" column caught Jimmy's eye.





Drawn by Ricardo Brook.

GRATEFUL URBAN LADY: "Ah, my dear, we should be stifled without these 'ere open spaces—wot poet calls 'em 'The Lungs of London'?"

"What we was looking for was a report of the burglary," he said. "But apparently the old boy don't know it's been a burglary yet. Listen to this."

The announcement was to the effect that a string of pearls, the property of Lord Selwick, had been lost between Lancaster Gate and Kensington Church on the morning of Saturday.

Reward, three hundred pounds.

"Three hundred pounds!" said Jimmy Dandle. "Bit o' fat, eh? And it makes it easier, 'im not knowin' the things was pinched. Absent-minded old guy! Oh, well, the same tale'll do to tell 'im."

"Was you proposin' to tell 'im a tale?" asked Gumpy.

"Follow me," said Jimmy.

Considerably after dusk they came again to Belgrave Square.

"Now," said Jimmy with a fresh grin, "you just keep your peepers open and see 'ow it's done."

He walked up the steps to the front door of the Selwick mansion and boldly rang the bell. Appeared a butler. Into the mansion vanished Jimmy.

A pause, and then his lordship came into the room where Jimmy was waiting. Jimmy produced the pearls.

"I heard some fellers talkin' in a train about you losin' these 'ere," said Jimmy. "First I 'eard about it, sir. 'Lord Selwick,' I 'eard 'em sayin', 'he ain't found 'is famous pearls wot 'e lost in 'Yde Park.' An' here was I, sir, on my way to the police with these 'ere. My little brother found 'em, sir, just near the Round Pond, an I thought I'd better nip along to the police wiv 'em,

just thing. Then I 'eard these coves talkin' in the train, an' 'ere I am."

"Quite," said Lord Selwick. "Yes, quite."

He took up the pearls and inspected them closely.

"Yes," he said distantly. "I recognise them. Yes, of course—" he frowned at Jimmy. "You know there's a reward. Stay."



Drawn by Morgan Rendle.

CASUAL: "I 'aven't 'ad a good meal for three months, lidy."

LADY: "But you appear to be quite well nourished."

CASUAL: "That's not the result of food, lidy—it's blowin' the corner. You see it takes me some time to get back to normal proportions!"

He went out of the room and presently came back rustling paper-money.

"Three hundred pounds," he said.

"Gaw!" said Jimmy.

"Kindly count it and give me a receipt."

Jimmy Dandle counted it and gave the receipt. Then his lordship saw him to the door.

Jimmy gleefully joined his waiting friend.

"Got it!" he said.

"Got what?" asked Gumpy.

"The reward," said Jimmy. "Three hundred quid!"

Gumpy sighed.

"Wot's the matter with you?" demanded Jimmy.

"You're a foolish person, Jimmy," Gumpy declared. "After all, you certainly are. If you'd done as I said. . . . Three 'undred quid! Why, boy, old Boh Acre would 'ave give us 'alf a thou' for them pearls! 'Alf a thou'!"

"Think I don't know?" snapped Jimmy.

"Eh?"

"I may look silly," said Jimmy Dandle. "I know I look silly. But mebbe I'm not so silly, after all."

He grinned.

"You wait here, Gumpy," he said.

He put a foot to a crack in the wall, hoisted himself aloft, caught at a pipe and vanished in gloom. A moment later he reappeared higher up. He looked back at Gumpy. He was still grinning. Then the window of Lord Selwick's study was pushed back and Jimmy Dandle disappeared.



*She was the one—the one
who was different—the
one who really was—*

SULLY leaned back among the cushions and felt he wanted to scream. So this—this forty square yards of concentrated tinsel and flash and counterfeit gaiety was the thrilling night life of London he'd heard so much about, was it? This—this constricted area of idiotically posing women and semi-bored cakehounds, flopping round the floor to an endless stream of wails and blares from an alleged American band perched up in the balcony overhead, pitching streamers and coloured cotton balls at one another, drinking this year's whisky out of pre-war bottles and convincing themselves they were having one hell of a reckless time.

For ten years, out in the backblocks, Sully had been reading about all this. Guessed it must be rather wonderful to swing in with that boisterous, effervescent crush, that sparkling, joyous crowd that scintillated with all the precious verve and vivacity of tireless youth. Promised himself a long dazzling month of it as soon as he got back.

Youth! His face was flat as a tea-tray, but he was tickled to death. Youth! Two score of damned old fools who ought to have been under medical care, prancing their silly old feet around with

*The girl interested him.
There was something
innately decent, some-
thing vital about her.*

two score pretty ladies, wondering why their burned-out fies refused to take the spur. Costing 'em every penny of a pony a night and nothing to show at the end of the week bar a stale cigar-butt.

He roved a pitying eye around. What in hell was the old country coming to? Little imitation Chinese lanterns strung up among imitation wistarias on imitation bamboo slats. Imitation birds peeping out of imitation nests; imitation owls with illuminated eyes gazing solemnly down on a pathetic display of imitation jollity. Bits of callow humanity imitating the mannerisms of cabaret stars. Imitation Mohammedans serving imitation Turkish coffee. There wasn't one per cent. virility or genuineness in the whole silly shoot.

The men didn't matter. If they chose to burn out their substance that way—that was their pie. A dozen proverbs flipped into his brain to cover that point. But the women were different. Surely to God they couldn't *all* be there because they wanted to. There must be some of them who felt the same angry contempt for it all as he did.

That kid opposite now. She wasn't a

sugar daddy's leech. There was something innately decent, something vital about her, although she was relaxed. She seemed worried too, or at least, anxious somehow. She wasn't at ease anyway. A whole room separated them but he could see that. And the staff—and others—seemed to leave her alone pretty thoroughly. Sully chuckled grimly. That was because she was only drinking coffee, he guessed. She went up one in his estimation.

A PAPER streamer whizzed across her shoulder. She very calmly broke it and let it fall, ignoring the bibulously grinning thrower. Every now and then her glance slipped over to the door. Whenever new-comers arrived she leaned forward peering at them anxiously through the dancers.

One of the professionals offered her a dance and she accepted it, mechanically. Sully crossed over and sat at the next table to hers. The girl interested

Was! BY SEAMARK



him, faintly. She was the only interesting thing in the room; the rest simply multigraphed the same story in the air as they went. He felt sure she was the one who was—the one who really was—worth anything.

AFTER she sat down he smoked a cigarette through and then glanced over at her.

"Pretty dull, isn't it?" he said.

"Some seem to like it," she said, eyeing them round with a vague sort of puzzlement.

"Then you don't?"

She smiled. "I'd sooner be in bed," she said flatly.

"Well—why not?" Sully lit another cigarette and held out his case.

She reddened a little and for the first time a twinkle of fun shone in her eyes. Dashed nice eyes—Sully made rough notes on the sketchbook of his mind—sort of hazel and clear—and honest. Eyebrows too, neat and curved. And the beauty hadn't been castrated out of them by a pair of fool-plucking forceps either. And gosh! she was sweet when humour vitalised her face. "She's twenty-four, scared about something, and comes from the best end of Hampstead," he assured himself.

"Won't you smoke?"

"Not till I'm thirty—and then perhaps

I won't want to." Sully marked her up another notch.

"Well, you don't smoke, you don't dance, you don't drink, you don't like the place—why not go home and go to bed?"

Sully's bluntness was born of the sea. The girl rather liked it.

She looked at him straight in the eyes and then smiled, a sheepish grin of sheer confusion.

"I—I can't!" she said.

"Good Lord—why? Haven't you got a home?"

"Oh, yes. But

I haven't got a key!"

"Lost it?"

"No. Jack's got it."

"Husband?"

"Brother."

"Oh."

"Dashed silly isn't it?"

"So far as I can see—yes. But you live at home, don't you?"

"That's the trouble. If Dad knew I'd landed home at this hour in the morning he'd wring my neck. Twelve at the latest or there's a bill to pay."

"And where's Jack?"

"Goodness only knows. It's his birthday. Awful good sport, is Jack. 'Come on, lamb,' he said. 'Take off your bib and come out for a dash.' Went to a show and had a great time—and then he ran into a crowd of the boys. He went off to celebrate with them for an hour. I don't drink and I'd just be a wet blanket. 'See you at the Portlight at one o'clock,' he said. And now look at the time. Ten past three. And I won't see pocket money again for a month."

"Where do you live, Hampstead?"

"No. Sloane Street."

"Oh, well, not so far out," thought Sully.

"Put on your wraps. My car is outside. I'll run you along. I'm pretty good at picking a lock."

She fenced for a bit but twenty min-

utes later they were outside 88B, Sloane Street, with the car parked a hundred yards lower down.

"No need for names, is there?" he asked softly.

"No. I don't think so. But it's awfully nice of you, really." Her hand touched his, ever so lightly.

"I'll see you through this little job if I land in Vine Street," he said.

"And there's no need to ask why, either, I suppose?"

"No—I don't think there is. But I'll tell you. There were forty-three women in the Portlight to-night. Charleston mad, false, fake, stumer, snide units full of modern blah-hoo! Forty-two of them together were worth one bent cent. Just! Some men still like decency when they see it."

"That's very charmingly put."

"Not a bit of it. Forty-two of them weren't worth seeing again. And you—"

"Yes?"

"You were the one who was." He was fumbling at the lock, a little red in the face. "Sorry," he muttered, "she won't take it. I'll have to make the window." He peered over the area.

"No—no. You'll break your neck," she gasped. "I'll ring and risk it."

"You won't. Stand away there." Sully swung over the railings and surveyed the leap with a sailor's eye.

He leapt and landed square on his toes on the ornamental ledge. A minute later the window was up and he was inside. Through the glass transome she saw the hall light suddenly spring on, and the door opened. She noted with a little flush that Sully came right out and stood outside.

"Thank you," she whispered. "I—I—"

"Yes?"

"I think I'd like to be the one who was."

"Your wish, Mademoiselle, is my privilege."

"To-morrow night then, at the Portlight. I—I'll bring my own key! Good-night." The door closed.

SULLY was there all right. But the girl who was wasn't. Oh, no. But at two in the morning the first editions of the dailies arrived. Sully bought a couple to relieve the ennui.

And it was all there, neatly spaced and lined. Something like £3,000 worth of jewels had been looted from 88B, Sloane Street. And the burglar was thought, by the responsible authorities, to be the work of a Miss "Lamb" Mavis, probably London's most daring cracksmen on the distaff side. And, it appeared, for the first time in her career, she had had expert assistance.

Sully called for his hat and his coat and his car and his bill.



Drawn by Edger Spenceley.

HE: "Do you know—when I first drove a car I couldn't have taken a corner like this!"
 SHE: "Oh—how long ago was that?"
 HE: "Yesterday!"



Drawn by Seymour Hurley.

PERSISTENT AND TIRESOME ENQUIRER: "Tell me now, why do they whitewash trees?"
 RUSTIC (tersely): "It's ter stop bats from 'itting their 'eads in the dark!"



Drawn by Frank Whitburn.

WIFE (to husband who has upset boiling water over his foot): "Oh, George—and you knew I was simply *dying* for a cup of tea."



Drawn by Jack Gorda.

BOWLS' SKIP (indignantly): "Wot, bunk off 'ome and spoil the match 'cos yer wife's waiting for yer. Think of Drake—'e kept the Armada waiting!"
 SMALL PERSON: "Yus, but arter all, it was only the Armada!"

THE WIMBLEDON WONDER

by A. A. THOMSON



The most thrilling sporting thriller of a thrilling sport.

THE year 1937 will long be remembered as the year in which England woke up.

At that moment England's prestige was at its lowest ebb. Practically every sporting event except the Waterloo Cup had gone to the dogs. An eleven from British Guanoland had beaten us in twenty-five consecutive test matches. The Bolsheviks had carried off the World's Shove-Rouble Championship at Vladivostock. The Lonsdale Belt was now worn by an Eskimo. The Diamond Sculls adorned the hut of a head-hunter in Borneo. The International Froth Blowers' Flagon had been annexed by a Scandinavian manufacturer of shaving-soap. And when in 1935, the Boat Race was won by Yale, it was felt that the limit had been reached.

It was in tennis, however, that our humiliation was most marked. Cup after

cup was lost, until in 1932, Wimbledon was bought by an American syndicate and All-England players were only admitted to the ground as ball-boys. But in 1937 England definitely woke up.

A persistent rumour went round that England had at last found a tennis-champion. The country breathed once more. Aged sportsmen who had taken to crossword puzzles brought out their flannels again. Who, it was asked, was this stalwart who was to restore England's shattered fortunes? It was Wilfrid Widdle, the Wimbledon Wonder.

At fifteen, Wilfrid had seen England soundly thrashed by a team from Hawaii, using ukeles instead of racquets. From that day he had sworn to retrieve his country's disaster, and for ten years he had practised strokes against the wall

of his father's tricycle-shed with a croquet-ball and a carpet-beater until his service had achieved the speed of a machine-gun bullet.

When it was known that he was to encounter Cznwx (pronounced Snooks), the Jugo-Slavonian champion, in the Final of the Men's Singles, England was wild with joy.

WILFRID sat in his palatial offices in Kingsway, in the basement of which was his private tennis-court, with the special asbestos net which the fieriness of his service had necessitated. But as will be readily imagined, he had more important matters to attend to than the mere playing of tennis.

Attired in faultless morning dress, he sat at his desk, dictating simultaneously to fifteen shingled typists fifteen articles for fifteen Sunday papers on "How I Won!" Suddenly the door opened.

"Wilfrid!" murmured a thrilling voice.

In the doorway stood Lady Annabel Bohunk (pronounced Bunk.) Wilfrid changed colour. He touched a spring at the side of his desk. Instantly the fifteen typists disappeared through fifteen trap-doors.

"Now we are alone," exclaimed the lovely girl. Lady Bohunk was the most talked-of woman in London. Ninety per cent. of this talking she did herself. Though naturally shy, she deemed it her duty not to hide her light under a bushel. Indeed, London did not contain a bushel big enough to hide her light.

Never did she so much as post a letter without an escort of four journalists, six press-photographers and a private cinema-operator. Her skirts were shorter, her Eton crop was closer and her Alsations were more savage than those of any other lovely woman.

"My brave, handsome boy!" she thrilled.

Wilfrid fumbled in his pocket for an aspirin and stealthily conveyed it to his lips.

"The Final to-morrow," she breathed.

"Will you be the champion?"

"Either champion or runner-up," he replied.

"This man Cznwx," she cried, "is a terrible fellow. They say that at the Portsmouth Tournament he drove a ball through the plates of a battleship."

"Pshaw," snapped Wilfrid. "The battleship was obsolete."

With a glance of passionate tenderness, she leaned forward.

"Listen, Wilfrid," she whispered, "if you win the Final to-morrow, I will marry you."

"No, no!" he ejaculated, pale as death.

"Sudden joy has unnerved you," she murmured gently. "You cannot credit



"Mummie, let me look at the man that has been runned over with that motor-car."
"No, no, come along, there'll be another presently."

Drawn by Collington.

your good fortune. I will marry you as sure as I am standing here!"

In his agitation, his nerveless hand touched the spring at the side of his desk. A trap-door opened. Lady Annabel was in the room below. . . .

"And if I know it, she will!" he muttered brokenly. For a full hour he sat like a man stunned. He found himself upon the horns of an inexorable dilemma. Either he must lose the championship, his boyhood's dream, or . . . marry that woman.

"No, no," he moaned at length. "Ah, England, my England, I would do anything but that. I must play to lose. It is the only way." And, with shaking fingers, he rang the bell for another case of aspirin.

THE morning of the Final dawned bright and clear. By eleven the stands were packed. Owing to the presence of 40,000 press-photographers, it was found necessary to exclude the public. At two-thirty, a millionaire, unable to gain admission, shot himself at the turnstiles. Punctually at three, Cznrwx, wearing a blood-red *béret*, bounded on to the court.

A moment later a hurricane of applause announced the arrival of Wilfrid, his platinum racquet, strung with moose-gut, under his arm. Cznrwx, who appeared to be nervous, won the first set, 6-4. Wilfrid, who appeared to be somewhat off his game, took the second at 7-5. Then the deciding set began. Both players appeared to be overwrought by excitement.

It was a terrible struggle. At five o'clock they stood at eleven all. The tension on the spectators' nerves was appalling. By six-thirty the queue of motor ambulances, engaged in removing strong men who had fainted, reached the corner of Wimbledon Common.

The sun declined. At nine o'clock the score was 56 all, with deuce in the hundred-and-thirteenth game. The players were so exhausted that they could hardly stand. By nine-thirty they had already gone to deuce ninety-nine times in the same game.

The last spectator was carried out on a stretcher. Wilfrid, worn to a shadow, was on his knees. Feebly he raised his racquet to serve, missed the ball and fell forward in a dead faint. But ere his inert body had reached the sward, his opponent had fainted, too.

IN twin beds in a private ward of Wimbledon Hospital, two pallid and interesting invalids lay side by side. "Cznrwx," whispered Wilfrid, "I tried to let you win. Why didn't you?" "Impossible," moaned the other, "if I had won, the lovely Lady Annabel Bohunk had promised to marry me." "You poor old chap," sympathised Wilfrid, holding out his hand. The demonstrative foreigner leapt out of bed. "My comrade!" he cried and kissed his opponent on both cheeks.

And what of Lady Annabel Bohunk? What, indeed! She married the umpire. He was a Scotsman. Need we say more? We need not.



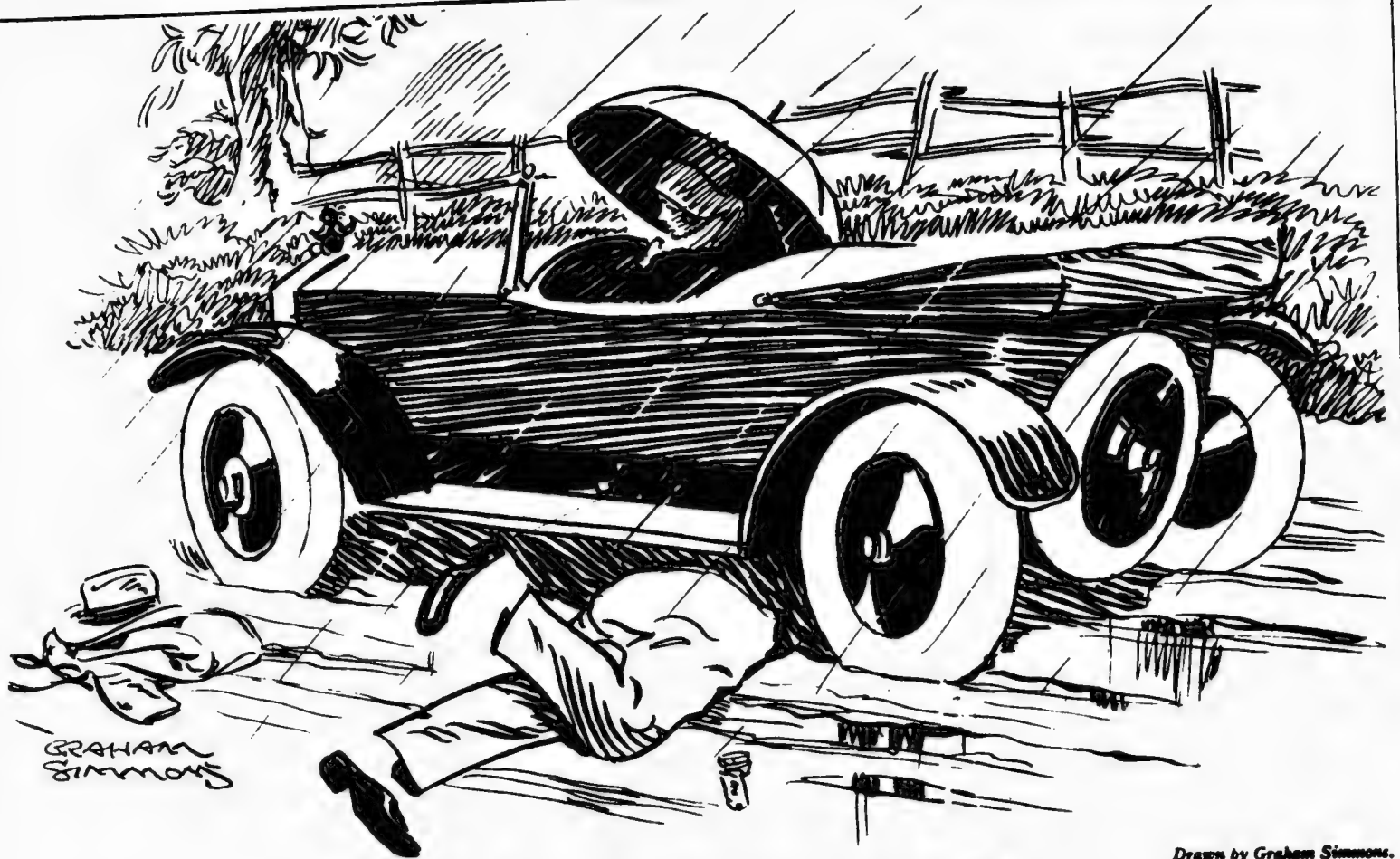
Drawn by London.

THE LOOKER-ON: "Don't worry, Ginger—it ain't worth it."



Drawn by Frank Ford.

SHE: "Aif, d'yer love me still?"
TIRE D EXCURSIONIST (hot and irritable) "Yus, and the stiller the better."



Drawn by Graham Simmons.

WIFE (helpfully): "Dearie, did you roll up your cuffs?"



Drawn by Sierr Wood.

SHEM: "We have a pair of everything on board, haven't we?"

NOAH: "Yes, we have."

SHEM: "Well, I hope you're right. I can't find my swimming drawers anywhere."

If you are thinking of travelling, don't forget to take a camera with you to record:—



—the beauties of Paris



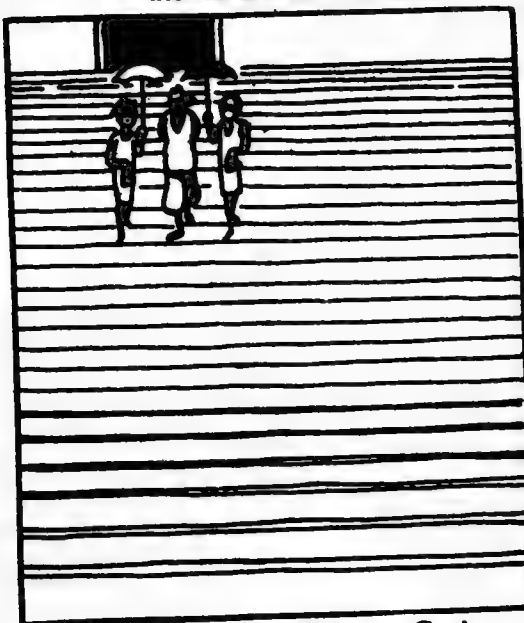
—the canals of Holland



—the Pyramids



—the pigeons in Rome



—the Casino of Monte Carlo



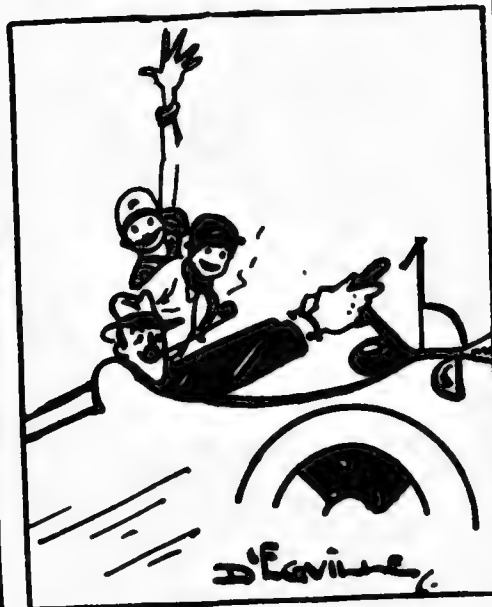
—the wonders of the Riviera



—the grandeur of the Alps



—the glories of Spain, and



—the joys of the open road.

Drawn by D'Egville.



Drawn by Laurie Tayler.

Marine Artists of the Coast—The Beach Photographer.
Sixpence each at the Kiosk to-morrow—and they all buy them!



Drawn by Edwin Morrow.

CHILD: "Please, sir, can you tell me the right time?"
JONES (complete with yachting cap): "Eight bells, my boy, eight bells."

"By Time & Distance"

by K. R. G. BROWNE



A taxi-meter waits for no man—not even an absent-minded artist.

"I SEE by the papers," observed the stout man in the opposite corner, "that they have found that millionaire who lost his memory. His relatives will be pleased, no doubt; it must be very trying to have a millionaire in the family and then lose him. . . . A queer thing, memory, is it not?"

"I am reminded of the case of Rollo Cheesewright, a young friend of mine. Rollo was no millionaire, but his story is not without interest for the student of Life. As this train does not stop anywhere for another hour, I have plenty of time to relate it to you."

When Rollo Cheesewright (said the stout man) detrained at Euston on a Sunday afternoon in August, he had in his possession ninepence in bronze, a five-pound note and six large oil-paintings. The ninepence represented his small change, the five-pound note his available capital, and the six oil-paintings the result of a year's labour.

It may as well be said at once that in appearance Rollo was no *Malden's Dream*. He was an absent-minded young man. He had a timid disposition, a black sombrero, a bad memory, an aunt in Kensington, and a stammer.

HE painted pictures because he believed that to be his vocation; and he was quite wrong. Indeed, it is probable that a worse painter than Rollo never disfigured a canvas. Being, however, unaware of this, he had come to London with the optimistic idea of selling his creations to the highest bidder; and while the pleasant negotiations were in progress, he proposed to sojourn with his Kensington aunt. It was her address, therefore, that he gave to the taxi-driver to whose care he entrusted himself and his stock-in-trade.

It was not until they had nearly reached their destination that Rollo discovered the loss of his five-pound note—or, to be accurate, discovered that he could not recall where he had hidden it. Being of a cautious nature, he had on the previous evening secreted his "little all" somewhere about his person.

He could remember only that at the time it had seemed an admirable depository, guaranteed to escape the notice of the most perceptive pickpocket. Considerably shaken by this discovery, he proceeded anxiously to search himself, but to no purpose. The five-pound note had vanished as if it had never been.

This was distinctly a blow, but Rollo, though staggered, was not utterly cast down. The loss of his capital was an annoyance, but happily his aunt had ample means; nor would this be the first time that she had paid his taxi-fare.

ARRIVED, therefore, at the imposing block of flats that housed his useful relative, he sprang from the cab, bade the driver wait, and repaired at speed to his aunt's eyrie upon the seventh floor.

Ten minutes later he came forth again, perturbed of countenance and the richer only by the information, supplied by the caretaker, that his aunt was away from home and not expected to return until

The taxi-driver descended from his seat and advanced.

the following day.

Only now, when it was too late, did Rollo remember he had not sent the postcard that should have apprised her of his coming.

Well, what to do? The first thing obviously was to discharge this taxi, upon whose meter the fare was mounting up with the remorselessness of Fate itself. Yet, how to do so, when his total resources amounted only to ninepence in bronze, when he possessed nothing pawnable, nor anything that he might offer as a security?

Meditating a full and frank confession of his circumstances, Rollo peered nervously at the taxi-driver, who was a large and ox-like man of intimidating physique and unsympathetic demeanour.

To disclose his penury to such a one called for considerable courage, a virtue with which Rollo was not conspicuously blessed. But he set his teeth, summoned all his resolution, and apprehensively gave tongue.

"I'm—I'm sorry," he began, "but the fact is—"

(Continued on page 28.)



Drawn by Balchelor.

"Aren't you going to bathe, Miss Swiftleigh?"
"No, not to-day. I'm just going on the pier for—er—forty winks."



(Continued from page 27.)

"Wossay?" inquired the taxi-driver, in a voice of brass. His cold and watery eye examined Rollo as if the latter were something that the cat had brought in.

"—the f-fact is," gabbled Rollo, the poltroon, "I w-want to g-go to Twenty-One, M-Mulberry Avenue, Hammers-s-smith."

Arrant cowardice, no doubt; but have you ever had occasion to tell a London taxi-driver that you cannot pay his fare? Rollo, at any rate, perceived that such confession was beyond his powers. There was nothing for it but to visit and raise a loan from one or another of his friends. These were neither numerous nor wealthy, but it is better to be indebted to a friend than to be struck in the eye by a taxi-driver.

At Twenty-One Mulberry Avenue lived the Bassingtons, who would surely be able to oblige.

The chances are that the Bassingtons would have been only too delighted to assist, had they been at home. But they were not at home, being—as Rollo was shortly disconcerted to learn—at Brighton for the day. And by this time the fare shown upon the meter had swollen to such proportions that confession, difficult enough before, was out of the question now; the mere thought of throwing himself upon the taxi-driver's mercy gave Rollo a leaden feeling at the pit of his stomach.

SO with averted gaze he mumbled instructions to his charioteer, climbed back into the cab and was borne away to interview the Hooper-Hoggs, at Putney. Kindly people were the Hooper-Hoggs, ever ready to succour a fellow-creature in adversity. And there is no doubt that they would willingly have done so on this occasion, but for the fact that they happened to be in Cornwall. . . .

There is no need, I think, to set forth in detail the subsequent events of that unhappy afternoon. It is probable that you have never tried to borrow a taxi-fare in a strange town on a Sunday afternoon in August, when never a friend is at home.

Take warning, then, from the experience of Rollo Cheesewright, and never attempt the impossible. From Putney he rode to Fulham, where dwelt the Polkinghornes; but the Polkinghornes were out on their tandem bicycle. The Merryweathers of St. John's Wood were excursioning at Southend; the Jupps of Hampstead were at Dinard, France; the Bunburys of Willesden were visiting friends at Banff; the Sidebothams of Maida Vale were listening to pierrots at Rhyl. For all the use his friends were to him, Rollo might have been afloat on a barrel in mid-Pacific.

AND the longer he rode, the higher climbed the fare; and the higher it climbed, the more impossible it became to notify the taxi-driver of his passenger's insolvency. Already the figures on the meter indicated a sum which the average friend would lend only at the point of a revolver; and Rollo, watching threepence after threepence gaily adding itself to the frightful total, broke out in a cold perspiration.

In his mind's eye he saw himself travelling for ever in this accursed vehicle, held captive by his inability to pay a fare which with every fleeting moment took on a closer resemblance to the National Debt. Despair gnawed at his vitals, and he stared feverishly through the window of his cell-on-wheels. What had he done, that Destiny should treat him thus? Even that pavement-artist at the corner was a happier a freer man than he. . . .

Then it was that the inspiration seized him—an inspiration so terrifying in its

audacity that at any other time he would instantly have rejected it. As it was, another sixpence had recorded itself on the meter before he could bring himself to act. Then abruptly he leaned forward and tapped loudly on the window.

The taxi stopped; and at once Rollo sprang out, turned and lifted out his six pictures. Divesting them of their outer coverings, he bore them one by one across the pavement and set them in a row against the wall. He then removed his hat, placed it crown downward on the ground, and sat down beside it in a supplicatory attitude.

The taxi-driver, who had viewed these proceedings in dumb amazement, now descended from his seat and advanced, radiating suspicion.

"'Ere!" said the taxi-driver. "Wot-chew doin'?"

"Earning your l-living," replied Rollo, with a hysterical laugh. Despair and disappointment had so wrought upon him that he felt no longer afraid of this taxi-driver; he felt brave and defiant and slightly light-headed. "I've got no m-money, so if you want your f-fare, you'd better hang about t-till I've earned it."

"Ho, 'ad I?" said the taxi-driver dazedly. "Jew know wot's on the clock, eh? 'Ow long jew reckon it'll be afore you've earned that, eh?"

"Only a m-month or so," said Rollo recklessly. "Thank you, m-madam." This to an elderly female who had dropped a coin in his hat, glanced at his pictures, shuddered and passed on. "You see? There's a penny already."

The taxi-driver, now mauve in the face, opened his mouth once or twice, but no word came therefrom. He was so engaged when a new voice intervened—a large, official voice in a blue uniform.

"Now then," said the policeman, "you can't sit there, young feller. 'Op it."

"Quids an' quids on the clock," said the taxi-driver in a kind of awed whisper, "an' 'e says 'e's gonna sit there till—"

"You've done well enough already, by the look of it, young feller," said the policeman, staring down at Rollo's hat. "I wish I 'ad your luck. Now you just pack up and 'op it."

Rollo, at a loss to understand this observation, glanced down at his hat. Then he uttered a loud cry, indicative of surprise and joy. For the penny, in falling, had dislodged from its hiding-place behind the inner band of his hat, a piece of white paper, neatly folded in twain. The five-pound note, in fact.

"THIS is Surbiton?" said the stout man. "Ah, we shall soon be in now. . . . Yes, that is the story of Rollo Cheesewright. A curious story, but quite true, I assure you. And the point of it is that Rollo need never have suffered all that embarrassment and mental discomfort." Here he paused and began to fumble in his despatch-case. "If he had only expended two guineas on this simple course of Memory Training, there would have been no story to tell. This little pink book may be described as the Salvation of the Absent-minded. Can I interest you, sir?"

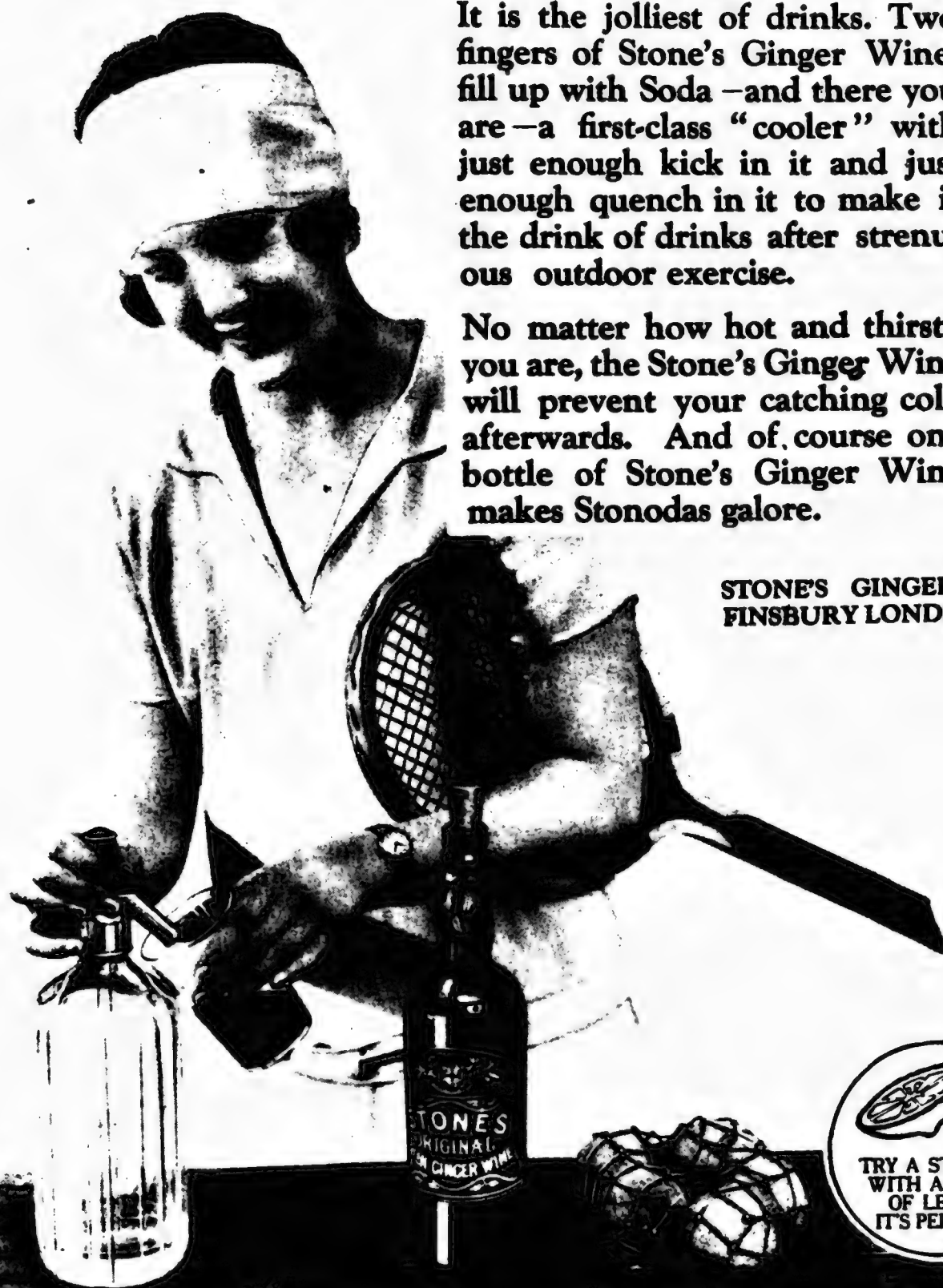
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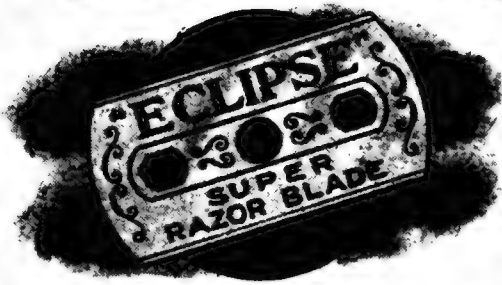
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Taking off his coat Lancaster sat down to write.

It is the unshakable belief of two young people that their happiness is due to a miracle.

THIS is the story of a miracle.

Ann lived in Clapham and taught music; George lived in the Malay Archipelago and grew rubber. Between them was half the width of the world. To Ann, teaching one of the more advanced of her pupils, it seemed as though that dividing barrier of land and sea grew ever higher and higher, more insurmountable, more permanent.

The fancy often haunted her. She looked into the depths of the piano's polished case seeking a gleam of hope. But all she saw was her own face looking back at her, misty-eyed.

"No, dear, that's not it at all," she said, interrupting a massacre of the Moonlight Sonata. "Let me show you!"

She played as if young Clapham had been the Albert Hall crammed to its topmost gallery. For the sonata had been George's favourite long and long ago when they were together and happy. How many months was it since his last letter in which he had said that soon it would be time for her to come out to him? She dared not think.

The notes flowed from her fingers like sad and silver moonbeams.

THE night was hot and still. The globe of sea and sky seemed to be filled with molten crystal. No breath of breeze stirred among the rubber trees or ruffled the ocean's face. The moon

sailed high, big and round and warm. Utter peace reigned.

George Lancaster came out on to the veranda fidgeting with his tie. He felt irritable and nervy. The heat of the day had taken it out of him, he told himself. It always did. Life was a pretty rotten business.

But the truth was that it was not the heat of the day from which he was suffering. The trouble lay in the refreshment consumed at the little planters' club on the previous evening.

Many a man in the East who has a "bout of fever," or wears smoked glasses in the morning because his eyes feel queer, is in reality the victim of the same complaint.

It is easy to contract. A group of men living in isolation are apt to seek gaiety in bottle form.

"Where the devil's van Rossen?" Lancaster demanded.

IT was annoying of van Rossen to be late. The bridge four would be waiting, also iced whisky *stingahs*.

A man felt half dead up here, but when he got down to the club life was worth living.

Of course, he should have stayed at home and written letters. There was Ann. . . . How long was it since he had written to her? Not long, he swore. But perhaps it was longer than it should have been. Somehow she seemed so far

away that it was hard to realise that she was real.

Ann had become more like the love of a previous existence. And letter-writing—let alone the business of making a decision—was an awful effort in this strength-sapping place. Still it would have to be done. To go on like this wasn't fair on her, or on himself either. He was simply drifting—that was the truth of it. This confounded place had got him.

For the first time in months he saw the beauty before him. Use had blinded his eyes. It was lovely—like the country of a dream. How Ann would love it all! And what a difference her presence would make to his life. He hungered for her.

To-morrow night he would really have to stay at home and write to her. Poor little sweetheart, living her dull round in far-off Clapham!

The night continued to eat into him.

The sound of an approaching car aroused him.

It came up the path panting, and glared at him with round, white eyes, like a dragon.

"Ach," said a thick voice, "I am sorry that I am late. But we have had the blow-out. And now for another of a different kind—yes? You are ready?"

BUT van Rossen had been a little too long in making the trip from his plantation. Lancaster had already made up his mind.

"Sorry, van Rossen," he said, "I'm not coming down to-night. Got to stay at home and get a letter off."

Van Rossen gave a snort and mopped his great red face.

"But the bridge four, yes?" he roared.

"Sorry—can't be done to-night."

"You will die of thirst up here," urged van Rossen with cunning.

"That won't hurt me this once."

"Bah, you are a fool to miss the party!"

"Oh, damn the party!" said Lancaster bitterly, for he had no desire to miss it. Life was dull, and they would be a cheery crowd.

"You will not come?"

"No, thanks."

"All right then," said van Rossen, who was too fat and hot to note the indecision which was creeping into the other's tone, "I hope you feel fine and romantic up here writing your letters,

(Continued on page 33.)



*"always use **Hudson's** for washing up"*

WHEN Grandmother was a girl she helped her mother with the washing up, and Hudson's Soap helped them both. Hudson's is thirty years older than Grandmother, and has an even longer record of cheerful household

service than the happy old lady who looks so young. Character counts, and to have found favour with three generations and to be more popular than ever with a growing fourth, argues a quality in this good old soap that is possessed by few things in this world.

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Moonlight Sonata

(Continued from page 31.)

but you will think of me. I shall be having my drinks! All right!—I am thirsty!" He gave a gruff order in Malay, and the car went away.

"I suppose I am a fool," Lancaster thought. "After all, I could have written to-morrow."

For a second he was tempted to call out his own car, but he resisted the impulse. This place was getting too strong a grip on him. It was like opium. Just this once he would break its spell. It was up to him, for Ann's sake and his own.

"Dato!"

The houseboy appeared—a coppery statue of a man wearing a sarong—and Lancaster gave instructions for the table, lamp and writing material to be brought.

Dato hastened to obey, and while the preparations proceeded Lancaster continued to gaze into the night.

He felt better already. He could have shaken his fist in triumph at the dreaming beauty which was making him a lotus-eater whose one purpose in life was to avoid action.

While the mood lasted he would begin. Taking off his coat he sat down. Everything was in readiness, but Lord! it was hot. His bare arms stuck to the bamboo table, and the lamp a few inches from his nose was like a furnace. Already a haze of insects danced about it. A big, evil-smelling beetle flopped down the paper. He brushed it away, and took up his pen. Of course, it was empty!

Dato was called and rebuked. He retreated to fill the pen.

And Lancaster sat there dreaming, the sweat beading his brow. Old van Rossen would be almost at the club by now—the lucky devil! They'd have two long iced whiskies waiting. How they'd laugh at the idea of anyone staying at home to write on such a sweltering night. And they'd be right, too. It was madness. What sort of a letter could one hope to put together in such circumstances.

The boy returned.

"Oh, Dato—!" Lancaster began and broke off. He had been going to order the car, but again he resisted the temptation. "All right—!" he said, dismissing the boy, and holding his head in his hand fell into a dream while he tried to make Ann a living person.

BUT despite every endeavour it was not a great success. If only she were here now—if only she would walk up the path and become flesh and blood—how he would have welcomed her!

She was the antidote he needed to make this life safe. With her at his side he would be happy. And all he had to do was take up his pen and tell her so, but so strong was the drug of the tropics that he still sat brooding.

Those lucky devils down at the club had nothing to worry about, and were listening to the clink of ice against glass.



Drawn by A. Gelli.

BOY: "Dad, where is the ocean's rocky bed?"

DAD (fed up): "I expect, my lad, it's in the cradle of the deep."

Suddenly he found himself listening to something also. At first he was almost unconscious of it, and then, as the wonder dawned on him, he felt a shiver of excitement, of superstitious fear, run through him.

For out of the silver glory of the night stole the Moonlight Sonata, and there was no house within ten miles. It was played as only Ann could play it; it sobbed and laughed, it tripped and ran.

HE could visualise Ann sitting at the piano, her dear face turned to him and her magic fingers dancing on the black and white ivory. A catch came in his throat. Ann! He looked out into the moonshine at her, and the music sung in his soul.

Only when it ceased did the full realisation of the marvel break upon him.

"Dato!"

The Malay stepped out of the shadows.

"Dato, did you hear anything?" The question came in a little gust, and Lancaster's wide eyes were fixed on the boy's grave, chiselled face.

"No, tuan."

"You didn't hear that music just now?" Piano, eh?"

His fingers played nervously on the edge of the table as if to emphasise his meaning.

"No, tuan."

And, even as Dato answered, the music was resumed—a faint, thin tinkle of sound heard half round the world.

Lancaster's heart jumped.

"Now?"

"No, tuan, there is nothing!"

The Malay's face was a graven mask, but he looked at his master apprehensively and listened to hear what he heard. His head moved briefly and negatively from side to side.

"But I hear it clearly," said Lancaster, passing his hand across his eyes. He did, each note, just as Ann played it.

"It is the fever, tuan!" Dato sighed.

Lancaster sprang up, capsizing his chair with a crash.

"It's not, you old image," he cried. "It's a miracle! Tell the car-boy to bring the machine round, quicktime! quicktime! I must get down and send a cable."

"Tuan—!" said Dato, and fled.

Its task accomplished the music ebbed away.

"All right, Ann sweetest," said Lancaster into the silent night. "I've heard. You'll have your answer to-morrow!"

He felt awed, inspired.

* * *

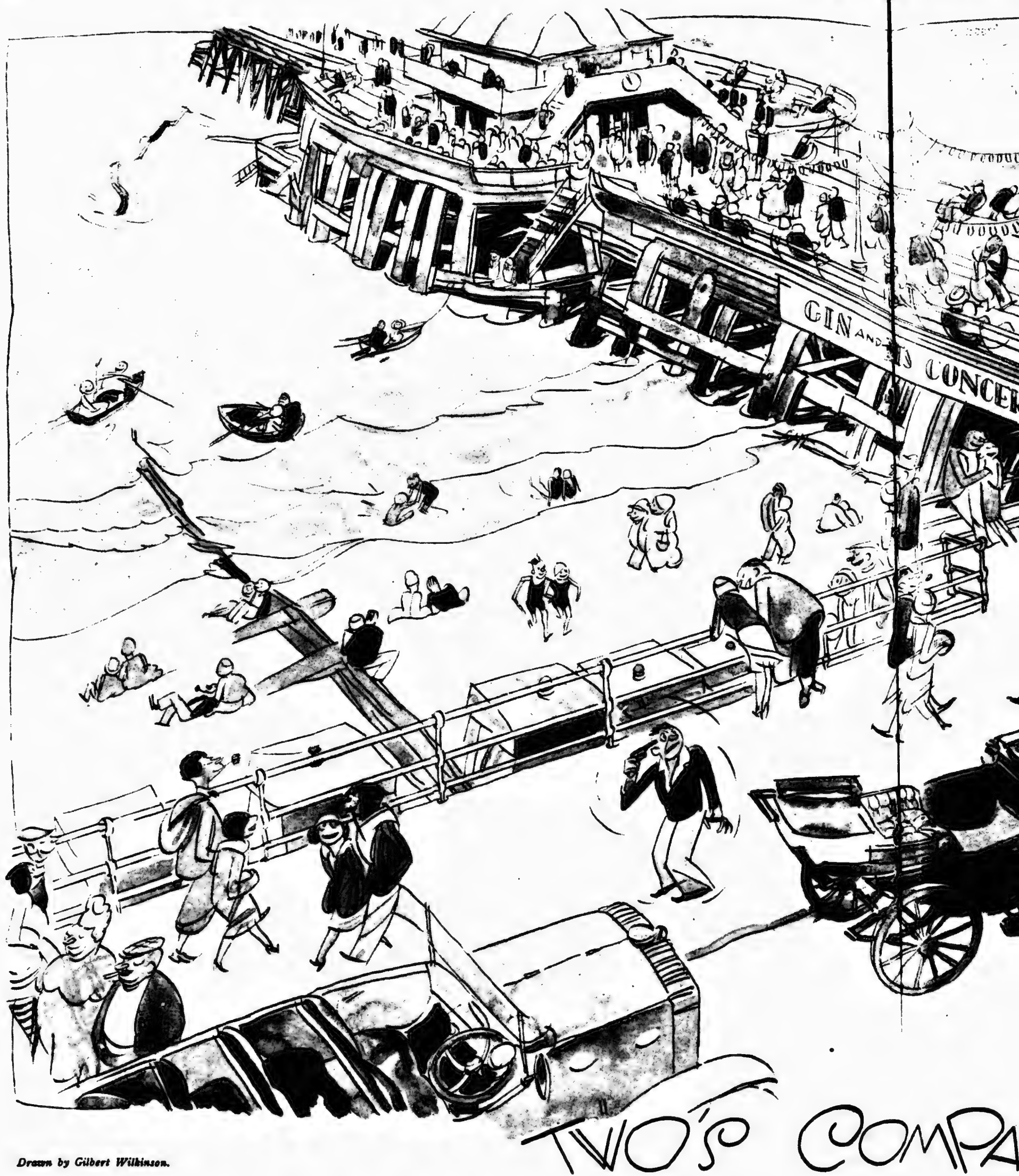
WHEN the car had taken his bemused master away, Dato went sternly to his hut, which was some distance from the house. He found his wife crouching over their new toy.

"I gave the command that the singing box was only to be played in the absence of the *tuan*," he said. "He has heard it. Now it must go."

His lady set up a wail of protest.

But Dato was obdurate. The gramophone had been stolen from a white master by a Chinese servant on his dismissal; it had been purchased by Dato with money, the possession of which he would have hated to have been called upon to explain. These circumstances were too dangerous. The Moonlight Sonata, as played by Paderewski, was heard no more.

Ann and George will go to their graves convinced that they were re-united by a miracle, which is just as well. There is not too much romance in life.



Drawn by Gilbert Wilkinson.



COMPANY!!

LOVE'S CURRENCY

by
KATHLYN
RHODES

"BUT if you don't renew your subscription, Jim, what will you do with yourself on Saturday afternoons?"

Jim Mayne adopted what he hoped was a nonchalant manner and spoke lightly.

"Oh, heaps of things to do—come and watch you play tennis at the Club, for one thing."

Now it was Diana who spoke with simulated nonchalance.

"Not sure I'm going to join this season. Rather a fag riding five miles each way, and my racquet's worn out, anyhow."

"I'll give you a new one——" He stopped abruptly, remembering that money was sadly scarce these days; and for a moment the mutual pretence of indifference came perilously near to destruction.

The May sunshine poured over the breakfast table, with its bowl of gaily coloured tulips, re-gilding Diana's bright hair, deepening the blue of Jim's honest eyes, showing up, too, the faint lines which the worries of the last few weeks had traced about his finely-cut mouth; and as Diana looked across at her husband her heart contracted at the sight of those betraying lines.

"Oh, I could get mine re-strung if necessary." She spoke casually. "But I don't think I shall join. I could walk round with you on Saturdays. . . ."

"Of course. But I really don't think I shall play golf this season. You see—well, it's too expensive for the likes of me. Seven guineas isn't much, I know, but it's too much now I've lost my good job."

"Don't say lost—it sounds as though it were your fault," she said quickly. "You couldn't help the firm shutting down; and if your Uncle James hadn't died without making a will your allowance wouldn't have stopped."

"No. It was bad luck both things happening together. Never mind, Di! Fate will relent some day. You'll join the Tennis Club anyhow, and I'll come and watch your triumphs."

She changed the subject abruptly.

"I've had a note from Mrs. Bevan asking us to dinner on the seventh." She looked at him with a rather odd expression in her face. "What about it—shall we accept?"

"On the seventh? Not much, Di! On the seventh of May you and I go for a binge together, in accordance with our usual programme."

"How nice of you to remember!" Her eyes, as blue as his, shone with relief. "I thought you might forget this year——"

"Forget your—my—our birthday?" By a curious coincidence they shared the same natal day. "Not much! And though it won't be an elaborate binge this



*Lack of wealth is no
obstacle when love
gets really
busy.*

year, funds will run to a little dinner and a show somewhere afterwards. What d'you want for a birthday present, Di?"

"Nothing," she responded promptly. "Or something really cheap. What would you like, by the way?"

"Oh, a couple of golf balls——" He stopped abruptly, remembering. "They'd not be any use to me, would they, as I'm, not playing!"

"Jim, you *must* play!" Now her eyes were distressed. "It keeps you fit, and you love it; and I can easily save money somehow to make it up."

"No, Di." He spoke decisively. "It wouldn't be right for me to join this year. We've had a nasty reverse and you have taken it like the brick you are. But I'm not going to throw away seven guineas on my own selfish pleasures, so that's that. And by Jove, that's nine

striking! By-bye, Diana—take care of yourself, beloved!"

He kissed her and departed hastily, and Diana, sitting by the window in the sunshine, re-read a letter which had reached her that morning from the Secretary of the Tennis Club, of which she was a shining light.

"Dear Mrs. Mayne,

"As you know the courts re-open tomorrow, and I hope you are joining us again. We have a full list of matches and tournaments ahead of us and depend on you to win fresh laurels for the Club!

"Yours sincerely,

"LAURA FENWICK."

"No can do." She spoke half aloud, her blue eyes just a little misty at the thoughts of the triumphs she was relinquishing. But she did not waver in her decision, for the thought of Jim's disappointment weighed much more heavily on her soul; and she longed to be able to reinstate him as a member of the Golf Club.

But how could she procure the necessary seven guineas? She did wonders already with her reduced housekeeping allowance, and she dressed charmingly on what she called nothing at all. There was no hope of saving enough to pay Jim's subscription as a birthday present—and she had no jewellery she could sell, nothing she could turn into money, indeed, except——

Suddenly she jumped to her feet, her blue eyes flashing with the sudden thought which had come to her. She had one possession at least which might be turned into precious Treasury Notes

(Continued on page 38.)



Drawn by Leslie P. Marchant.

YOUTH (nervously): "Er—Mabel—er—will you—er—?"
GIRL: "Go on, Basil—Don't be nervous—I'm not listening!"

PLAYER'S MEDIUM NAVY CUT CIGARETTES WITH OR WITHOUT CORK TIPS.



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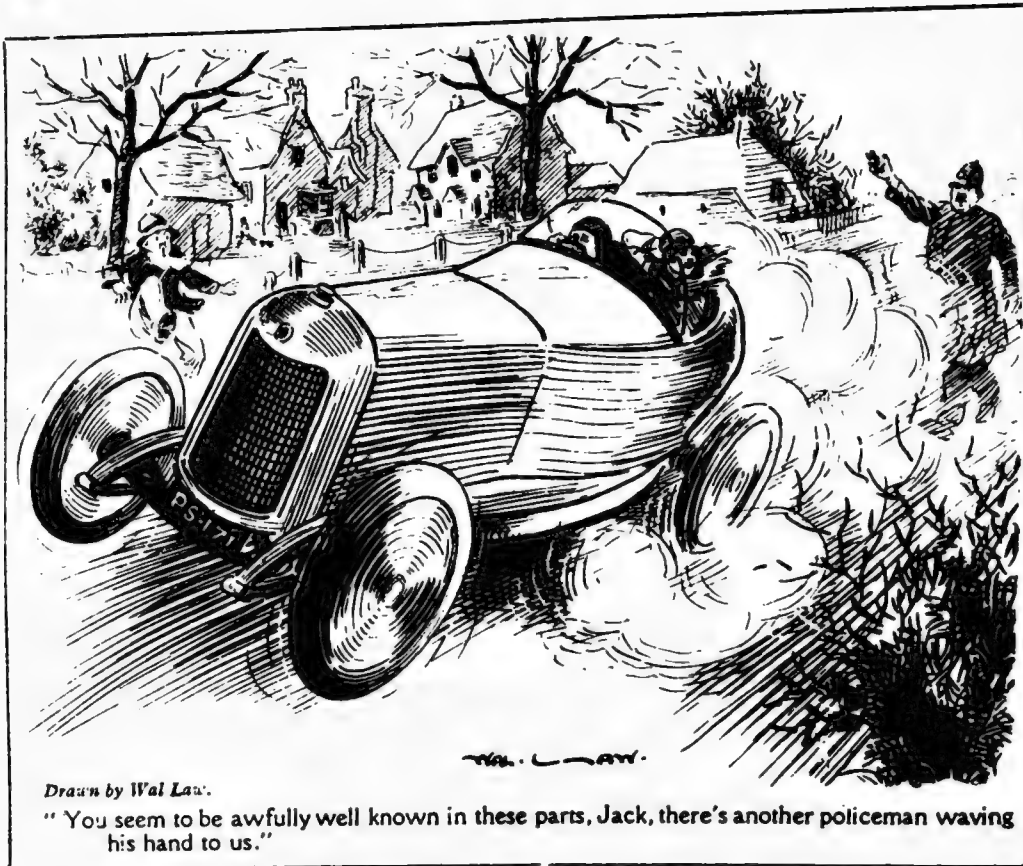
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100 for 4/8



NCC 149



Drawn by Wal Law.

"You seem to be awfully well known in these parts, Jack, there's another policeman waving his hand to us."

"Love's Currency"

(Continued from page 36.)

... and though Jim was bound to find out what she had done, it would be too late for him to undo her action. . . .

And Jim, pausing long outside a famous sports shop in Holborn, told himself that a chap who stuck to his own selfish hobbies at the expense of his wife's pleasures, was a poor sort of fellow, not worthy to call the dearest girl in the world his own. . . .

THE seventh of May fell on a Saturday and again the sunshine poured over the flower-decked breakfast table, making the silver wink merrily in its radiant beams.

Before Diana's plate was a little heap of letters and packages; and on her chair itself was a large and queerly-shaped parcel with an envelope lying on the top of it. Jim, too, had his share; but he paid scant attention to anything save one thin envelope addressed to him in Diana's pretty handwriting.

Jim's exclamation came first.

"Diana! You—you shouldn't have done it! I—I told you I was going to give up golf!"

Hers was a good second.

"Jim! A new racquet! But—what an absolutely gorgeous one! And—an official receipt for my subscription!"

"Well, I couldn't bear you shouldn't play this season—when you're the star of the Club!"

"Same here! When I heard your handicap had been reduced still more I made up my mind you should play. Jim, you're a darling—come and kiss me instantly!"

"I will." And it was so.

Came three o'clock—the usual magic hour of starting for Saturday's joys. Jim had only to walk a hundred yards down the road, but Diana had to ride

five miles; and they usually parted at the gate with mutual hopes for good games. But to-day they were both unusually tardy in starting.

"I say, dear—" this was Jim, "I don't think I'll play to-day. I'd rather come with you and see how the new racquet suits you."

To his surprise Diana flushed, then grew pale.

"I—meant to walk round the links with you, dear. I—I'm not very keen on playing to-day."

"Oh, nonsense!" His tone was urgent. "I'm longing to see you play again."

"Honestly, I—I'd rather c-come with you, Jim. You s-see, I—I—well—"

"What is it, Diana?" Something in her manner intrigued him. "Don't you like the racquet? Is it too heavy or something of that sort?"

"Oh, no, no, it's simply heavenly!" Her tone was sincerity itself. "But—well, I—I can't go to-day, Jim. Let me come with you."

"Well—" It was his turn to colour,—"the fact is, Di, I—I've lent my clubs to a chap, so let's get out the old bikes and be off to your Club."

"As a matter of fact my bicycle is—is punctured!" She brought out the lie bravely, but something in her crimson cheeks and averted eyes roused Jim's suspicions; and he swung her round to face him.

"Diana, what have you done with your bicycle?"

"N—nothing—"

"Diana, the truth, and nothing but the truth!" He spoke with pretended severity; and after a moment she surrendered.

"I . . . I've sold it!" Suddenly the realisation of what the sale meant—for Jim would never let her walk ten miles to play tennis—brought the tears to her

blue eyes; but she winked them away and turned the tables valiantly. "Jim Mayne, what have you done with your golf clubs?"

"Well—" he released her and looked aside sheepishly—"to tell you the truth I—I've sold them, too!"

For a moment Diana hovered between tears and laughter. Then as realisation came to her she began to laugh uncontrollably; and after a moment Jim joined in and laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks.

"Well, we have made a pair of sillies of ourselves! Here are you with a racquet and ten miles to walk every time you use it—and me with a subscription and no clubs to play with! Oh, Di, don't cry, darling, it's really frightfully funny!"

"I'm not crying—they're tears of mirth," gasped Diana, clinging to him weakly. "Give me a hanky, Jim, I'm making my nice clean frock all wet!"

He drew out a handkerchief and prepared to dry her eyes for her. As he did so an unopened envelope fell to the ground and he retrieved it hastily.

"Letter came at midday and I forgot to read it." He tore it open, and uttered an exclamation of amazement. "Di, listen to this—it's from Featherstone, secretary to the Golf Club—to think of me forgetting the meeting last night!"

He read the short letter aloud.

"Dear Sir,

"At last night's General Meeting, from which you were unfortunately absent, you were unanimously elected President of the Club for the ensuing year. As we venture to hope that you will accept office, and the post, of course, carries with it an honorary subscription, I am returning the amount already paid (seven guineas), and we hope to see you on the Links in your Presidential capacity at an early date.

"Yours, etc."

The letter fell to the ground and Jim turned to Diana joyfully.

"Di! What do you say to that! Now we can get you a new bicycle!"

"Nonsense! You must buy back your clubs!" Diana's eyes sparkled with rapture.

"Tell you what." Jim was thinking hard. "Your racquet and subscription only cost five guineas together, that left me one out of the six I got for the clubs. I'll buy 'em back out of the seven guineas I've got here, that leaves us two over to buy you a new bicycle on the instalment plan . . . two guineas down and the rest monthly or something like that. We'll never notice it that way. How's that, Diana? We shall each get a second birthday present, shan't we?"

"Splendid!" Now her blue eyes were tender as well as gay. "But I've got one present I like heaps better than any other, Jim. Haven't you? Do—do say you have!"

"Why, of course!" He read her meaning instantly. "Money is all very well, but love's better. And it was love that paid for our presents, Diana."

"Yes. That's why they're so precious," she said happily.

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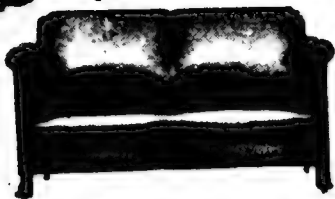
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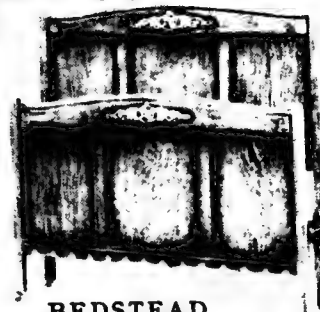
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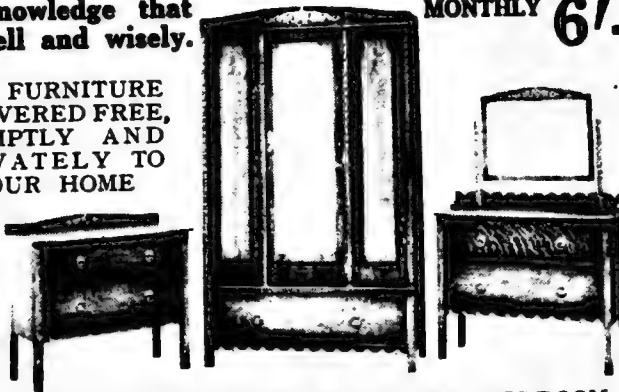


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TWO men were doing different things one day, and each was about fifteen hundred miles distant from the other. One of them was the editor of the *Daily Echo*, who was sitting after lunch on a hot July afternoon in London, wishing drowsily that something would break out and give his paper a real sensation.

The other was in a place called Bouyon, away up in the French Alps, and he was doing nothing more harmful than walking up a hillside looking for something on the ground.

Neither knew anything about the other. Neither was ever to know anything about the other.

But this is the strange part of the story: Had a goblin, say, suddenly whispered in the ear of the editor, that hot July afternoon, that this man was on a hillside fifteen hundred miles away, doing what he was doing, and had that goblin shown him in one bewildering illuminating flash what the events of the next couple of weeks were to be, that editor would have leapt from his chair with distended eyeballs like a madman.

But there was no goblin, no whisperings, nothing but the heat and the dull throb of machinery somewhere in the building, and so the editor sat and pondered.

And the man on the hillside, hundreds of leagues away, went on his way. . . .

IT was about a week afterwards that the editor of the *Daily Echo* was talking to the best reporter on his staff, Mr. Sidney Grafton.

"Those are all the facts we have," he said, finally, licking his lips. "All we know is that there was a duel. But there's something behind that duel. There's probably no truth in the story that Count Valpieri was taken to St. Mark's Hospital, though, in any case, find out all you can."

It was about an hour later that the reporter entered the editor's sanctum. As he sat down, his whole bearing indicated suppressed excitement.

"Well?"

"Valpieri is dying," said Grafton.

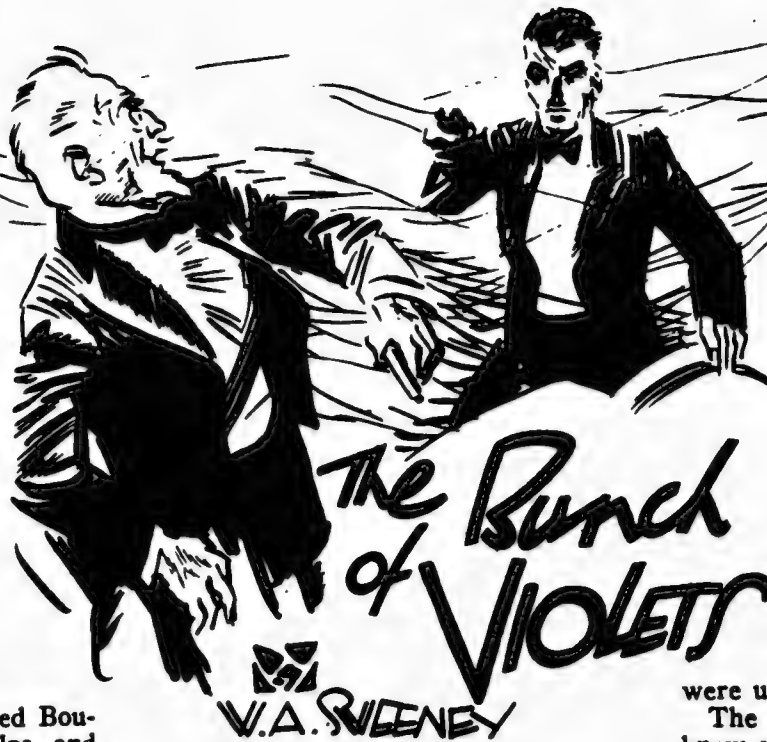
"And that duel story?"

"It's quite right. Barton, of the Foreign Office, wounded the Italian Ambassador seriously. It is quite right that he is in hospital."

"How do you know?"

Grafton smiled. "My brother is a doctor in St. Mark's," he said.

"Oh!" The editor of the *Daily Echo*



It may have been the War of the Bunch of Violets.

tapped the table with a pencil. "Have you been round to Downing Street?"

"Naturally."

"Seen Tomlinson?" Tomlinson was the man who handed out all information to the Press from Downing Street.

Grafton nodded. "He had nothing much to say, of course. You know what they are. . . . The duel story, of course, was neither confirmed nor denied, officially. Nevertheless, the fact remains that Barton of the Foreign Office has disappeared. And there was a duel. Believe me, it is one of the most extraordinary mix-ups that has ever been known in history! The whole thing is a mystery, of such an extraordinary nature, that it will be a job to get at the bottom of it. Officialdom will have their silencers on this like lightning."

"Can you blame them? Where's Valpieri's wife. Can't you get her?"

"Inaccessible. Guarded, I think. Nobody knows where she is."

"Well, write up the story, anyway, good and strong. Let me see it when you've done it."

The *Daily Echo* came out next morning with a line across the front page which ran: "FOREIGN AMBASSADOR SHOT IN DUEL." There were other headlines which ran, in slightly smaller type: "Strange Story of Diplomats' Quarrel."

And so, in the month of July, while all London was thinking of holidays, there came, with those headlines, in the *Daily Echo*, the cloud no bigger than a man's hand. . . .

IT was about mid-day that day when a number of men in the City were regarding each other with queer half-smiles and saying: "I've never heard of a foreign Ambassador being shot by a diplomat before. Have you? What

"... there was a duel."

exactly does this thing mean, old man? And what in blazes caused the row?"

Nobody knew. The whole thing appeared fantastic. Next day there were bulletins on the state of Count Valpieri's health. That was about all, except the statement that the whereabouts of George Granville Barton, of the British Foreign Office, were unknown.

The second morning nobody quite knew whether Barton, if found, should be arrested or not. There were many opinions on it. What was the quarrel, anyway? And if Barton should be arrested for attempted murder, then why not the Italian Ambassador? Hadn't he tried to murder Barton in the duel? But, heaven's above, could one arrest a foreign Ambassador like that and put him in jail?

And so everyone looked at the next one and they all waved their hands feebly at a situation which seemed to hold all the elements of craziness.

It was six o'clock in the evening of the second day that Sidney Grafton of the *Daily Echo* entered the office and went straight to his editor.

"Barton has shot himself in a West-End hotel," he said.

The editor stopped what he was doing, and stared at the reporter for a moment. "Got the whole story?" he demanded.

"The story of his being found shot in the hotel?—Yes. There's no doubt about its being suicide. Best thing for him to do, I imagine."

"Write it up, Grafton, and ask the news-editor to come and see me, will you?" said the editor.

AT the War Office, grey-haired, brown-faced men were arriving in unusual numbers all day. In various departments unusual orders were being transmitted and telephone calls were ringing with considerably more frequency than usual.

A man in uniform sat studying messages in a large room, and, from time to time, summoned some departmental head. Suddenly, the door of his room opened to admit another man, in mufti, tall, lean-faced and sharp-eyed. The man in uniform, whose name was Stanton, pushed across a cigar-case to the newcomer who had sat down on the other side of the table. The visitor's name was Horace Railton, and he was Minister of Foreign Affairs.

(Continued on page 42)

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Drawn by Lupton M. Webb.

"Why, you're actually reading a detective story, auntie."

"Yes, dear, I always read them in the hot weather, they send such delicious chills down my back."

The Bunch of Violets

(Continued from page 40.)

"Any further news?" asked the Foreign Minister, in a tired sort of fashion.

"The note was dispatched by King's Messenger during the night. Valpieri's condition, according to the latest news from the hospital, about an hour and a half ago, is no worse. They are operating on him this afternoon. The bullet escaped the lung all right."

"It's a good job he's no worse. There's no further news from our Ambassador at Rome?"

"Nothing since last night's telegram."

There was a brief silence between the two men. Then the Foreign Minister arose from his chair and walked up and down the room.

"Heard about Barton's death, I suppose?" he said.

The other man nodded.

"Poor fellow, I'm damned sorry. But I suppose that—well his finish up was nearly inevitable. My God, Stanton, we have been lucky in keeping the real significance of all this from the public! The Press has behaved well, so far, though I've no doubt Fleet Street is now making dangerous guesses at the truth of things."

"I'm afraid the true significance of the business is now beginning to tap at the intelligence of every man in the street," observed Stanton, calmly.

"Perhaps, but they don't know that since that cursed duel, Cabinet Ministers have hardly been able to sleep. They do not know that on the sea strange things are happening with ships, Stanton, and iron-clad vessels are steaming towards the Mediterranean since this morning. But, of course, that," he added dryly, "might be regarded as the ordinary manœuvres of the Fleet."

The man called Stanton was playing with a pencil.

"I do not know yet *all* the story about the flowers," he said, quietly. "When I

was called into this thing, I was more concerned with the effects than with the causes."

The flowers were violets," said the Minister for Foreign Affairs. "Valpieri's wife is a woman who might be the cause of a war. If she is it will be known in history as the 'War of the Bunch of Violets.'" He paused and looked from the window.

"It is one of those odd stories," went on the Minister, "which usually come out only in somebody's memoirs, years afterwards. Barton played the fool a little with the beautiful Countess Valpieri. As you probably know, he selected her for special attention at every dinner, diplomatic function, and every other occasion which might bring them together. There was no real harm in it, but he seemed to be infatuated with the woman. Valpieri knew it. It was at the Regal House dinner that the duel took its rise. Countess Valpieri was beside Barton and talking to him all the evening, and Valpieri never took his eyes off them—or off the violets. It was that night he challenged Barton to a duel and Barton nearly killed him."

"But what violets, for the love of heaven—?" began the other man, painfully.

"Ah, that's the beauty of the story. Violets at this time of the year are not easily found in London, as you know. The Countess Valpieri was wearing a beautiful bunch of violets that night."

"For some reason she refused to tell her husband where she had got them. Barton was looking at them a lot during the evening when he and the Countess had their heads together. Valpieri, who is as jealous a man as ever breathed, noticed him do so. You can piece the rest of the story together for yourself."

"But do you know if she *did* get the violets from Barton?"

The Minister for Foreign Affairs smiled. "Personally, I say there was little doubt about it, but, if so, what

harm? Valpieri was, of course, insanely jealous of his English wife."

"Good God! And all through a bunch of violets here we are on the verge of—!" Stanton paused, "on the verge of all sorts of international rows, and all through a bunch of violets."

The two men smoked in silence for a while and then there came a knock at the door which made both turn round. A young man in horn-rimmed spectacles entered with a message for the Minister of Foreign Affairs.

"It's from Downing Street," said Railton, as he opened it. He read it and handed it across the table. "The Premier has heard from the hospital. Valpieri, it seems, is going to live."

"Thank the Lord for that!" said Stanton. "Now most of our anxiety should be at an end."

"Let us hope so," said the Foreign Minister with fervour.

IN a little mountain village in the South of France, a man called John Wimpole was sitting in a little café drinking coffee. The village is called Bouyon—I mentioned it at the beginning of this story—and is two thousand feet above sea-level. Mr. John Wimpole, a good-looking, kindly-faced man, was chatting pleasantly with his patron.

They had been talking of the country around Bouyon, of its vegetation, and its wild but fascinating scenery. But now they were talking of other things and Mr. Wimpole was explaining why he was not married. In the country in France they can rarely understand a man not having a wife.

"You see," said Mr. Wimpole, "every man has his own little story. But there is only one antidote for a disappointment in love, Monsieur Berenger, and that is work. A man must find a new interest in life, something to absorb his every waking moment. I was disappointed. I fled London and came to bury myself in your savage but beautiful mountains. I never read a newspaper. I have no wish to know what is going on in cities. I live for one thing only—the work which I am writing."

"And the lady, monsieur. She is married?" asked the café-keeper.

"Yes, but there is no ill-feeling between us. Now and again I send her a little gift—she knows whence it comes—to let her know I have not forgotten her." He smiled his gentle smile. "I sent her a little gift the other day from the mountains here. You remember those violets you showed me, growing up above here—about the only place where they grow at this time of year?"

"Well, I thought it would be a pretty idea to send her a box-full, for I knew Frances would be delighted with that little poem of fragrance and petals. They were very beautiful." He paused and glanced at his watch, "I'm going up again to-day. But before I go to the violets I must do some work, monsieur."

And rising, leisurely, Mr. Wimpole, the man who gathered a bunch of violets one hot July afternoon, went to his room to start a fresh chapter of his classic work on European Peace.

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SOMETHING FOR NOTHING

by GEOFFREY WILLIAMS



*It is far easier to part a lioness from her cub
than to part old Henry from his money.*

WHEN old Henry Willing announced his intention of "runnin' up to Lunnon" for a day's sightseeing, all his friends in the little bar parlour of the "Share and Colter" arose as one man and endeavoured to deter him.

"Lunnon baint safe for thee!" they told him. "You can't go alone, Henry. Why, the traffic's that thick you'd—"

But old Henry Willing simply turned a deaf ear upon all counsel.

The kindly villagers had good reason for endeavouring to dissuade old Henry from embarking upon such a perilous excursion. He was getting on in years and by no means as hale and hearty as he had been.

However, all argument was futile, for old Henry could be decidedly stubborn when he chose. Moreover, he had just received £25 for compensation in respect of a haymaking mishap.

So, one sunny August morning the old man departed upon the early train for London, smiling blandly upon the few yokels who gathered to see him off.

"Be careful, Henry!" they shouted in unison. "Mind how you go crossing the roads! And don't have nothin' to do wi' strangers!"

WHEN his train steamed into Victoria, old Henry, fatigued by the journey, sought the buffet and called for beer. He fished out a bulky wad of Treasury notes in paying for his refreshment, and the operation did not escape the eagle eye of Mr. Keen Summers, who was sipping a whisky and soda a few paces away.

In fact, Mr. Keen Summers was waiting for something to turn up, and he had marked old Henry down as soon as the

bucolic old buffer had wandered into the bar.

For Mr. Keen Summers was an exponent of every known form of confidence trick, and he knew that it would be the easiest thing in the world to separate that doddering old fool from his money.

But Mr. Keen Summers was an artist, and he scorned to take immediate advantage of such easy game as old Henry.

So when the latter left the bar and sauntered out into the roaring city streets, Summers followed at a discreet distance, content to bide his time.

FOR the remainder of that morning he followed his quarry, noting joyfully the old man's nervous caution in crossing the roadway, and the bewildered manner in which he kept turning his head from one side to the other as he walked.

That morning, Summers had received an advance proof of certain printed matter relating to a new mining proposition. Here, he felt, was an excellent opportunity for trying out the "story" that he had already prepared in this connection. He felt in excellent form, and could not refrain from gloating at the thought of how his victim would stare when he launched a broadside from his wondrous battery of stock patter.

He was delighted when he saw old Henry turn into a quiet restaurant for lunch, and presently he drifted casually in after him. The confidence man dropped into an opposite seat with a breezy "Good afternoon!" Old Henry nodded benignly and turned his attention to his luncheon.

Summers gave his own order to the waitress and took careful, but unobtrusive note of his prospective victim. A ponderous guide-book lay open beside

the old man's plate, and he was blinking at it, between mouthfuls, through old-fashioned spectacles.

Oh, undoubtedly this was a case of "something for nothing," but Summers, true to his precepts, set about shearing the lamb with all his artistry.

Luncheon over, he proffered his tobacco pouch graciously, letting drop a few pleasant words of casual conversation.

The old man beamed across at the stranger through his quaint spectacles and began to fill a gnarled, cherrywood pipe, muttering his thanks the while.

Summers, in his turn, filled his briar, and after a few preliminary puffs, plunged tactfully into the real business of the day.

"I see that, like myself, you are a stranger to London," he murmured, nodding towards the open guide-book.

The old man followed the direction of his gaze and nodded. Then he handed the volume across to the stranger.

"You be quite welcome to look up anything," he offered generously.

"Thanks very much," replied Summers. "I *should* like to look up and see how many steps there are to the top of the Monument."

HE made a pretence of studying the pages for a few moments and then handed the volume back.

"I must say I'm rather glad to knock up against a fellow 'stranger,'" he continued. "It's a lonely old city for anyone who's not used to the roar and bustle. I've been away in the wilds for the last five years—out in New Mexico."

He settled back in his chair and puffed reflectively at his briar. Already he saw by the intensity of the old man's gaze that the latter's interest was aroused.

So he himself gazed reminiscently into space through the haze set up by their combined pipes, and continued:

"I went out with a mining outfit," he confided in low musical tones. "Laid out every penny I had in the hope of making my fortune. . . ."

And from this beginning, the confidence man rambled pleasantly on in his gentle, but compelling voice, painting wondrous word pictures for the benefit of his listener, descriptive of the mining life in New Mexico.

It was truly a wonderful tale that he unfolded, and Mr. Keen Summers spoke his part with consummate skill. Now and again, in the course of his narrative, he would cast a furtive glance at his victim, and he saw that he was staring wide-eyed in wonderment.

Skilfully, tactfully, and without undue haste, Mr. Keen Summers came round to the point of his tale.

"Well," he murmured, "after years of disappointment, my dreams were

(Continued on page 46.)

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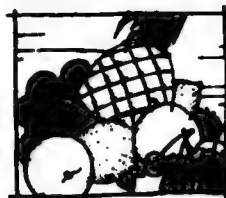
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POLICEMAN: "Were you speeding?"
GIRL: No, but I've just passed someone who was."

Drawn by Lindsey Cable.



HE (looking at watch): "Nearly ten o'clock. In five minutes we shall be in the tunnel."
SHE: "Er—aren't you rather slow, Jack?"

Drawn by W. S. Turner.

Something for Nothing

(Continued from page 44.)

realised, and the fortune I had sought so long was almost within my grasp! Almost, but not quite. You see," he went on, "I'd hardly any cash left by that time, and I either had to sell out my claim, and let others reap the benefit of my endeavour, or to form a company and raise the working capital by public subscription.

"I chose the latter, and that's why I'm in London. I've just formed a limited liability company, and the shares will be on the market in a few days time. See, here's some of the stock."

He produced some exquisite examples of the printer's art as he spoke.

"There's stock in the 'New Mexico So-Deep Mining Syndicate, Ltd.' that's going to bring a fortune to anyone who's wise enough to get hold of it while it's to be had."

HE paused with a satisfied sigh and began to re-kindle his pipe which had been allowed to go out during his half-hour's discourse. He was too fine an artist to press a sale there and then. He was merely whetting his victim's appetite. That stock would be replaced in his pocket and the subject temporarily dismissed. Then he would suggest an afternoon's joint sightseeing, and later in the day make a seemingly casual offer to let his new-found friend "come in on the ground floor."

But Mr. Summers was allowing his brilliant mind to carry him on too hastily. He looked up from re-lighting his pipe to see old Henry engrossed in his guide-book, while the flamboyant share certificates lay unheeded where Summers had laid them!

Mr. Summers picked them up with a flourish.

"Not a bad proposition, eh?" he asked. "Er—" stammered old Henry, grasping the proffered documents in a dazed fashion. "I beg pardon. I didn't notice that 'e were passing I something—I lost one eye pitchforkin' down at the farm."

"I'm sorry to hear that," murmured Summers in kindly tones, disguising the surprise which he himself felt at the disclosure. "No one would ever suspect that you have a glass eye, I'm sure! I was just saying that that is some of my mining stock."

"Stock?" echoed old Henry dully.

"Yes!" snapped the other. He had not expected his victim to be such an arrant bumpkin.

OLD Henry took one more glance at the florid documents, then he handed them back across the table.

"Thank 'e, but I baint wantin' any," he murmured.

"But," spluttered the outraged Mr. Summers, replacing the documents in his pocket, "I wasn't asking you to take any!"

"Beg pardon," murmured old Henry, gathering up his guide-book and reaching for his hat, "but I be terrible deaf, and I didn't quite understand 'e. Good day to 'e, sir. I hope 'e baint offended?"

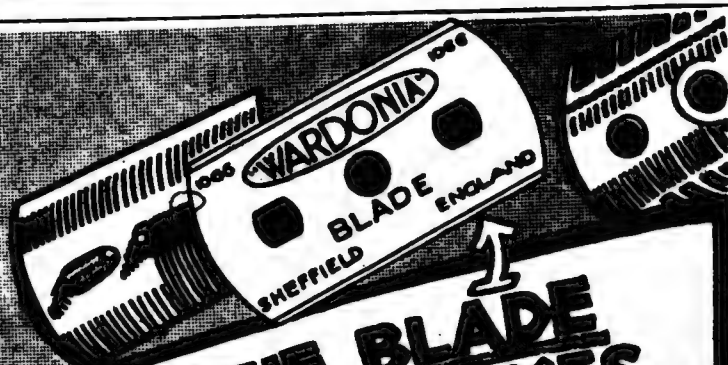
But Mr. Keen Summers was too disgusted to reply!



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The KILLER, by Sydney Horler



A long drawn-out gasp sob came from the man in the dock.

Fate invariably gets the right man, sooner or later. In Dr. Wichery's case it was sooner.

IT was the ex-prison chaplain speaking.

"Justice," he said, answering my question, "is a thing often apart from the law. For the surest natural law is that of retribution." He paused, puffing slowly at his pipe.

"Dr. Aubrey Wichery was the author of one of the foulest crimes in history, even if the jury did return a verdict of 'Not Guilty' at his trial."

He paused again, evidently beset by considerable emotion. I wanted to hear this story.

"Did this man bear out your theory about retribution—a justice that comes by natural means?" I enquired; and my companion nodded his head.

"His death did," he replied.

When the newspapers announced (started the ex-prison chaplain) that the eminently respectable Dr. Aubrey Wichery had been arrested on a charge of murdering his wife by arsenical poisoning, a most profound sensation was caused throughout the West End of London.

The charge seemed preposterous; Dr. Wichery was an eminent practitioner, well known and well liked. And, as if a man possessing his medical knowledge would use—even had he been so evilly-minded—such an easily traceable poison as arsenic!

It seemed preposterous, for anyone less unlike the usual conception of a murderer than Dr. Aubrey Wichery it would have been almost impossible to imagine. Strikingly handsome in a benign way, he had the cultured tones and the agreeable manners of the best type of West End physician.

His manner was irreproachable, and he was a great favourite with his lady patients. Some said he was too great a favourite, but it must be remembered that Dr. Wichery was a strikingly handsome man, and that there are plenty of slanders about.

Later it was to be proved that while Dr. Aubrey Wichery always looked the world in the face, and had a smile on his lips, black hell ruled in his heart.

But people were sorry for him.

"Poor Mrs. Wichery; she is such an invalid, and the doctor so handsome—it must be a great trial to him. It might be a blessing if—"

Eventually the invalid did die, and the liveliest curiosity was openly expressed as to "what the doctor would do now?"

BUT Dr. Aubrey Wichery, instead of going to his second marriage, went to the New Bailey to be tried on a charge of murdering his wife by poisoning.

Something had gone astray; one of the links in the chain he had fashioned with, he must have thought, scrupulous care and thoroughness, had snapped. The reporting of a chance remark to a nurse, who, fascinated by him, had yielded to his importunities—and his whole world came tumbling down about his ears.

The case for the prosecution—for whom that astute prober, Sir Arthur Finton, led—hung on the evidence of the nurse; a pretty girl of great personal charm, she made a tragic figure in the witness-box.

She had been diabolically wronged by the handsome West End physician, who was old enough to be her father, and when, in an agony of repentance and

fear she had spoken to the accused, he had used the damning words: "It won't be long, now!" These words as you may guess, caused a most profound sensation, and from this point popular favour turned steadily against the man.

When the final day of the trial came, then, the consensus of opinion was that Dr. Wichery would be found guilty—public opinion said as much, and public opinion is generally right, even though a guilty man has sometimes escaped with his life.

But to continue. Sir Arthur Finton summed up his evidence for the prosecution in a characteristically masterly fashion. He was cold, entirely without passion, but his logic was deadly.

He told the jury that against the secret poisoner there was absolutely no protection except the fear of detection and punishment, and that, therefore, it was in the best interests of society that the prisoner should be found guilty, and that he should not escape the last grim penalty of his crime. They, the jury, were engaged in the most solemn and important duty that could possibly fall to the lot of man; it behoved them to fulfil that solemn and important duty faithfully and according to the dictates of their commonsense and their conscience.

As the words rang out, clear, cold, but fascinatingly compelling, every eye seemed to turn instinctively to the man in the dock.

WICHERY had his head bent, but it was generally remarked how he trifled at such a tremendous moment in his life—when he stood on the very brink of eternity—with a handsome ring that adorned the third finger of his right hand. The evidence already given had gone to show that he was a man of almost unbelievable personal vanity, but that he should be so callous as to toy with a ring at such a time—!

Even his counsel seemed to feel that Wichery's attitude prejudiced him in the eyes of the jury, for he looked searchingly at the man in the dock, trying to catch his eye. But the prisoner persisted in toying with his ring; he appeared indifferent to everything else.

After this prologue, if so I may be allowed to describe his opening remarks, the Counsel for the Crown commenced to draw his net around the prisoner.

He pointed out that the man charged was a medical practitioner of good standing, with a large and influential practice. He was acknowledged to be a capable doctor.

How, then, was it, assuming him to be innocent of the fiendish and inhuman crime with which he was charged, he did not diagnose the symptoms which frequently occurred during the long illness of his wife, and which all pointed to arsenical poisoning? And if he did not administer himself that poison which subsequently was found in the deceased's

(Continued on page 50.)

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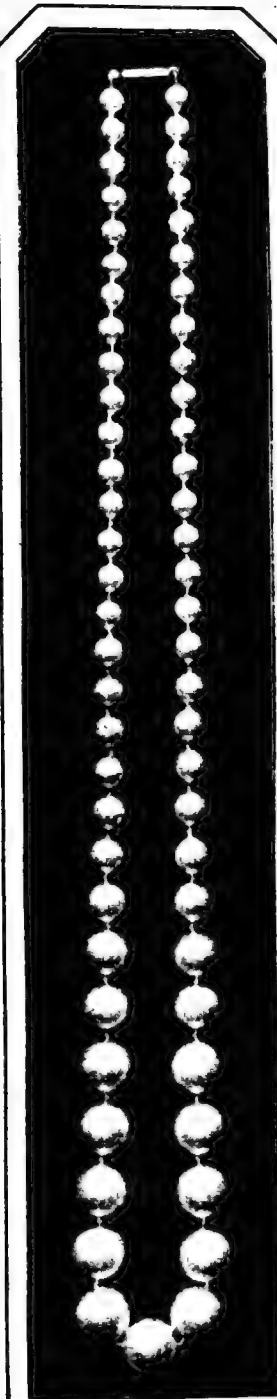
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Drawn by Fred Buchanan.

"Well, after his behaviour yesterday I'll never go fishing with him again as long as I live."
 "Heavens, what did he do?"
 "Oh, he just fished!"

(Continued from page 48.)

body, how came it to be taken by the unfortunate woman?

As I have already told you, it was a masterly plea for the jury to declare the prisoner guilty of a terrible crime, and when, after speaking for over six hours, the Crown Counsel sat down, it was acknowledged that he had delivered the address of his professional career, and that the prisoner was practically doomed.

BUT the case was not yet over. Wichery's solicitor had been fortunate enough to be able to brief Mr. John Simister, K.C., for the defence. A greater contrast could not have been obtained than the difference between the cold, precise, sedulously-controlled tones of Sir Arthur Finton, and the eager, impassioned eloquence of John Simister, the famous Irish pleader.

The Counsel for the Defence threw the crowded court into a ferment of excitement by opening his address to the jury with the following sensational words:

"Gentleman of the jury, the prisoner at the bar is the most inhuman monster and the foulest creature that ever lived if he is guilty of the crime with which he is indicted. If he is guilty, mark you, gentlemen. But I say that he is innocent!"

"The accused must be innocent," Counsel proceeded, "for how could such a man as Aubrey Wichery, a medical practitioner of such excellent West End standing, have been likely to run such a terrible risk?"

"It was admitted that the prisoner—carelessly, of course—had left various preparations of arsenic about which he used in his legitimate duties, and the obvious theory apparently was that the poor, unfortunate woman had been in

the habit of swallowing some of these preparations, and keeping the knowledge to herself.

"Perhaps she knew she had not long to live, and had tried to hasten the inevitable end? He did not advance that view except that, as the whole case was shrouded in mystery, it seemed a more likely hypothesis than the grave charge made against the unhappy man in the dock."

The crowded court continued to listen in rapt interest; then their eyes turned once more to the prisoner.

Aubrey Wichery had ceased playing with the ornate ring on the third finger of his right hand. He held his head up now, as though able to face the world again. His features were pale, but composed.

If Sir Arthur Finton's speech had been a masterpiece of incisive arguing, so, in turn, was John Simister's address to the jury a masterpiece of passionate pleading. The speaker's personality dominated the Court.

He admitted the guilt of the prisoner with reference to the nurse, Jenkins, but added impressively: "Let the man amongst us who is himself without sin"—and he glanced searchingly around the Court—"be the first to throw a stone!"

"I ask you to look at the prisoner," continued Counsel for the Defence; "can you conceive that this man could possibly have committed the atrocious, cold-blooded and fiendish crime of which he is accused? I say that the Prosecution have not proved their case; I say that this man, who has already suffered so terribly, should be set free, as he is entirely innocent of the indictment, and I say that, members of the jury, with every nerve of my body and every ounce of my strength!" Counsel sat down in a state bordering on nervous collapse through the force he had put into the final words.

It was a moment charged with dynamic tension.

After that came the summing up. Justice Melville, renowned for his charges to the jury, brought the Court back to normal after the heated peroration and delivery of the last speaker. It was as though a window in the Court room had been opened to let in a blast of icy wind.

The members of the jury were looking fagged and weary, as though they feared the dreadful duty which would shortly be theirs. Several fashionably gowned society women appeared on the border of hysterics. For perhaps the hundredth time that day, all eyes turned in horrible fascination to the man in the dock.

His head bent, Aubrey Wichery was once again playing with the ring on his right hand . . .

AT last the Judge was done. He had spoken at great length, he told the jury, because in a case of such appalling aspect as this one was, it was his duty to present to them every fact which appeared to him to bear either on one side or on the other.

I have known many poignant moments (went on the ex-Prison Chaplain), but I cannot recall a scene so vibrant with dramatic suspense as when, an hour later, the foreman of the jury stood up to deliver the verdict. After the usual procedure, and amid a silence that was painful to live through, the man choked out the words:

"Not Guilty!"
 "Ah-h-h-h-h!"

A long-drawn-out gasping sob rang through the Court. It came from the man in the dock. Dr. Aubrey Wichery had pitched forward; after shuddering convulsively, he laid in a huddled heap.

"Fainted?" I cried, for this tale had told on me.

"Dead! I have mentioned the ring with which he toyed throughout the trial whenever things were looking black against him. That ring was charged with a particularly virulent poison, into which was steeped a minute steel fang. It was a relic of the Middle Ages, and might have belonged to one of the Borgia's.

"It had been Wichery's intention without a doubt, to press this fang into his hand directly the verdict of guilty, which he fully expected, had been given—he shrank from the horror of dying on the gallows—but in the overwhelming excitement of hearing that he was a free man, he gripped his hands so tightly that the death-fang (already loose through his constant trifling with it) penetrated his flesh. It was when he felt the sharp kiss of the poisoned steel that he cried out in his agony, for he knew that in a couple of minutes he would be dead!"

"But how did you know that he was really guilty?" I asked, after a long pause.

The ex-Prison Chaplain rose and reached for his hat.

"The night before, Wichery confessed to me," he said.

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Children are So Selfish

by E. Winch

When it came to the point Joanna was not nearly so selfish as her parents.

"I DO think, Joanna, that you might stay at home and help me with my Guild tea this afternoon," said Mrs. Peters. "You have really nothing to do except the housekeeping. But children are so selfish nowadays."

"Oh, mummy, I hate those stuffy old women, besides I'm always booked up in the afternoons."

"Always gadding about, you mean," growled Colonel Peters, "which reminds me, if you will come in at one in the morning you might be more considerate than to bang the front door."

Mrs. Peters chimed in quickly. "I don't think, dear, that you ought to stay out so late. Your father and I both feel that it would be better if you told us where you were going and who was acting chaperone to the party. Do you know that it is months since you have dined at home?"

"I do all the housekeeping quite properly; why shouldn't I have my evenings off?" demanded her daughter rebelliously. "Why, every shop-girl gets that."

"That's exactly the point," Colonel Peters glared at her over his spectacles. "You're not a shop-girl." He saw a retort coming and added quickly, "I suppose that it never strikes you that it is very selfish to leave your mother alone in the evenings?"

"You go and play Bridge at your club," flashed out Joanna.

"That is different," said her father with dignity. "Quite different. A girl's place is in her home."

"Oh, you are perfectly ridiculous," said Joanna, gathering up a pile of papers from beside her plate.

"You impertinent . . ." Meeting his wife's imploring eyes, the sentence finished in his moustache. Joanna laughed.

"You're only going to read the papers

at your club," she pointed out. "I've got appointments, and these to pay," she waved the papers in her hand and retreated to the door. "I'll try and be quiet when I come in."

The bang of the door finished the argument. Mrs. Peters hurried to the window.

"It's that Whethers boy," she reported. "In a two-seater. He must be quite ineligible, too, for Joanna herself told me that he was some sort of an actor. Oh, what am I to do?"

"Do?" repeated her husband, banging his fist on the table. "Put your foot down. You've spoiled the girl, she should never have been allowed to dance round with a lot of young cubs, and paint her face as though she were a hundred and fifty."

MRS. Peters sighed and stooped to retrieve a piece of paper from the floor. "She won't listen to me," she protested, plaintively. Then with a change of note. "Oh!"

"What's the matter now?"

"This, John, look!"

He took the paper from her and adjusted his spectacles.

"Good Lord, where did you get this?"

"She must have dropped it as she went out."

"Twenty-seven pounds for one frock?"

"I know," wailed Mrs. Peters. "Nearly her whole year's allowance."

"That's enough," said Colonel Peters grimly. "I don't suppose this is the only bill she has run up. Where does she keep her papers?"

His wife nodded towards a bureau by the window, he crossed and caught hold of the handles of the topmost drawer.

"Locked. That speaks for itself."

Mrs. Peters offered him the key of the china cabinet.

"Try this," she suggested. "It should fit."

He fitted it in and pulled open the drawer, disclosing a clotted mass of letters, bills and receipts flanked by a red pass-book.

Mrs. Peters picked out a bill at random and gave a gasp.

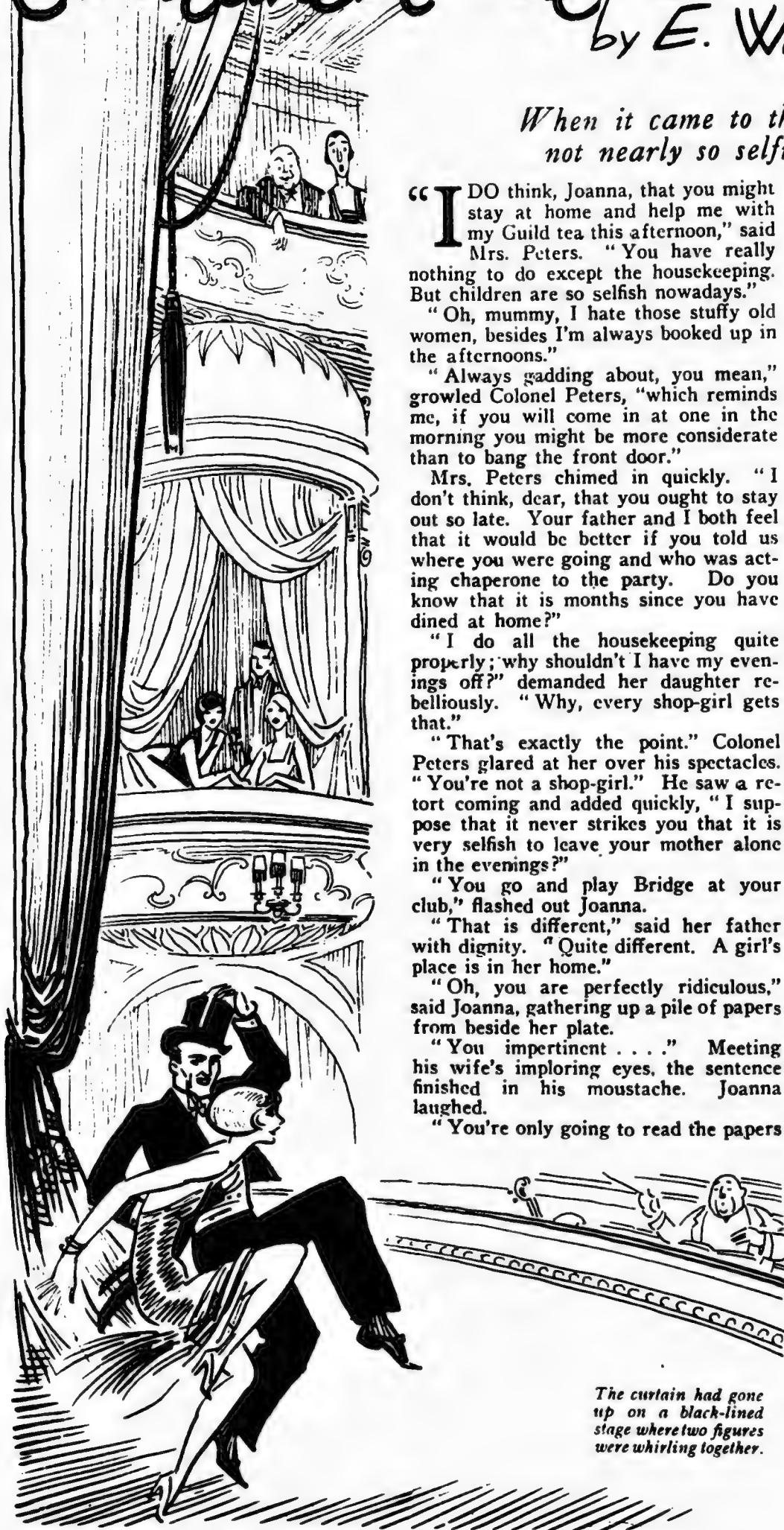
"Do you know she has been ordering the bacon from the most expensive shop in London?" she asked in awed tones.

"She seems to think that my pension is six thousand instead of six hundred," he grunted, opening the pass-book.

There was a short silence while he studied the entries.

"Jane," he said at last, very quietly. "This is worse than I thought. She

(Continued on page 54.)



The curtain had gone up on a black-lined stage where two figures were whirling together.

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Children are so Selfish

(Continued from page 52.)

has been taking money from that Whethers boy."

"You mean—"

"Well, we can't be sure how far it has gone, but I hope to Heaven we've found out in time. She's had over three hundred from him since Christmas."

"But what on earth does she want it all for?"

"I can't make out, the cheques are drawn to self. Can she be gambling? Here's another paid in—Stone, the name looks like."

Mrs. Peters began to cry, her husband patted her shoulder soothingly.

"Never mind, my dear, it's not your fault, it is these rotten modern ideas, making girls think of no one but themselves. I'll stop this, anyway."

"John? What are you going to do?"

"Sit up until she comes in and have a talk to the man who brings her back," said Colonel Peters grimly.

"THERE'S the telephone," said Mrs. Peters, dining with her husband at seven o'clock the same evening. "All right, Mary's answered it."

The voice of the maid floated through the door.

"Yes, sir. Miss Peters told me if you rang up I was to say that you'd catch her at the Odeon Theatre if you rang up before eleven. Yes, sir."

Mrs. Peters met her husband's gaze and nodded.

"We should make sure of seeing who it is," she agreed. "Dress circle seats wouldn't cost very much."

"I could get hold of the man between the acts," he added.

"I'll get your coat and scarf," said Mrs. Peters. "And a bottle of smelling salts. I am afraid Joanna may be upset."

"I expect she will," said Joanna's father between his teeth.

The series of turns which the Odeon called "revue" began at eight, but ten minutes before that time Mrs. Peters was craning over the balcony at the audience below.

"I don't think she's come yet," she whispered. "Unless she's in that box on the right."

"With that crew?" groaned Colonel Peters. "Shall I go down and see?"

"Wait until the interval," advised his wife.

A Gilbert and Sullivan revival was the only thing that ever drew the Peters to the theatre, but in spite of himself, Colonel Peters found he was interested in the antics of the girl on the right of the stage.

"Will you go down now?" asked Mrs. Peters as the last toe kicked its way into the wings.

"Wait a moment," he answered, "the show is beginning again, what is it? Famous Charlest . . . Bother the lights."

The curtain had gone up on a black-lined stage, where two figures were whirling together, a man who in his wildest contortions, contrived to keep a top hat balanced on his head, and a girl,



Drawn by Boxes.

"There's a smart little thing, George."

"I thought you were getting your costume from Maison Janis?"

"I am, but I positively can't go to see her like this."

a mere catherine wheel of scarlet skirt and bare legs.

"They are really rather wonderful," said Mrs. Peters, with a grudging admiration, as the two dancers sank into deep bows. As if she had heard, the girl threw back her head and laughed at the audience.

"John," said Mrs. Peters. "John."

"I know," he answered.

"Has she been doing *this* all the time?"

"Was it her? At this distance one might have made a mistake."

"Look at the programme," begged Mrs. Peters.

"Willie Whethers and — Joanna Petrie!" he read.

His wife took out the bottle of smelling salts and sniffed hard.

"She had practically nothing on," snorted Joanna's father.

"She stood on her head half the time," sobbed Mrs. Peters. "I think you'd better take me home."

"COME in and have a drink," suggested Joanna. "But for Heaven's sake don't make a row or Daddy will be furious with me to-morrow."

Mr. William Whethers closed the front door as if it were made of eggshells and followed his hostess.

"I always get Mary to leave a meal for me, dancing makes me so hungry," said Joanna. "Have some—oh!" The exclamation was forced out by the sight of her parents standing near the fire.

"What on earth's the matter?" she asked them.

Colonel Peters shut the door.

"There is no need for the servant to hear," he said. "Your mother and I were at the Odeon Theatre to-night."

For a moment she stared at him wildly, then fell against Willie Whethers in a fit of helpless laughter.

"I see nothing to laugh at," said her father crossly. "If it amuses you to take off your clothes and make a show of yourself, I do not find it funny. As for this man—"

"One moment, sir," The boy shook off Joanna and faced Colonel Peters. "The whole thing was entirely my fault."

"Nonsense, Billy, you were a pet—" began Joanna, but he silenced her.

"I suggested Jo should dance, and found her a billet," said Whethers. "If you've any objection, sir, you'd better make it to me."

"What your motives were," growled Colonel Peters, "I can only guess, but I've every objection to Joanna's behaviour and her having borrowed money from you."

"Borrowing?" Joanna looked blankly at her father.

"I may as well warn you that I've looked through your pass-book," he told her.

"Have you?" said Joanna between her teeth. "Have you?"

"Yes. And I know that you owe this fellow about three hundred pounds."

A wave of enlightenment broke over the boy's face.

"If you mean her salary, I paid in her share," he said. "And if you want to know where the money went—"

"No, no, Billy, don't," begged Joanna but he went on remorselessly.

"Most of the money, as far as I can gather, has gone to keep you and Mrs. Peters in comfort."

There was a silence.

"Is it true, Joanna?" asked Mrs. Peters softly.

"Yes, mummy, dear, as soon as I took on the housekeeping I saw that you and Daddy couldn't be really well fed and keep a decent maid on six hundred a year. I knew that if I told you I wanted to work you'd never agree, so I talked to Billy and he suggested this. I could dance, particularly with Billy, and the money made all the difference."

SHE stopped with flushed cheeks and Whethers squeezed her hand, whispering, "Cheer up, old thing."

"You didn't mean to do any harm," said her father slowly, as though the words dripped out of his lips. "But if you had thought a little you would have seen that your mother and I would far rather give up anything than have—this. Still, you meant well my dear so we'll forget it all. If you really want to earn money for your own frocks, we'll find something suitable. A child to take out, perhaps, or an old lady to read to—"

"Oh," said Joanna as though she were choking. "Oh." Then Whethers' arm went round her and she laughed.

"There won't be any need," she said gaily. "I've taken on a job—looking after Billy."

"My dear said Mrs. Peters. "My dear, I'm very glad, of course, but what are you going to live on?"

"Oh, Billy's beastly rich," said Joanna. "He only dances for fun."

"I'm afraid you'll miss the child when she marries," said Colonel Peters, as he and his wife went slowly up to bed.

"I shall," she admitted mournfully. "I hate English housekeeping. But you can't expect Joanna to think of me, children are always selfish . . ."

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Put a teaspoonful of Bovril into a tumbler, mix it *thoroughly* with a tablespoonful of water (hot or cold) and fill up with soda water. Stir briskly.



The Witness for the Defence

by M.O. SALE



Philip Mein must thank his lucky stars that he had a penknife.

SOME people seem to take a positive pleasure in pessimism. Philip Mein was like that. He was a creature of moods. He was not only over-sensitive but over-sentimental. He called his creed fatalism, but it was only self-depreciation to a maudlin degree.

It was inevitable, therefore, that he should fall in love with a girl like Alice Lane who was not in the least likely to have him.

"Don't you worry about her, my boy," his father advised when he saw what the trouble was.

But Philip Mein just had to worry.

He looked upon her as the ideal woman, a Madonna, an angel . . . what he really needed was some fat, comfortable damsel who could cook tripe decently and darn his socks.

In his daydreams, of course, he was the hero of many a brave feat by which to prove himself worthy of Alice's affections, but in real life the best he could manage was to stand in the street and stare up at her window at night, and sometimes get in a word with her about the weather.

From a host of rivals for Alice's hand one gradually singled himself out in the person of Isherwood Bertram Illingworth, the son of a neighbouring squire. Naturally with a name like that, a chap was bound to have a pull in a small country town like Tilcester, and when you add taste in dress, unlimited self-assurance, and a gift for repartee, the effect was simply devastating. Isherwood was as good at "This Woman Business" as Philip Mein was hopelessly rotten.

It is doubtful if Philip would ever have found pluck to propose to Alice Lane on water, but double whiskies are a marvellous tonic, and coming across her one afternoon, after an adjournment to the local hostelry, he surprised himself by taking her arm and saying.

"Miss Lane—Alice—I-I-I love you. Will you—will you—will you be my wife?"

Inspector Dodd's heavy hand descended on his shoulder.

He could not have chosen a worse moment for his avowal. But how was he to know that? She gave him a frank look, full of sympathy. She was in a position to be kind and generous.

"I'm so sorry, Philip, but I've just accepted Mr. Illingworth."

He stood there, very white about the gills and red about the ears, fiddling in the dust with his stick.

"Oh, then I-I beg your pardon."

"Granted at once," she replied.

He could not force himself to look her in the face.

"I suppose I'd better be going then," he managed to stammer. "I-I wish you luck," and he raised his hat.

"Thank you very much," the girl said with a parting smile.

It was a knock-out blow for Philip, and he felt an urgent need of somewhere peaceful and quiet to recover. Wandering away, therefore, with the final knell of all his hopes ringing in his ears, his feet led him to his favourite walk—across Monastery Meadows into Monastery Woods.

As he approached a stile with a flat, smooth top, Philip's pocket-knife automatically came out. He was a great carver of initials in his moods of depression, which were frequent, and many a "P.M." and "A.L." linked together with ornate brackets, or pierced with a cupid's dart.

But now as he began work as usual on the "A.L." his soul was filled with bitterness. What was the good, he asked himself, of linking those dear initials with

(Continued on page 58.)



Austin Molloy

Drawn by Austin Molloy.

HE: "Ah, that reminds me, did the laundry send back my collars this week?"

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"AND THIS IS THE SECOND JOB YOU'VE LOST, DEAR," answered his wife sorrowfully. "We're surely up against hard luck."

A few hours before this conversation Jones was himself the subject of a conversation between the business manager and his assistant.

"I don't like to let Jones go," the manager said. "Married man with a wife to support. But I've simply got to. He's willing enough and faithful, too. But his English! You know how he talks, Bill. Maybe he didn't go to school long enough—but if that's the case why doesn't he try to improve himself? After hearing him talk to customers and hearing him dictate letters I can understand why his sales record stands still. He's not a very big asset to the house and it would never do to advance him."

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JUVENILE CRICKETER: "Is 'Orace in?"
GIRL: "Course 'e is! Can't yer see 'is shirt on the line?"

Drawn by Thos. Somerfield.

The Witness for the Defence

(Continued from page 56.)

"P.M." any more when their owner herself was to be linked with Isherwood Bertram Illingworth? His were the initials to carve.

The truth might hurt, but there was a certain satisfaction in being frank with oneself, and though tears sprang to the miserable little fellow's eyes as he stabbed viciously at the "I," and then the "B.," and then the other "I," it was at the same time an undoubted relief to his feelings. "Mrs. Illingworth! Ha!" he exclaimed to himself bitterly, staunching the blood where the knife had shut suddenly and nipped his finger. "'Mrs. Bertram Illingworth!' . . . or 'Mrs. Isherwood Illingworth' perhaps! Dressing for dinner, opening bazaars, and what not! What a life!"

But as a matter of fact Fate had not destined Alice Lane to be any sort of Mrs. Illingworth, but plain Mrs. Mein. What caused her fiancé to disappear suddenly from Tilcester a fortnight before his marriage was not generally known, but he did so; and Alice, looking

round for someone to salve her wounded vanity, pitched naturally on Philip, whose father had just died and left him in easy circumstances.

They were married and prospered financially. At home they were not so happy. Shrewd observers gave the marriage three years, but in point of fact five years passed by before Philip, returning from the office one afternoon, found a white-faced parlour maid gaping at him in the hall.

"Please, Sir, m—m—m—m—"

"What on earth is it?" he demanded.

"M—m—mistress!"

"Well?"

"'Er and that Mr. Illingworth—"

It was the old, old story. He had come back, this flame of her youth, big, dominant, and optimistic as ever. Told her the tale as only he could tell it; explained the past somehow to her satisfaction; and she had gone off with him.

She had scribbled three words on a scrap of paper which she had shoved into an envelope.

"Try and forgive."

Philip Mein scowled.

"T'ch! Try TO forgive, it ought

to be," he grumbled, being a man who habitually put little things first. "Why on earth are women always so slovenly in their grammar?"

He had come home about six, which was earlier than usual, and the culprits had only been gone half-an-hour. He did not even know whether to feel sorry or not. He passed through the garden gate, and his feet led him to what was still his Meadow into Monastery Woods.

He reached the stile in a breathless condition, and stood for a few moments gazing across Tilcester valley to the distant blue line of the Welsh mountains. Then his eyes fell and rested on the letters he had himself cut six long years ago, the initials of Alice, his wife, and her former (and present) lover.

"Some prophets, those letters, after all!" he muttered bitterly as he took out his penknife, "but they want re-cutting. They're beginning to get illegible. I'd better see about it."

SEVEN was striking when he finished and started to walk home. The sun was setting, and the blood red glitter of it was in his eyes as he came up the lane at the back of his house, so that he did not see Inspector Dodd till the latter's heavy hand descended on his shoulder.

"I want to speak to you a moment."

"Me? Oh! Why? What's the matter?"

The Inspector formally cautioned him and then proceeded.

"You knew Mr. Illingworth had come back?"

"Yes." Philip Mein hesitated a moment and then said. "He's run off with my wife. What about him?"

"He's been murdered!"

"Murdered? Illingworth?" gasped Philip Mein stupidly. "Who by? Why?"

The Inspector treated this rain of questions with stolid indifference.

"You came home about six, didn't you?" he asked, looking at his watch. "It's a quarter past seven now. Would you care to account for your movements between those two times? There is no obligation, you know, if you'd rather not."

Philip Mein gave a slight shudder. Then, he turned on his heel abruptly.

"Certainly. Come with me," he said. They walked together in silence, the Inspector alert and vigilant for any surprise move on the part of his man, who seemed however, to have sunk into a kind of trance. They crossed Monastery Meadow, entered Monastery Woods, and arrived at length at the stile with the flat, smooth top.

Philip Mein pointed with his finger.

"If you know anything at all about carving, especially with a tiny pocket-knife like mine, you can judge how long a neat job like that must have taken," he said with a touch of pride, blowing some fresh wood powder out of the deep clean cut initials of the girl he had married and the man who tried to steal her away. "Rather apt, isn't it?" he added, as the Inspector, with uplifted eyebrows, studied the inscription:

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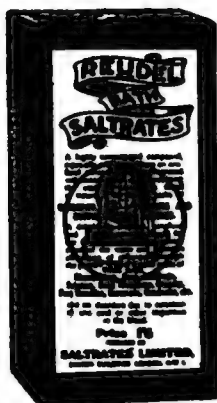
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"My dear," he exclaimed joyously, "there isn't going to be any more tragedy."

WHEN the *Evening Independent* decided to run a Cross Word Puzzle Competition, with a prize of £100 to the winner, the motive was what might be called strictly utilitarian. Certain circulation matters were becoming a distinct problem, and something had to be done. Just what the effect was on the languishing circulation is a question yet to be determined, but that this contest changed the entire course of Marjorie Renner's life is undeniable.

A clever woman, looking at Marjorie Renner's black hair and colourless skin, her grave, none too happy, grey eyes, and her little heart-shaped mouth would have said, "That girl has possibilities. A little more animation, the right frock—"

Marjorie had never come in contact with clever women, and she herself was unaware of her own possibilities. But when one is quite alone in the world, when one lives in a tiny furnished room, goes off every morning at nine to an office, and returns at six-thirty, one is inclined to be somewhat oblivious both to one's own possibilities and to the possibilities of life itself.

Strictly speaking, it was the *Evening Independent's* Cross Word Puzzle Competition that set the stage for Marjorie's great adventure. The prologue was a sentence in a book Marjorie had taken from the library. "The tragedy of life," said this sentence, "is not that unpleasant things happen to one, but that nothing happens."

SHE put the book down when she had read that far. Sitting on the floor of her cheerless room with its flickering light, she looked about her miserably.

"The tragedy of life," she whispered dully "is that nothing happens." Then laying the book beside her, she put her head on her knees and cried softly. "Oh," she sobbed, "if only something would happen!"

Then quite suddenly she sat up. For just as plainly as if someone had leaned over her shoulder and spoken into her ear, she heard a voice. "Make it," it said. "Don't wait any longer. Make something happen."

"Oh, I will, I will!" she exclaimed.

At this juncture the Cross Word Puzzle Competition appeared on the

An indelible lipstick that left an indelible mark on the lives of two young people.

stage and made its bow. The evening paper lay on Marjorie's bed, and such was the size of her room she could easily read it from where she sat. "£100 Prize to the Winner," was displayed in large type.

She read the details of the contest. The *Evening Independent* offered a first prize of One Hundred Pounds and minor prizes of one pound each to ten other readers whose answers were also correct.

"Suppose I were to win a pound," Marjorie reasoned. "I wouldn't put it in the Postal Savings. I should spend it all at once—on—" she reflected a moment, "on dinner and the theatre!"

She applied herself to the puzzle and by midnight the puzzle was filled in, and the envelope was posted.

NEXT day Marjorie Renner went out to lunch and paused before a shop window which shamelessly displayed all those secrets employed by clever women in concealing certain oversights made by Nature in the fashioning of their complexions.

There were fascinating little boxes of rouge. There were mysterious jars of blue and brown and grey paste, with the use of which Marjorie was unfamiliar. There were gay boxes of various shades of powder. Lastly there were tiny gold and black tubes containing lip salve. Having looked at every article she turned and walked resolutely into the shop.

"Can I serve you, Madam?" asked a sales-person.

"I want a lipstick," Marjorie replied, and she tried to look as if she were in the habit of buying a lipstick at least once a week, whereas never before had she so much as held one in her hand.

"An indelible one, of course," the assistant said, and there was a significance in her expression that made Marjorie Renner blush to the very roots of her long, black hair. "Yes," she answered firmly, "an indelible one."

She bought an indelible lipstick, very gay and sophisticated looking in its black tube, and tucking it hastily into

her purse, she left the shop. Every once in a while during the afternoon she surreptitiously opened her pocket book, which she kept in the drawer of her typewriting desk, and stole a glance at the indelible lipstick in its black case. "When I go to the theatre," she whispered to herself in an excited little voice, "I shall use it!" Never for a moment was there any doubt in her mind but that she was going to win one of those prizes.

FOR the next two weeks Marjorie's life went along pretty much the same as it had always done.

Then one morning at her place at the table lay a letter. A letter bearing the *Evening Independent's* name on the upper left hand corner of the envelope. For one moment her heart stopped quite still. Then with a fine gesture of assumed indifference she put the letter on her lap. Let the other boarders at the table see her open the letter—never!

As quickly as she could she finished her breakfast and went up to her room the letter clutched tight in her hand. Once the door was shut she took the envelope over to the window and tore it open with fingers that trembled. There was the letter, and attached to it with a paper clip was a little blue slip. She unfolded the letter and glanced at the slip. Then she looked at it again, and then once more.

Dazed she rubbed her hands over her eyes and examined the letter.

"Dear Madam," she read. "We take pleasure in advising you that you have won the first prize in the Cross Word Puzzle Contest, and we are accordingly enclosing our cheque for one hundred pounds (£100), with our compliments—"

A cheque for one hundred pounds with our compliments! One hundred pounds! "Why," Marjorie gasped, "why that's two thousand shillings!"

Now this day when Marjorie received her cheque was one of those premature Spring days when a soft little breeze brings a message of green fields and daffodils. Under the circumstances it is hardly to be wondered that Marjorie went downstairs to the telephone.

"Will you please tell Mr. Dobbins," she said, in a voice brooking no argu-

(Continued on page 62.)

BAD LEGS



View of National Infirmary for Bad Legs, Gt. Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester, the only Institution in the world founded solely for the Treatment of Bad Legs and Allied Complaints.

A treatment which permanently heals bad legs by an entirely new method without rest, when doctors and specialists have given the patient up as incurable even with the aid of rest, is something of a novelty, even in these days of medical marvels.

This method is known as the Tremol method of treating bad legs and by it your leg is made well and strong without a moment's rest, without neglecting your work for one single instant, and without the possibility of a failure, because this new method permits of no relapse. These grand results are permanent and lasting. But this is not all. Every form of bad leg succumbs to this new treatment. Varicose ulcers melt away, and even when combined with varicose veins disappear. Eczema vanishes, swollen and painful legs become painless. Tubercular bone and ulcers heal up. Inflammation and irritation become things of the past.

DO YOU SUFFER FROM

VARICOSE ULCERS, VARICOSE ECZEMA, SORE LEGS, SWOLLEN LEGS, PAINFUL JOINTS?

IF YOU SUFFER FROM ANY OF THESE OR ANY OTHER LEG TROUBLE,

TREMOL IS THE RIGHT TREATMENT.

The worst and most hopeless of cases yield to Tremol Treatment. Cases of Twenty, Thirty, and Forty Years' standing succumb to the Treatment. When Doctors and Hospitals have failed, Tremol conquers. Seize your opportunity now. Get your leg soundly healed.

Think what Tremol means to you—No More Loss of Time from Work—No More Leg Worry—Able to Enjoy Life—No More Resting the Leg—Renewed Health and Vigour—Your Work Made a Pleasure—A New Vista of Life Opened Out Before You—Your Leg Made Sound and Well. Let every sufferer remember this:—

Tremol Treatment

CONQUERS BAD LEGS AT HOME

WITHOUT ABSENCE FROM WORK,

NO RESTING IS NECESSARY,

YOU HAVE BETTER HEALTH,

RESULTS ARE CERTAIN AND LASTING.

A large illustrated book, giving full particulars of this powerful remedy, is sent free of all charge and a legal guarantee to cure is sent with each book. This publication teems with sound advice and contains much valuable information, and if you are a sufferer it is sure to be the means of bringing about your speedy and permanent recovery, even if doctors, hospitals and specialists have failed to help you. Early application for the book is necessary, as only a limited number of free copies is to be distributed.

DON'T FORGET THIS.—You can conquer your leg trouble yourself in your own home **WITHOUT REST, OPERATION, RELAPSE, or FAILURE.** This is not a chance to be missed, and you should write at once to the **NATIONAL INFIRMARY FOR BAD LEGS (Ward J.R.), GREAT CLOWES STREET, BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER**, describing your case, and **THE BOOK WILL BE SENT FREE.**

In addition to this free offer to all who write, the National Infirmary will give free consultations to sufferers who call. Hours 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. each week-day (Sundays excepted).

Post this coupon to-day or call for a free consultation.



FREE COUPON (Ward J.R.),
National Infirmary for Bad Legs,
Gt. Clowes St., Broughton, Manchester.
Please send me your valuable book,
and any subsequent particulars of
Tremol Treatment.

Signed.....
(Mr., Mrs., Miss., or Rev.)

Address.....

State Complaint.....

National College of Health, Ltd.

INDIGESTION

often affects the whole
Alimentary Tract.

All the pain, discomfort and misery which are so often borne by those who suffer from Indigestion have their beginning in Fermentation, which always produces harmful acids, causing Acidity, with consequent Heartburn.

To prevent Acidity you must remove its cause, that is the Fermentation, and that can be done only by restoring the natural Digestive Ferments.

Take **CICFA**

and the Digestive Ferments will rapidly increase. Fermentation will cease, thus preventing Acidity which is so quickly followed by Flatulence. The Starchy food will receive its natural secretions, so that its digestion will be carried on, resulting in the absorption of its nourishment with the disappearance of Constipation.

Sharp Neuralgic Head-aches.	INDIGESTION	Dull Heavy Headaches.
Acid in Stomach with Heartburn.	SYMPTOMS	Acidity causing Gout and Rheumatism.
Tongue coated in front.		Tongue coated at back.
Complexion Blemishes.		Complexion impaired.
Appetite variable.		Eating disliked, Biliousness.
Pains darting through Chest.		Pain and Constipation.
Burning Spot behind Left Shoulder Blade.		

"Gentlemen,—Just a few lines to thank you and to state what an intense relief I have obtained from taking your Cicfa.

"For years I have been a confirmed sufferer from Indigestion. I have tried years of dieting, but all to no effect. At last I tried your remedy, and after the first two bottles began to feel great relief. I continued the treatment, and can truthfully say that for the last six months I have been absolutely free from pain, and able to eat and enjoy my food. All I do now is occasionally take one or two tablets.

"I am willing for you to use this letter if you care to.

"Assuring you of a very genuine recommendation at any time.

I am, yours faithfully,

(Signed) F. SALTER."

19,128 BRITISH DOCTORS

have already taken up Cicfa, and hundreds of them have written us of the very satisfactory results which they have obtained by its use upon themselves, in their families and in practice. When so many British Doctors are satisfied with Cicfa, you can confidently begin taking it at once.

Sold Everywhere. Prices 1/3 and 3/-. 

The CICFA CO., 8, Duke St., Manchester Sq., London, W.1.

"John Bull," 14 & 27.



The Indelible Lipstick

(Continued from page 60.)

ment, "that Miss Renner will be unable to come to the office to-day."

So there she was, with a Spring day at her disposal and two thousand shillings in her pocket. Being practical, the first thing she did was to have her cheque cashed. Being a woman, the second thing she did was to start out on a shopping tour. But being consistent, and having in some way associated the *Evening Independent's* Cross Word Puzzle Competition with dinner and the theatre, she stopped and booked a stall for that very evening.

HER day was like a dream. There was a little dark blue tailored thing with white collar and cuffs. A perfect office frock. Then there was the fern green crêpe de Chine that contrasted so enchantingly with her fair skin and black hair. And a henna affair with which the ivory necklace looked so well. And the hat that pulled over one eye so provocatively. And a coat with a snuggly grey squirrel collar. Lastly there was the soft evening frock of a periwinkle blue that wooed Marjorie Renner's grey glance to the wondering blue of a kitten's eyes.

Dressing for dinner and the theatre was one delicious thrill. But the lipstick seemed like the final adventure. Half frightened she outlined her triangular mouth with the stick's pointed end, then put out her tongue experimentally.

"Ugh," she exclaimed as she leaned forward and peered at herself in the misty mirror, "it tastes horrid."

Dinner in one of the dressier places in Soho seemed unreal. With great dignity she sat at her small corner table, and assumed what she hoped was a sophisticated and slightly bored air.

At last came theatre time. Marjorie had never before been in a stall. The seat on her left was still vacant. Just as the lights were lowered someone came in and took it, a man. It was not until

the raised curtain showed a well-lighted stage that she saw he was a young man with light hair, a snubish nose, and a broad humorous mouth.

The play was amusing. More, it was funny, and Marjorie wanted most awfully to laugh aloud. But she was alone, and there was the young man next to her, and a rather forbidding elderly woman on her right, so somehow she did not dare.

JUST at the end of the first act she heard something fall from her coat pocket. Cautiously she put her hand into the pocket. She had dropped her lipstick! At the moment of her discovery the curtain was lowered and she leaned over quickly. At the same instant the young man bent forward, and their heads met, well, actively.

"Oh!" gasped Marjorie.

And "I'm so sorry," the young man exclaimed. "I thought you had lost something."

"It—it—" she stammered in confusion. "It's my indelible lipstick."

"Your what?" inquired the young man, puzzled.

"My lipstick," she replied.

He leaned over again, and picked up the little black tube.

"Is this it?" he asked, and Marjorie liked his smile.

"Yes," she answered as she tucked it back into her pocket. "Yes, thank you."

It was during the second act which was even funnier than the first that Marjorie Renner began to chuckle, a little gurgle that began low in the throat, and finally developed into a joyous, infectious laugh. Quite instinctively she turned to the nice young man on her left, and before either of them realised it, they were laughing together.

Between the second and third acts they fell to talking easily and naturally about the play, and Marjorie wondered why the interval was shorter than when she sat in the pit alone and read the advertisements in her programme.

By the time the play was finished she felt as if she had known him for a long time. So she was not in the least surprised when with considerable stammering and blushing he said, "I say—er? would you think me most awfully rude if I asked you to have supper with me?"

Just as naturally as if she were quite accustomed to being asked to supper by strange young men, she replied, "I should love to."

Then, would you believe it, Marjorie Renner, who until that very morning had been aware neither of her own possibilities or of the possibilities of life, took out her lipstick and very deliberately applied it to her mouth.

But one does not completely change all in a day. So it was inevitable that when she was seated opposite the young man at the table in the modest restaurant to which he had taken her, some of the old Marjorie returned.

"I suppose you would not believe it," she began diffidently, "if I were to tell you I am not in the habit of accepting invitations from strange young men." Then she remembered her lipstick and all it stood to her for sophistication, and she added weakly, "Supper invitations."

The young man leaned forward earnestly.

"I am quite willing to believe it," he replied. "For this is the first time I have ever asked a girl to have supper with me. You see," he went on, "I was desperate. I am working here in London, in a solicitor's office. But I don't know many people. Day after day, and night after night, it's the same old thing. Last night I picked up a book, and a sentence in it really is responsible for to-night and you and—and everything. . . ."

"What," asked Marjorie in an awed voice, "was the sentence?"

But even before he told her she knew.

"The tragedy of life," he repeated, "is not that unpleasant things happen to one, but that nothing happens. And it struck me as being so horribly true, I came out to-night determined to make something—anything—happen. . . . I've never sat in the stalls before in my life—"

"Nor have I," cried Marjorie. "Listen."

And then she told him, omitting only the part about the lipstick. It was her one bit of pride, that he should think the lipstick was a part of the knowledge and experience she had somehow acquired.

WHEN she finished he leaned across the table and placed his hand over hers.

"My dear, my dear," he said joyously. "there isn't going to be any more tragedy. And if there are unpleasant things we are going to share them."

Then through a wholly logical sequence of thought he added, "To-night on the way home in a taxi I am going to kiss you."

A vision of the sales assistant who had sold her the lipstick rose before Marjorie Renner's eyes, and again she heard her say with unmistakable significance, "An indelible one, of course."



Drawn by Lucie Roberts.

BIG BROTHER: "It's no good, mother, I'm afraid he's unseaworthy!"



Drawn by Arthur Farrow.

"My dear Helen, your nose can't possibly need any more powder."
"But, Mother, you don't expect me to just sit here, do you?"



He used to be a bookie.

Then we got soshiable.

"... 'olding the other by the 'air."

THERE'S a chap of the name of Mr. Orashus Ornblower what lives in Hackney. I dessay you don't know him, though 'e's well bekknown to some. He used to be a bookie but he got sich a bunion as he can't run no more and so 'e's took to Charity.

I were having a friendly chat with Mrs. Iggins, what larndries, and she was a saying to me, "You did ought to belong to The Port and Starboard Sassiety what does a heap o' good unawares, no one knowing nothink about it cause it does it by stealth as it were."

"That's what a lot of 'em do," says I, "but I'm honest, I am."

"There ain't no dishonesty in doing good," she says.

"Nobody says there wasn't," I tells 'er, "but you said by stealth, and I don't believe in no stealing, for them Cops do make sich a fuss even if it's nothink."

"Well, you are a fool, Gladys Alicia," she says, and if she 'adn't paid for the wine I'd a 'ad 'er one. As it were I says, very dignified, "If I was to tell you all as I thought of you, you'd drop dead on the spot. Sich talk as fools can on'y be wiped away with another glass."

"To give 'er 'er credit she ain't always sich a fool as she looks, so she says to the

stuck-up thing be'ind the bar: 'Same again, Miss.'

"Then we got soshiable and she says as stealth on'y meant as you don't let your right 'and know what the other's doing, though my experience is that two 'ands is always better than one, and they should act together specially when you're 'olding the other lady by the 'air."

"Well," she says, "I know as this time it's reel charity. You pay two bob to the organising seck—sec," and she fishes out a card from 'er pocket.

So I read it and it were like this:

THE ANCIENT ORDER OF PORT AND STARBOARD.

This is to certify that Irene Higgins is a member of this order on the Port side, and that she is entitled to free drinks on every Monday next month. By order,

Horatious Hornblower,
Grand Hulk.

"On'y two bob?" I arsts as soon as I could speak, I were that took back, and she says "Yes."

So off we went to see 'Oratius and there 'e were and about forty ladies waiting to pay their shrubscriptions. We 'ad to take our turn, but it were on'y the fifth of the month, and the card weren't good till next month so I didn't say nothink to upset the gent.

I see as 'e were just raking in money, and Mrs. 'Iggins said as 'e'd started on the fust of the month, and 'is son 'Arry said as 'is pa took as much as twenty quid a day.

At last 'e could attend to us though 'e arst us to be quick, as there was a Q outside and 'e didn't want the p'lice saying as they must move on. Fortunately the Cops don't often come down that lane cause of 'eavy things falling on their 'eads out of the winders at the top, which is difficult to trace, and brickbats and tiles 'aving no names on 'em.

"Name," 'e says to me sharp like, and I says "Gladys Alicia May, widder."

"Which side?" 'e arsts. "Port or Starboard."

I didn't want to be caught, in case Starboard meant extry speshul so I says which is which?

"Port is Port," 'e says, "and if you're a T.T.—"

"Port for me," I says then, "being a teetotal drink as never 'urts a lady," and 'e fills up me card and takes me two bob.

"If you bring in twenty new shrubscribers," 'e says, "we make you a Full Shipmate, and if you bring in fifty you will be promoted to Lesser Dockyard, while if you bring in a hundred you will be Full Barque which is the 'ighest order, unless you're the giver of a purse of five pund and then you'd be brother or sister Full Rigger."

"Oh," I says, "and do any of these get free drinks more than once a week."

"Yes," says 'e, "Full Rigger is entitled to take a bottle 'ome, but so far we 'ave on'y got so far as Lesser Dockyard, what can bring a friend with 'er."

"There," I says to Mrs. 'Iggins sharp, "why wasn't you a Lesser Dockyard, then you could a stood me drinks and I'd a been two bob in pocket."

I didn't get more chance of saying what I thought of Mrs. 'Iggins' friendship for 'e arst us to make way for the ladies what was waiting. But I did tell 'er off outside and I told 'er she ought to pay me back the two bob.

But the gal ain't altogether bad, for she bought some fish and taters and give me 'alf and so we parted friends.

(Continued on page 66.)



"... she bought some fish and taters."



"... the thing behind the counter were busy..."

CURES WHEN ALL ELSE FAILS

OPERATIONS AVOIDED.

These statements are
PROVED by THOUSANDS of
UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIALS
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The REASON is that

PARKER'S REMEDY

IS THE GREAT
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SPECIALIST'S TREATMENT
FOR

**Backache, Bladder
Weakness, Kidney
Troubles, &c.**

Quickly cures
ADULTS AND CHILDREN.
Contains Nothing Harmful.

FAR BETTER THAN PILLS.

Mrs. P., St. Helena, writes:—
"After two operations, trying
every medicine advertised for
KIDNEYS and BLADDER,
and consulting several doctors,
I had given up all hope of
ever being cured, but was
advised to try PARKER'S
REMEDY. The first bottle
did me more good than all the
other treatments put together,
and after only six bottles I
am cured."

Mr. W. M., Inverness-shire,
writes:—"I have tried ever so
many medicines but yours is
the best I have ever tried.
The pain at the neck of the
BLADDER and at the
GLAND has gone nearly
away with the first bottle."

Mrs. B., Chippenham, writes
(1926):—"In 1924, 3 bottles of
your remedy cured my son of
BLADDER WEAKNESS and
he has never since felt the
least symptom. He was so ill
he felt he would rather die
than be in such a state. We
shall certainly recommend
your remedy to everyone. I
enclose 3/- for bottle for my
husband, now suffering with
same complaint." (Mrs. B.,
—1927—is obtaining remedy
for grandchild).

3/- bottle at Boots, Taylors, Timothy
Whites, &c. If out of stock please
insist on the Manager obtaining P.R.
for you, or Post Free by return from
Parker's Remedy Ltd., Dept. A,
Mersey Rly. Bldgs. Liverpool.

Sample 4d.



"A word
in your
ear."

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holidays or a
week-end.

THE
20 STORY
MAGAZINE

MONTHLY
One Shilling

"Mrs. May."

(Continued from page 64.)

I never see sich a slow month as that. There was me with me card in me pocket and it were no use until it were next month. I passed by the "Seven Bells" two or three times a day and every time I thinks that there's on'y so many days now to me using me card.

At last it come—the fust of the next month. I were in town all day because of my perfession, which is cleaning orfices—but at seven thirty, in I goes to the "Seven Bells." The thing behind the counter were busy, but I weren't going to be put off, so I gives one or two a taste of me elbow and sings out:

"Double port, Miss, please, and look sharp about it, for I've been waiting close on a month."

"Not five minutes," she snaps.

I could see as she didn't understand me, but I were too thirsty to answer 'er back. She put down the glass and I picked it up and stood back so as someone else could be served, me being always ladylike and obliging.

I 'ad 'ardly drunk half when she sings out for the money. "That's all right, dear," I says, feeling better already, and I took another sip as finished it and says, "Same again, Miss."

"You ain't paid me for what you've 'ad," she says quite nasty.

"That's all right," I says again, "I'm a member of the Port and Starboard Sassiety."

"That's nothink to do with me," she says, "you pay up or there'll be trouble."

I see as she 'adn't 'eard of our Sassiety so I took out me card and showed it 'er. "Now then," I says, "as seeing's believing 'urry up with another of the same as I 'ad before."

But instead she called to the Boss what were standing be'ind 'er and 'e took and looked at it.

"What's the game?" 'e arsts. Now I never could quarrel with a gent, and so I told 'im quite civil and then 'e laughs.



"—and then I 'ad a glass from 'is special bottle with him . . ."

"This is for next month," 'e says, "so you must pay for what you've 'ad, old dear."

"This is next month," I says, "I bought that there ticket last month and Mr. 'Ornblower told me as it would be quite all right." I couldn't say more for me 'eart were in me mouth.

"Read it for yourself, old dear," 'e says and 'ands the card back to me, "and if you can make this month next month you shall 'ave what you like."

I begun to see as I were 'ad, but I says quiet: "Will you act on it on the fust of May?"

"If you was to give that to me on the fust of May, it would say next month, what wouldn't be May," says 'e. "Come round to my parlour, old dear, and 'ave somethink with me."

Of course, that made everyone else jealous, 'im picking me out like that, so I just smiled and went round.

Well 'e arsts me all about it, and said could I get some of the ladies what were took in like me round about the same time to-morrow night. As most of the ladies as I knew 'ad cards I said I'd try and then I 'ad a glass from 'is special bottle with 'im.

"But," 'e say's, "we must 'ave Mr. 'Ornblower 'ere to meet them. Tell 'im as the landlord of the 'Seven Bells' would like to 'ave the pleasure of knowing sich a clever gent. and would 'e 'ave a glass with me."

Round I goes to 'Ornblower's and knocked at 'is door, but it weren't answered. "Oh," thinks I, "'e's afeard." So I went to Mrs. 'Iggins and she were a bit upset through 'aving been throwed out of the "Lion and Lamb."

"I believe as 'e's going to do a bunk," she says after I'd brushed 'er down and agreed as what she said weren't swearing under the circs., but on'y passing remarks.

"Look 'ere," she says, when I told 'er she were now fit to go out and bring all the ladies she could find, "what's the good when we can't get into 'is 'ouse."

"You do what I tell yer," I says strick like, "for if I can't mark 'is ugly face I'll mark yours, for it were you as got me to see 'im."

I 'ad to persuade 'er rather 'ard before she'd go, but off she went.

There were a builder's yard close by and I got a lot of bricks from there and piled them up against 'Ornblower's door very quiet. By the time as I'd done that Mrs. 'Iggins comes with fifteen ladies, what I made 'em all 'ide in the builder's yard while I went to old 'Ornblower's door. Then I give two post-man's knocks like they do for a register letter and 'id meself.

I see 'im look out from a winder and then 'e opens the door.

Down falls the bricks in 'is 'all so as 'e can't shut the door again, and in I goes, calling out to the other ladies, "Come on gals, we've got 'im."

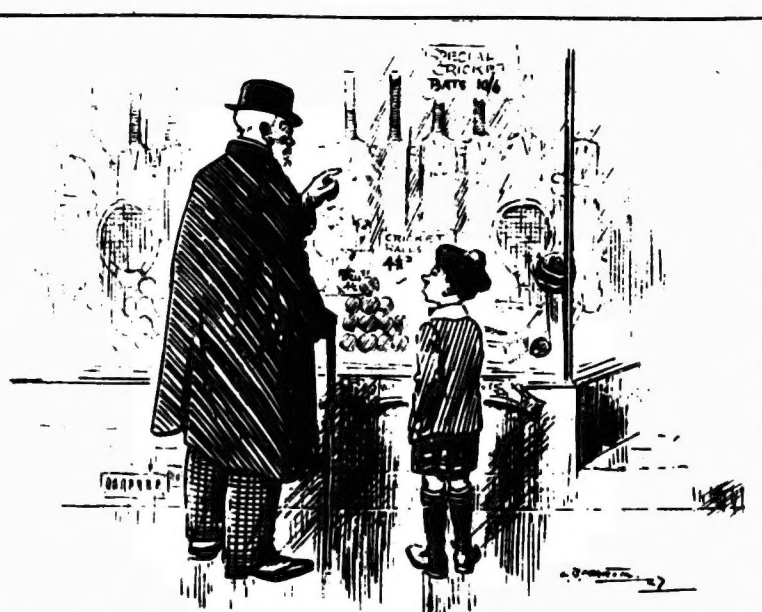
In they all come and 'e goes on 'is bended knees, but you wouldn't a knowed 'im when we left, and we didn't leave till 'e give the ladies five bob each.

I 'elped meself and I got twenty-six bob, but as I says, it were all in the cause of charity, what begins at 'ome.



Drawn by Lance Mattinson.

YOKEL IN BACKGROUND (looking at oldest inhabitant being interviewed by pressman): "Some people 'ave all the luck! Look at old Jargie—'e was allus the village idiot—and now 'e's the oldest inhabitant as well."



Drawn by L. B. Martin.

McTAVISH (who has been comparing the prices): "I'll keep ma promise, Angus. I said you could take up cricket this year, and as I believe you've got the making of a good bowler—I'm going to buy you a ball!"



'TONE' & 'POWER' in Summer Time

The Holiday Spirit is now in the air—
Some hieing here and some hieing there.
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With New Season's Programmes, selected at
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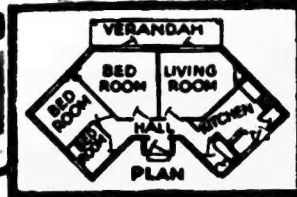
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